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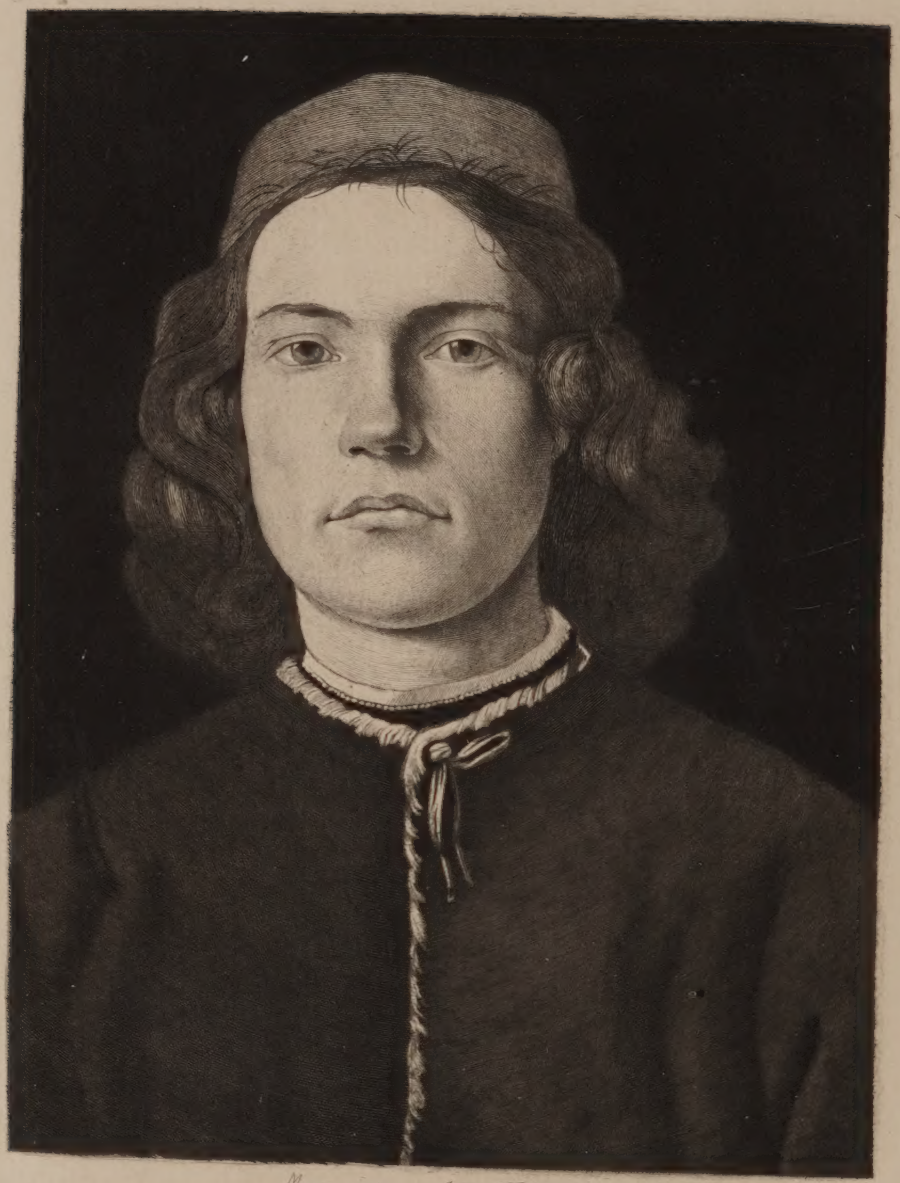

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THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL.

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

With Numerous Illustrations.

LONDON.
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET.
1875.

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XIII.—Giovanni Bellini (1427–1516).

Portrait of Leonardo Loredano, Doge of Venice.

ETCHED BY P. LE RAT.

GIOVANNI BELLINI, the son of Jacopo and the brother of Gentile, is a great figure in the history of Venetian painting; and he held a most conspicuous position in art in the early part of the 16th century, though he himself belongs more especially to the 15th century, being one of the so-called *quattrocentisti.* Albert Dürer, when he was in Venice in 1506, was much struck by the extraordinary skill of the then octogenarian painter, and in a letter to his friend Pirkheimer notices Giovanni as the best of all the Venetian masters; and he speaks with great satisfaction of his having expressed a desire to possess something by Albert's hand, which he would, he said, pay him well for.

John Bellini was one of the first of the Venetians to take up oil-painting; though we cannot accept the somewhat romantic story, told by Ridolfi, of his disguising himself and sitting to Antonello da Messina for his portrait, in order to learn the process of that master's new and brilliant method of painting, which was kept a secret.

Since the process was a secret, as the story of Domenico Veneziano seems in some measure to prove, Antonello would not have betrayed it by openly displaying his materials; and John Bellini could have learnt nothing by merely seeing the colours applied in painting his portrait.

Antonello had told his method to Domenico Veneziano, and Andrea del Castagno having coaxed the secret out of Domenico, according to a false tradition unfortunately adopted by Vasari, basely murdered him. As the story has been freely circulated, the contradiction should now be as freely circulated, for the sake of Andrea's good name.

A Domenico (di Matteo), a painter, was found murdered in a street of Florence in 1448; which was some few years before Domenico and Andrea were painting together in a chapel in Santa Maria Nuova, in that city, which was about 1455. Vasari's story, though erroneously founded, perhaps, on some genuine story as to an assassination, does not certainly relate to Andrea del Castagno and Domenico Veneziano; for Andrea died in 1457, while Domenico was still living in May 1461.*

We know that Antonello himself practised the Van Eyck varnish method as early as 1445, from the signature and date on a small portrait in the gallery at Berlin, but it was not until a generation after this that the method was generally known in Venice; that is, after Antonello had settled there, about the year 1470. In a few years from this time Giovanni Bellini also, then nearly fifty years of age, may easily have acquired it; for according to Zanetti, Bartolommeo Vivarini was acquainted with it. Vivarini painted in oil in 1473, the first picture so executed in Venice.†

Bellini's dated works range over a period of more than half a century, from 1464 to 1516, both inclusive: the first, of course, in *tempera.* A Madonna, in Santa Giustina at Padua, is of the last date, and is accordingly two years later than the Bacchanalian piece

* Vasari, 'Vite,' &c. Ed. Le Monnier, vol. iv.; and Gaetano Milanesi, 'Archivio Storico Italiano,' vol. vi. 1862. Ridolfi, 'Le Maraviglie dell'Arte,' &c. Venice, 1648.

† Zanetti, 'Della Pittura Veneziana,' &c. Venice, 1771.

belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, and to which Titian added the landscape background.*

The best of Giovanni's works are in the new method, in so-called oil-painting. They consist chiefly of Madonnas and ordinary portraits, of exquisite finish: but doubtless many pictures are attributed to him which he never touched, as several of his contemporaries painted much in his own precise manner of the *quattrocentismo.* He executed also some good compositions of an historical character, as the noble landscape in the National Gallery with the *Death of St. Peter Martyr.* As a landscape this picture is a very early example of the art, and, considering its great excellence of detail, of extraordinary interest. He has signed it in his usual way, '*Joannes Bellinus,*' in a *cartellino,* or painted imitation of an unfolded piece of paper, but it is not dated. Giovanni Bellini was by no means alone in his greatness, though himself unequalled; yet he had rivals quite worthy of him—as Giovanni Battista da Conegliano, Marco Basaiti of Friuli, equally students of landscape with himself; and Marco Marziale of Venice, supposed to have been one of his own scholars: all were capital masters, much in his own style. He was, too, the master of Titian and of Giorgione, two of the great stars of the *cinquecento.*

The Gallery possesses four signed Bellinis:—a *Madonna and Child;* a landscape with the *Murder of St. Peter Martyr;* a portrait of a Dominican monk, as the same St. Peter; and the portrait of the Doge Loredano, the subject of our etching.

The portrait is a bust, full face, and the Doge is in his state robes, very elaborately, and perhaps too uniformly, executed; the background was apparently green, but it is now of a blue tinge, the yellow having flown.

Leonardo Loredano was seventy-fourth Doge of Venice, and reigned from 1501 to 1521; he died in May, 1521, having held his high office for nineteen years, eight months, and twenty days.†

The picture is on wood, 2 feet high by 1 foot 5½ inches wide. It was formerly in the Grimani Palace at Venice, then became the property of Lord Cawdor, and afterwards of Mr. W. Beckford, from whom it was purchased for the National Gallery, in 1844, for 630*l.*

R. N. WORNUM.

FRENCH ARTISTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

I.—JULES BRETON.

IN studying the private life of celebrated men we find, almost always, in the first impressions of their youth, the cause which brought about the actions or works which were to make their names famous. This is especially true of artists whose talent precisely reflects the tendencies of their minds, and expresses, in a visible form, the most secret emotions of the heart. The painter about whom I am now to write, M. Jules Breton, has acquired in France a great reputation, due first to his real merits, and then to the peculiar position that he chose to take in the midst of the conflicting principles which contend together in the French school.

At each of our exhibitions we see public opinion called upon to choose between two contradictory tendencies, upheld on both sides with equal conviction. On one side, a group of artists seem to think that painting, as an imitative art, ought only to be the exact reproduction of natural scenes, and that by rendering Nature in her most habitual aspects, and not in her highest moods, they will reach more surely the supreme end of painting, which is to give the appearance of life to personages represented on the canvas. Others, on the contrary, resting upon tradition, and allowing, perhaps, a larger share to invention

* Cadorin, 'Dello Amore, &c., di Tiziano Vecellio.' Venice, 1833.

† 'De vita, moribus, &c., Omnium Ducum Venetorum.' Frankfurt, 1574. Marcello, 'Vite de' Prencipi di' Vinegia,' &c. Venice, 1558.

than to observation, try to find subjects in which imagination may have full play, and are satisfied if, by means often artificial, they succeed in interesting or amusing the spectator. Each of the two camps naturally selects as its leader the painter who expresses most clearly the doctrine it wishes to prevail; but when to support a favourite idea the names of great painters are put forward, that of M. Jules Breton is to be found in both lists, as if he belonged by the same right to each belligerent party.

It is true, that if the seekers after reality appreciate in his pictures an impression drawn directly from nature, the idealists may also find there a flavour of poetry and refined education not generally to be met with in rustic scenes. The cause of this double tendency in M. Jules Breton's talent is to be sought in impressions received by the artist in his youth.

Jules Breton was born in 1827, in the village of Courrières, which is part of French Flanders, Département du Nord. His family, in very easy circumstances, was universally esteemed. He was very young when his mother died, leaving his father with an indelible sorrow and the difficult task of bringing up three children of very tender years. Jules Breton, the eldest of the three, was only four years old, and his youngest brother, Emile Breton, who has acquired in our time a great reputation as a landscape-painter, was nine months old. Besides their father, these little children found generous protection with their uncle, who, at their mother's death, promised to devote himself entirely to the education of his nephews. These two men, who always lived in the most perfect intimacy, have left touching recollections of their benevolence in the place where they lived. They both had highly cultivated minds, but very different dispositions. The father, calm and concentrated, was greatly honoured in the village, and was its Mayor. He was gifted with a natural and poetical taste, which gave great charm and liveliness to his conversation.

The uncle, less concentrated and more enthusiastic, was equally loved by everybody, although unlike anybody else. He was a scholar, but having studied by himself, and in a desultory sort of way, he was wanting in method. Besides an admirable library which he had formed himself, he possessed volumes of notes on everything, taken everywhere; and as his memory was remarkable, his head was like an encyclopædia. On any question whatever—if his nephews wanted information about a man, an event, a date, they had only to ask their uncle for it and get an immediate answer. Children always warmly sympathise with expansive natures; and the man of whom we speak, a Liberal, nursed in the philosophic principles of the 18th century, was moved at the sight of a flower or full of indignation before a social injustice: he was not, indeed, a practical man in business, and was easily cheated by unscrupulous people.

The house in which the family lived was close to a large garden, divided by a water-course. A small island placed in the middle of a pond was the especial delight of the children. Jules Breton, who is at the same time a poet and a painter, has given a description in verse of the pond, which seems to have produced a strong impression upon him. But this pond, famous in the village of Courrières, had already been sung in a local poem, the author of which was the *curé* of the parish. The good abbé, singing of the island which he calls *l'île de Cythère*, introduces nymphs and sylvan beings, who came to greet *le Solitaire*. The solitary was Jules Breton's uncle, to whom this surname was given on account of his habits of silent meditation in the woods.

Our artist's youth was most happy. When he was asked at five or six years of age what profession he would choose, he invariably answered—'That of a painter!' With what joy he saw coming with the spring the painter who daubed afresh the four garden statues representing the Seasons! He has expressed his rapture in the following verses:—

'Quelles belles couleurs il mêlait dans ses pots!
D'un vermillon splendide il barbouillait les bouches;
Et pour rendre ma joie, il n'était pas de mots,
Quand sa brosse fixait des points bruns aux yeux louches.'

In the village there was no painting of any kind, and if the children drew upon the walls with pieces of charcoal it was by native instinct, without any guide to direct their first steps.

This little earthly-paradise sort of existence could not last for ever, and in 1837 Jules Breton was sent to school: this was absolutely antagonistic to all his uncle's ideas, and his father hesitated very much.

There was in the family a grandmother greatly respected, and who had probably more knowledge of pious books of than the works of modern philosophy. She spoiled the children, who naturally adored her. She was an honest woman of the olden time, with a heart simple and heroic. Being quite a little girl during the first Revolution, she had shown great courage by throwing ashes in the eyes of the men who were desecrating her church and breaking the statues of the saints. Then she had hidden under her mattress the statue of the patron-saint of the parish. A search in her house brought about the discovery of the unlucky image, and the poor girl, arrested for this crime, was thrown into the prison at Arras. Since then she had had to bear great sorrows, and the little children that she saw growing up about her were the only consolation of her saddened old age.

It is probable that the influence of the grandmother, united to the entreaties of friends, determined the father of Jules Breton to send his son to a religious establishment at Saint Omer. It will be easy to realise the grief of a child accustomed to the greatest degree of freedom when, separated from his family, he found himself among strangers unable to appreciate his special aptitudes and the frank cheerfulness of his disposition. In the establishment there was a black dog named Coco. One day the young schoolboy drew him standing upon his hind legs and holding a book in his paws; having clothed him in a cassock, he wrote underneath, '*The Abbé Coco reading his breviary.*' This innocent caricature was naturally shown to his little comrades, who thought it great fun; but as it was going the round of the class the master discovered it, took it, and became furious. The culprit was taken to the head-master, who, trembling with anger, asked him to answer this question: 'Is it through impiety, or to laugh at your master, that you made this monstrosity?' The child who, most likely, did not understand what meaning a priest might attach to the word *impiety*, remained greatly puzzled for some time, and then, as laughing at a master appeared to him the more serious offence, he answered timidly that it was through impiety. The head-master got into a real rage at these words, and taking up a whip unmercifully beat the poor child, who vainly attempted to escape the blows by hiding himself behind the chairs, or under the table.

As soon as the relations of the boy got knowledge of this fact they took him away from the school, but as it was thought desirable that he should go through his course of classical studies he was sent to the College of Douai, where he found himself comparatively happy. However, themes did not please him so much as drawing, and he felt irresistibly attracted in quite a different direction. Jules Breton's father had for a friend a distinguished Belgian painter, Félix Devigne, who lived at Ghent, but came to Courrières from time to time, as it is not very far from the frontier. The young man showed to the painter some drawings which had gained him the first prize at College, and which were condemned as pitiable by Félix Devigne. Still, numerous sketches from imagination seemed to indicate a genuine aptitude, and the pupil was authorised, for a trial, to go to Ghent with his new master. From that day Jules Breton began his education as an artist.

Devigne was at the same time a skilful painter and a learned archæologist. The best known of his pictures are *Une Foire au Moyen-âge*, now in the Ghent Museum, and *Un Dimanche Matin* at the Brussels Museum. Besides these he published several works of acknowledged merit: 1. *Le Vade-Mecum du Peintre*, collection of middle-age costumes published at Ghent in 1844; 2. *Geschiedenis per midde leeuwsche Bounkunde*, at Ghent, 1845; 3. *Recherches historiques sur les Corporations de Métiers*, 1847; 4. *Mœurs, Usages, Corporations de Métiers*, Ghent, 1857. Everything in Devigne's house spoke of order, work, and honesty.

It is needless to say that the young pupil found himself comfortable and that his progress gave satisfaction. His master's daughter, who was then six years old, pleased him exceedingly, and the charm that one feels in a child's gracefulness ripened later on into more serious sentiments. Mademoiselle Devigne is to-day Madame Jules Breton.

Before this union, which was the result of mutual esteem and sympathy, our painter had been tried by a sudden change in his circumstances. The death of his father was quickly followed by heavy losses felt by the whole family. Some unlucky investments brought about, in 1848, the ruin of those who had hitherto been looked upon as the *Abraham* of their parish, and obliged the children to give up even their mother's dowry. The respect paid to the family was in no way diminished, and the uncle, who was ruined by the same blow, was unanimously elected mayor by the Municipal Council. This dreamer, who seemed incapable of all practical and regular occupation, was suddenly transformed into a good man of business. The absolute confidence with which he inspired everybody helped him to find sufficient capital to buy a brewery which had formerly belonged to the family. As he was generally loved his business thrived, and Jules Breton was enabled to go on with his studies.

To improve himself he had come to Paris and worked in Drolling's *atelier* where he was a fellow-student with Paul Baudry; it was there that I became acquainted with both, and there also that I learned to appreciate them as men, without foreseeing the importance they would acquire as artists. Jules Breton, although he followed the course of studies at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, was never recognised as a brilliant pupil; he worked as hard as any, without being one of the most advanced, and as he did not appear amongst the prize-men of the school he passed unnoticed; still, he was audacious, and haunted by an instinct of production, which always manifests itself early in a robust artistic temperament.

After the Revolution of 1848 France remained deeply agitated, and the June insurrection greatly moved the artist. It was to the recollections of our civil wars that Jules Breton owed his first inspirations, and in 1849 he exhibited a picture with the title of *Misère et Désespoir*. This picture attracted little notice, and the practical inexperience of the author appeared somewhat ludicrous to some of his comrades, who are perfectly unknown to-day. Still, this picture possessed some startling qualities of energy and sentiment; besides, there was in it an accent of modernism which, at that time, was almost a novelty.

Le Retour des Moissonneurs (1853), expressed more emphatically the painter's personality, which affirmed itself in a still greater degree at the salon of 1855, where he exhibited *Les Glaneuses*, *La Bénédiction de la Sainte-Sabastine*, and *Les jeunes Pâtres remontant des Epis*. However, the great success of Jules Breton only dates from 1857: *La Bénédiction des Blés*, now in the gallery of the Luxembourg, at Paris, was the object of an ovation from the artists. This robust painting seemed the condemnation of the exclusive theories put forward by critics. The partisans of colour and effect *à outrance* bowed before this canvas, resplendent with light where the sun gilds the wheat and plays in such a lively manner upon the procession which crosses the fields. Realism, which was beginning to enlist partisans, found the sanction of its theories in a picture where all the figures are portraits, from the *curé* to the *garde-champêtre*, from the *marguilliers*, proud of the candle they hold and of their chief places, down to the humble peasants following the procession. The young girls in white, with their graceful bearing, did the greatest honour to the population of Courrières, the whole of which marches past the spectator, whilst the village spire appears on the horizon. But the liveliness did not exclude style, and the classicists, if one may use a word somewhat out of fashion now-a-days, appreciated the simplicity of composition and the magisterial grandeur of lines; even the severest critics praised the work.

La Plantation d'un Calvaire, exhibited in the salon of 1859, and now at the Musée of Lille, gave rise to a more passionate polemic. In this subject, which implies meditation rather than gladness, the artist did not think fit to introduce sunshine but preferred a grey effect almost monochrome. Those who only love lively and brilliant painting were but

half satisfied, whilst the majority of artists felt with reason that a showy manner of painting would have been out of place in a scene composed for the heart rather than for the eyes.

The regrettable custom that French workmen have of spending their Mondays in the wine-shops, has inspired Jules Breton with a composition of a different order; in which he seems, like Hogarth, to consider painting as an element of moralisation for the people. *Le Lundi* is an eloquent protest against drunkenness, and the woman who tries to rouse her husband from his besotted state is, perhaps, considered as expression, one of the painter's most successful figures. Still, a calm sentiment of *rêverie* seems more in accordance with Jules Breton's general tone of mind than the transient expression resulting from a particular incident. *Le Rappel des Glaneuses* at the Musée du Luxembourg, *Les Sarcleuses, Le Colza, La Fin de la Journée, Le Retour des Champs*, are pictures which will always please the public; because the artist's personality is clearly visible. The dominant notes of these works are the expression of rustic life rendered poetically, and the rosy tints of the twilight, which the artist paints better than anybody else, and which harmonise so admirably with the beautiful outlines of his figures.

It is not our intention to give in this place a complete catalogue of Jules Breton's works, and we desire only to point out the development of his talent. A new effort has been attempted in these latter years, and the artist, not satisfied with an aim simply picturesque, has tried to impart a more monumental aspect to his pictures, by simplifying his compositions. In attempting figures the size of life, Jules Breton felt that he ought to endeavour especially to attain that breadth of treatment which is the first condition of an elevated style. *La Fontaine* is, in our opinion, the most successful of his large-sized works. The subject is very simple: a young girl at a fountain is busy filling her vessel, her friend standing by carries on her shoulder a pitcher which she will put down when the place is free. Some reeds on the foreground, a rock behind the fountain, and a hill on the horizon, are all the landscape, the interest of which is completely subdued to give more importance to the figures.

All the charm of this little scene is derived from the outline of the standing figure, who reigns over the whole picture. It is a real peasant girl, who does not play the lady, but who in her simple action has a delightful grace of deportment. The movement of the arms is superb, and the rags which cover the girl give her a strangely real appearance, without altering in the least the sculptural character of her form. If you can fancy her clothed in antique drapery, you will find there all the fulness of sculpture. It is by applying the style of high art to rustic subjects that M. Jules Breton has deservedly acquired the title of the painter of rustic epics.

In the salon of 1874, M. Jules Breton exhibited a peasant girl stretched on the edge of a cliff, from which she contemplates the immensity of the ocean. He is a poet as well as a painter, and had previously treated the same subject in a little poem published by the 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts':—

'Fleur de Sable.

'Une exquise vapeur de lilas tendre rode
Dans de vagues remous mollement s'allongeant
Sur la côte, et la mer prend un reflet changeant
D'améthyste, d'opale, et de pâle émeraude.

L'Océan reposé, muet, traîne ses flots
Que çà et là déchire une roide nageoire,
Indolemment, ainsi que de longs plis de moire,
Et se soulève à peine aux rochers des îlots.

A peine si l'on voit remuer la bouée
Mélancoliquement sur le miroir uni;
Aux mates profondeurs d'un ciel d'argent bruni,
Par instants le soleil essaie une trouée.

Une lame parfois accourt, jette un bruit clair,
Déroule son collier de perles sur la grève,
Et tourbillon subtil et confus comme un rêve,
S'éparpille, s'étale et retourne à la mer.

Sur ce fond lumineux et calme, une enfant blonde,
Svelte et lente, marchant le jupon relevé,
Incline son beau galbe au contour achevé,
Le col frêle et les yeux rêveurs penchés vers l'onde.

Parmi ces merveilleux accords de la couleur
Où la splendeur revêt l'ineffable tendresse,
Humant le souffle pur de l'air qui la caresse,
S'ouvre et s'épanouit sa jeune bouche en fleur.

Sur le sable irisé par le flot qui l'arrose
Et qui ferait pâlir le plus riche métal,
A temps égaux la lame, aux lèvres de cristal
Déferle sur l'enfant et baise son pied rose.'*

We saw that M. Jules Breton had two brothers; one of whom, Louis, who also showed great aptitude for painting, was obliged to abandon all thoughts of becoming an artist after the ruin of his family, and set courageously to work in the brewery, which he managed after his uncle's death. He is now the Mayor of Courrières. The younger brother, Emile Breton, enlisted in the army owing to the same circumstances, but after a time he resumed his studies in painting, and is now amongst our most distinguished landscape-painters. Pictures like those of Emile Breton charm by a mixture of poetry and reality; his moonlight effects and winter scenes assign to him an eminent position among our best painters. When the invasion came he separated himself from his family to defend his country, and his conduct was such that his general embraced him on the field of battle. After the war he returned to art, and in the last exhibitions his pictures had so much success that public opinion now places him by the side of his brother.

The talent of the two brothers, although applied to different subjects, presents nevertheless great affinities, since we find in the figures of the one, as in the landscapes of the other, the search after truthfulness, combined with an extreme refinement in their way of understanding nature. When it is known that these artists live in the country, one is not surprised at their preference for rustic subjects; but if they remain true without ever falling into vulgarity, is not the cause to be found in their education and in the memory of the first impressions of their youth, which, as we said at the beginning of this article, leave indelible traces in the life of an artist?

René Ménard.

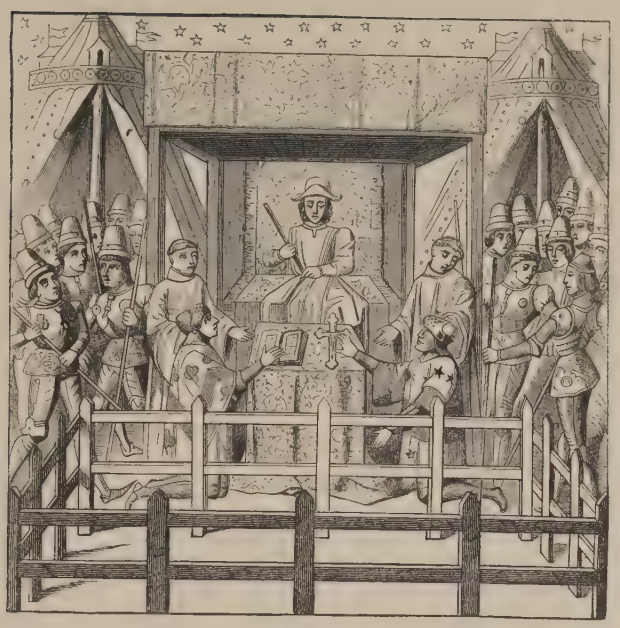
* 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts,' June, 1874, p. 521.

LACROIX'S MILITARY AND RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

IT is now nearly a year since we reviewed the 'Manners, Customs, and Dress of the Middle Ages,' and now we have a companion volume on the Military and Religious aspects of life during the same period. Independent, but certainly companion works, these are both associated with the still earlier one, as ably written, and quite as excellently illustrated, on the Arts. Taken together these three successive volumes seem to cover the entire field, and form an exceedingly rich and able historical and critical introduction to the comprehensive subject. More than this it would be unreasonable to demand.

As the 'Manners and Customs' dealt with Civil matters, the present volume occupies itself with the Military and Religious affairs and forms; as important, certainly, but not quite so interesting or so varied: more likely, however, to bring out partizan feelings in the writer, and we cannot help now recognising in our friend of many years' standing, Bibliophile Jacob of former days, and *Imperial* Librarian now (surely an error to call him so on the title-page,—National must be the proper word), a more decided partiality to the Church as it appears during the epoch he deals with, than unbiassed judgment allows. This is very well in an artistic way; every author who desires to impress his readers should sympathise with his subject, and make the most of it: but it is not a little startling to find a writer with so much knowledge of the ages before the Reformation, and so complete a conception of their limitations and difficulties, regretting them as he appears to do. 'This work,' he says in the Preface, 'derives a special interest from the circumstances amidst which it is published. Ancient Europe has reached one of those solemn epochs in its history, when divided within itself, and uncertain of the turn which events may take, it finds itself face to face with the problem of its future destiny, demanding an immediate solution. What will that solution be? The emotions of the present may incline us to look back regretfully upon the past.' Without doing this, however, it is quite possible to enjoy M. Lacroix's researches, and we can very well endorse his assertion that each volume forms a collection of archæological treasures got together after the most laborious research; attractive to the eye first of all, and full of interest and instruction. Together they form a museum such as has never been brought together before; indeed the book is a puzzle as a table-book—a book of attractive pictures; the explanation being found in the fact that it was first the joint production of two laborious and adventurous authors, and that the work originally intended for the library is now, twenty years later, reproduced for the drawing-room. The two chapters in which Mr. Lacroix's Ultramontane tendencies show themselves, those on 'Heresies' and 'The Inquisition,' both of which might have been dispensed with, appear here, with portraits of Wickliff, Knox, Luther, and Calvin, &c., designated 'Heresiarchs,' 'Perverts,' 'Leaders of so-called reformed religion,' and three or four pictures of cruelties practised by Huguenots on Roman Catholics! Instead of these last, had he reproduced some of the immense series, so interesting pictorially, by Jean Tortorel and Jaques Perrissin of the thousand horrors which at last extinguished free religion in France, he would have been more just to history. Of the Inquisition itself he speaks approvingly. 'The political aim of the kings of Spain was attained, for the maintenance of religious unity preserved the kingdom from the bloody catastrophes which at that period spread desolation throughout France and England,' and elsewhere uses the same phraseology, as if the institution was political not religious, civil not papal. 'The Inquisition was less successful in the Netherlands, for the Protestant cause

* 'Military and Religious Life in the Middle Ages, and at the Renaissance.' By Paul Lacroix, Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris. Illustrated with fourteen chromo-lithographs by Kellerman and others, and upwards of 400 woodcuts. London: Chapman and Hall. 1874.



TRIAL BY ORDEAL— THE OATH.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL—THE COMBAT.

made great progress in Holland.' It is in vain to offer any remarks on so abnormal a mental condition in a writer of our time. The last chapter in the book is on 'Funeral Ceremonies,' a fruitful subject, fully illustrated and admirably treated. Twelve of Holbein's *Dance of Death* are perfectly fac-similed in this section, and the Reception into Paradise from Fra Angelico's picture of the *Last Judgment* is very well represented in colour, besides many other carefully-selected subjects.

In our notice of the 'Manners and Customs' we remember remarking the entire absence of the subject of trials by ordeal or by the Will of God, as they were sometimes called, and which degenerated at last into legalised duels, on great and difficult occasions of quarrel. We now find the subject has been reserved for the present, and associated, very properly, rather with the Religious than with the Law section. The subject is enriched by illustrations, two of which we are enabled to give, showing the two men taking the oath and the subsequent fight. It was only where no light could be thrown on the supposed crime, or where the dispute could not otherwise be settled, that this plan of settlement was allowed.

These are from miniatures in a MS. of the 15th century in the National Library of Paris. Both plaintiff and defendant swears to the justice of his cause according to his belief, and are then removed to the seignorial prison, where they remain till the day and hour of combat, when they are fully armed with exactly similar weapons. In all pictures of such scenes, the ladies of the court and of the families of the combatants appear as spectators, and it must have been certainly a period of fearful anxiety to those dependent on the innocence of the weaker of two men, when the seconds and the marshal left the lists, and the latter functionary called three times, '*Laissez-les aller!*' We find, however, that many precautions were taken, and that the combat could not begin till after noon, and that it could not go on after a star could be discerned, or might have been discerned had the sky been clear. If the accused held out till then he was acquitted, but if either was disabled or killed, the body of the vanquished was dragged off the ground by the feet, the armour was cut off him and with his horse forfeited to the judges, and, living or dead, he was forthwith hung or otherwise put out of existence.

In the opening chapter, that on Feudalism, we find three seals engraved, all of them exhibiting the form of the Act of Homage. These are of the 11th or 12th centuries, and are worthy of notice as showing the origin of the canonical position of prayer in Roman Catholic services, viz. that of the two hands laid palm to palm in front of the breast. This was not the original attitude of prayer in Christian use, as we see in the Catacomb pictures, where the figures called 'Orantes' always have the arms partially extended: it was the form of submission, and the suzerain received the pair of hands so presented. This is one of the many points of resemblance between the military and ecclesiastical habits of the middle ages. The knight as well as the priest went through a period of servitude, and was then ordained, the '*Ordène de Chevalerie*' requiring observances very similar to those of the deacon in becoming priest. He was to smooth his hair and beard, and to enter the bath. Why? asks the Soldan. Because he is to emerge without stain and be reclothed with honesty, courtesy, and goodness. After that he is clothed in a red mantle, to signify his readiness to pour out all his blood for the faith or for justice; other portions of dress reminding him of death, and so forth: his girdle is to teach him to keep his body pure; his spurs, sword, *et cetera*, have all a hidden meaning; and, lastly, his white coif indicates that his soul as his head should be white. The degradation of a knight was very similar to that of a priest; that is to say, similar in the formula, because a priest in the middle ages was scarcely ever degraded: that act of severity with its peculiar cruelty was nearly reserved for the present day, when poor Ugo Bassi, the general of artillery under the triumvirate of Rome, was taken and executed at Bologna. The number of elaborate, historical, and pious subjects engraved or represented by chromolithograph in these volumes by Lacroix, give an indication of the riches possessed by the public libraries of Paris in illuminated manuscripts.

One word, before finishing, about the naming and dating of some objects here. At page 301 we have a statue of St. Anthony, stated to be a statuette in stone of the 3rd century, and is said 'to show what the holy doctors thought of the anchorite of Egypt, who is represented as treading under foot the devil in the shape of the unclean animal in the flames.' No Christian object of art of the 3rd century exists except in or from the Catacombs, and even there this is about the earliest date; and as to the devil personified, the creature at his feet is the pig usually accompanying Anthony, as the lion accompanies Jerome! On page 5 is another statue, a figure of Charlemagne, assigned to the 11th or 12th centuries; but the plate-armour, with solid kneepieces, shows it to be about 1400. We see the same armour at page 43, from a picture by Spinello of Arezzo, whose date is given as the 13th century, whereas Spinello died in 1400; and in two or three cases, where illustrations are copied from the Triumphs of Maximilian, the famous set of prints drawn by Burgkmaier, and cut by *formscheiders*, which the Holbein Society is now re-issuing, they are said to be 'engraved by Burgmair from drawings by Albert Dürer.'

The Adoration of the Magi. From a pax attributed to Finiguerra (15th century), preserved at Florence.

As an example of the more elaborate woodcuts, which are indeed simply perfect, we are permitted to adorn our page with a copy from the famous pax in niello in the Museum at Florence. The fulness of every part like a diaper is charming, and the beauty of drawing is well preserved.

W. B. Scott.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN STUART MILL.

ETCHED BY RAJON, FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

PORTRAIT-PAINTING, although a branch of art for which England has a deserved reputation, has, on the whole, been quite remarkably uninteresting from the artistic and intellectual points of view during the last twenty or thirty years. It was a great misfortune for it to be dissociated from more imaginative kinds of art, as it became a regular business, differing chiefly from photography in its superior opportunities for flattering. The lowest degradation of portrait is reached when a mindless artist paints a vain or stupid subject, and it rises highest when a painter of great mental and artistic power delineates the features of some noble man or woman, whether the nobility is that of beauty or the less visible nobility of sentiment and of thought. Mr. Watts has painted many portraits which have deservedly taken rank amongst the most important pictures of the age. It is almost a profanation to mention such an art as his, so full of intellect and earnestness, so serenely serious, on the same page with the vulgar and brainless work which is the every-day product of the regular portrait-manufacturer. It is not necessary to define vulgarity in this place, but I may observe that if anybody cares to possess what is the exact opposite of vulgarity in portraiture, he may have it in this noble etching from a noble picture. There is no idle flattery here, no frivolous hiding of the signs of age, no lending of an inappropriate gaiety. The tailor and hairdresser did not determine the painter's work for him before he began it. One purpose only preoccupied him, to paint worthily a human head that was worthy of being painted. Perhaps, indeed, and here is the only criticism I feel inclined to make, the costume and body have been *too* much sacrificed to the head. They are, in fact, seen under different degrees of illumination. You see as much of the body as you could distinguish in the gloom of the latest twilight, but the face is in the ordinary daylight of a room, in 'a good gallery light,' and every detail is visible. Nor can it be fairly argued that the body is in shadow and the head in light, as it would have been a great *maladresse* to make the space of shade coincide so precisely with the black costume as to create confusion between shade and local colour. The flat equality of the dark background, in which (at least in the etching), no gradation of any kind is traceable is also a mistake. It would be difficult to find, on the dullest day, in the plainest room, a space so absolutely without variety. The background and costume are both, however, very cleverly etched, and the effect they produce is like that of hearing two or three of the very lowest notes on the double-bass. The depth of etching, in the lowest notes, has seldom been more powerfully exhibited. The biting of the coat is almost as deep as the bitings in Turner's etchings.

The face is one of the very finest pieces of work ever executed. Some people say that etching cannot render modelling, and Mr. Ruskin says that it cannot represent hair, yet the modelling of this face is as thorough and elaborate as it could be in any kind of engraving, and the scanty locks of hair, and thin whiskers, are rendered with a perfection of texture not to be denied. The whole face is interpreted by the most judicious use of line, but always for the artistic purpose, never for mechanical display. All that is done has for its object either the plain rendering of physical structure or the expression of character. Physically, you have a strikingly thorough study of bone, muscle, and skin—the last even to its wrinkles; intellectually, you have the thoughtful study of a thoughtful face, with the sadness that remained upon it permanently after a great bereavement. I can answer for the likeness; all who remember Mr. Mill in his latter years will recognise its extreme fidelity. It is well that a portrait at once so artistic and so true should preserve for our descendants the features of one of the few famous Englishmen belonging to our age, whom posterity is likely to care about.

P. G. HAMERTON.

L'EAUFORTE EN 1875.

THIS is the second issue of what M. Cadart intends to be an annual portfolio of etchings. We reviewed the first of these annuals favourably in our number for last October (p. 151). The one before us keeps up to the mark of its predecessor in point of quality, and instead of thirty plates (as before), contains forty, of which we hope to give a detailed notice in an early number. M. Laguillermie's plate, which we have the pleasure of inserting, represents a young woman in Brittany winnowing buck-wheat on the sea-shore. Our readers will observe for themselves the subtle delicacy, both of drawing and shading, as well as the graceful general conception of the picture from which the etching is taken.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

WE intend, in future, to publish notes upon the various technical processes of the fine arts, in order to get together in the PORTFOLIO a record of past and present experience, which may thus form a sort of common fund for the benefit of the future. Our project adapts itself to the circumstances of the case, which are very peculiar. To attempt, or profess to attempt, anything resembling order and completeness in the execution of such a scheme as this would be to ensure its failure. For example: suppose we determined to deal with the technicalities of oil-painting in the course of half-a-dozen chapters, it would certainly happen, when the chapters were supposed to be finished, that additional information, from one source or other, would demonstrate their incompleteness, and at the same time, if any doctrines had been based upon material previously collected, the uncertainty of those doctrines. The technical work of the fine arts is one upon which nobody who knows anything will profess to know much, and the utmost that can be attempted wisely is to exhibit the condition of general knowledge at a particular time, so far as the writer may be in a position to ascertain it. A periodical is, therefore, much better adapted for dealing with such a subject than a book, because a periodical, from its frequent re-appearances, can so easily add to information already given, and so easily correct a mistaken conclusion. A book is said to live when it continues to be sold, yet it may be as much fixed as a fossil; but a periodical lives in a sense much more closely resembling the life of a human being, as it is always capable of self-revision and correction: nay, there is even a sense in which a periodical may be said to have an advantage over any human being, for there is no fixed limit to its longevity. In opening these pages for the reception of whatever technical information may be accessible, we are therefore in no hurry to give an appearance of completeness and finish, but shall simply note what is accessible. Sir Charles Eastlake, who wrote the most valuable book which has ever been published on this subject, was as fully aware as we can be of the peculiar difficulties which belong to it, and therefore he did not call his book 'A History of Oil Painting,' as a less cautious writer would probably have done, but simply 'Materials.'

As a preparation for these notes, the Editor being anxious to include as much of modern experience as living artists might be willing to communicate, applied to a certain number amongst the best known for more authentic information about their practice than could be got by examining finished pictures and guessing at the processes by which they had been constructed. The Editor has had no reason to regret this proceeding, since it has elicited from some of the most distinguished artists of the day the most frank and generous explanation of their methods. In other instances, however, there was a difficulty which the Editor had foreseen, but which turned out to be even more formidable than he had expected. It is well known that a little amount of skill in the fine arts has a quite remarkable tendency to foster self-conceit, so that very young artists have generally an intensity of belief in their own gifts and talents which would be found with difficulty, in an equal degree, amongst the younger members of any more matter-of-fact profession. Later in life, however, and most especially in the cases of artists who have received their fair share of public approbation, this feeling gives place to one of quite an opposite character; so that the truly

accomplished artist, of mature years, is usually anything but vain of his accomplishment, but looks upon himself simply as a man who is making very delicate and difficult experiments in a kind of work of which little is known either by himself or others. The reader will see at once how unfavourable such a state of mind as this must be to the free communication of personal experience. Without being at all selfish, without at all wishing to keep to himself any advantages which might accrue from little discoveries of his own, an artist not only really modest, but anxious to appear so, might easily think in this way:—'If I publish an account of my methods and practice such as they happen to be to-day, people will very likely suppose that I am setting myself up as a model for future imitation, and this would be very unjust to me; so the best way to avoid such misinterpretation will be to communicate nothing.' It is evident that a feeling of this kind would be a most serious obstacle to the publication of private experience, and there can be little doubt that it has operated to some extent in withholding information which might have been of value to the world. The unnecessary modesty which withholds its experience on these grounds is really based upon a misunderstanding of the way in which individual experience is of use to others. The common stock of knowledge is always indebted to very many little separate discoveries, which, taken alone, would be of no use, yet in conjunction form nothing less than that truly magnificent result, the complete *technique* of the arts. If each of these minor discoverers had withheld his idea from a fear of being thought conceited, the arts would never have existed. And the most modest workman may find consolation for his modesty in the thought that his idea is not likely, in any case, to be rated above its true value. The desirable thing is that all observations should be made accessible to every one, in order that they may be adopted or rejected according to future convenience. This has never been sufficiently done yet, and the consequence is that there is an almost incredible want of light upon technical subjects, and especially an exclusiveness in theories and beliefs, which would at once give way if the experience of different artists could be compared. It would be easy for a malevolent critic to exhibit the opposite opinions held by equally eminent artists as a proof that there is no right and wrong in artistic practice, or that the arts are in a state of anarchy; but there is another way of acknowledging these differences which is at the same time more just to artists, and much more in accordance with facts. It is plain, to begin with, that good pictures have been produced in different ways—we all know this, and admit it. What it would be desirable to know next is the sort of influence which different processes have had upon the fine arts, but this we can never ascertain until we are clearly aware of the technical habits of artists. That this curiosity is not mere prying, but a reasonable and honourable curiosity, may be proved, we believe, by a single consideration. It is perfectly well known that almost all artists spend the earlier part of their professional lives in technical experiments, which, in many cases, might be spared if they were aware that these experiments had been tried already by others, and with what results. Would it not be a kindness, is it not something very like a duty, to spare them such a waste of time and energy? Is it not so, especially in a country like England, where there is so little direct personal teaching, where artists take no pupils, but work in isolation? There is not the slightest ground for apprehension lest an eminent artist should find himself equalled by younger men merely because they know his technical processes. Some of the very simplest of these processes are at the same time the most difficult; and when all has been laid open, when the studio has no secrets, there still remains the great truth, so easily and so frequently forgotten, that all these technical matters are, after all, nothing more than material or mechanical means, and that the essence of art is spiritual. Perhaps of all the eminent painters who have entered into our views with respect to the publication of processes, the one (up to the present date) of whose method I could give the clearest account is Mr. Calderon; but there is not the slightest probability that any student will paint as well as Mr. Calderon simply from knowing what his habits are. No inventor can be better protected in a monopoly than a great painter is. The mere possession of a personal talent is as good a protection as the patent laws themselves. However, it is needless to insist much on this view of the subject, because the kind of jealousy here alluded to is not common amongst first-rate men, who know too well that what is personal in their practice belongs to themselves alone, and is safe from *la contrefaçon*.

A far more serious hindrance in the execution of our project is one which I shall now attempt to explain. Many painters, and those not amongst the least eminent, really *have* no

fixed method of work, but are incessantly making experiments. If they could only be persuaded to keep a record of their experiments nothing would be more useful, but here that unfortunate modesty, already alluded to, steps in with the suggestion, 'My pictures are not worth keeping notes about,' so that all the results of such experiments are lost to that 'common stock' of information which ought to be the receptacle of them. Such artists live in a state of transition, and although they may remember clearly enough what order of work they followed during the last twelve months, even when their memory does not extend further into the past, they are not willing to communicate it, because they know that in a year or two they will work quite differently. But nothing is easier than to let it be known that an experiment is an experiment, to be taken just for what it is worth, and recorded rather for the *possibility* of usefulness than for any certainty. The entire practice of the most methodical and consistent artist is also nothing but an experiment relatively to the vastness of the general experience. And the objection from modesty may be answered at once in a manner to satisfy the most earnest humility imaginable,—*The record of a technical experiment may be as interesting in the case of a bad picture as of a good one.* Let me mention a case in point. Two pictures are hanging together on my wall; I believe they were painted in the same year, 1859: one of them is cracked all over, the other is perfectly sound. Evidently it would be most interesting, to any one who cares at all about the preservation of pictures, to know exactly how and with what materials these were painted, but their merit as works of art lies entirely outside of this question. There are many technical points, of the very utmost importance, which in like manner may be as well illustrated, from bad works of art as from good ones; such as the changes of colours from chemical action, the effect of mixture and superposition, the action of one colour through another, the consequences of using mediums. It is the same in other arts, in etching for instance. An artist finds that biting is rendered more certain when the bath is warmed, but the observation of such a fact has nothing to do with the artistic merits of his drawing; whether he is a good draughtsman or a bad one the fact just mentioned, which belongs to practical science, remains the same. There is a clear distinction between technical knowledge and technical skill. You may know that when Japanese varnish is mixed with any kind of etching-ground it will cause it to harden in time, so that if the grounded plate is kept too long it will be impossible to work upon it, because the ground will chip off between the lines. Here is a bit of technical knowledge of a very useful kind, but when I communicate such a scrap of practical information no one but an unscrupulous enemy would accuse me of claiming any superiority of skill. Several artists who have kindly supplied us with notes on technical matters, are extremely anxious that their good-nature should not be misinterpreted as a desire to set themselves up as models. Surely there cannot be much danger of such misinterpretation? But in case there should be any, I will close these introductory remarks with a few lines on the present condition of technical knowledge, which will show how little reason we have to feel proud of it.

The Fine Arts are simply a field for unlimited though interesting experiments. Hardly anything appears to be definitively and unquestionably ascertained. Almost every successful artist works in direct contradiction to some doctrine which has been received at some former time, or which is still received, and gets his results in spite of it. One of the most experienced of living painters said to me, that in art-practice our experiments seem to lead us from one thing to another, till finally we find ourselves at the point from which we started. Art-practice is a world of experiment, but it would be a great mistake to infer that the experiments are useless. The results of them are to be seen in every gallery, in every exhibition. One of the greatest charms of art is its inexhaustible variety, and that variety is due in great measure to the absence of uniformity in technical habits. Let us hope that this free individuality will be preserved. The publication of these notes will tend to encourage it, for they will make plain to every one how many different ways of work have led to good results.

The space occupied by these introductory observations has left little room, in the present number, for examples of the notes themselves. In accordance, however, with our intention to print them independently of any kind of order, whether chronological or artistic, I begin with a contemporary, though we may revert in future notes to artists of other ages. There has been a little difficulty in some instances when artists who were quite willing to give the results of their experience felt some doubt as to the kind of information which would be acceptable to us. These notes of Mr. Calderon's practice are all that is needed, and will be found, we believe, of the greatest interest and value.

PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A.—Mr. Calderon always uses double canvases, in order to protect the picture from the dampness of walls and the effect of gas in the atmosphere. We mean by 'double canvases' that two distinct canvases are stretched on the same stretching-frame, one over the other. The two canvases are in contact, and thus the lower one supports the upper on which Mr. Calderon paints. He likes this support, because it gives firmness to the cloth he works upon. The back-canvas has its outer face painted to keep the damp from the other. The only inconvenience resulting from this arrangement is that nothing can be inscribed upon the back canvas with the certainty that it will always continue to belong to the picture, At some future time it may be changed, and then the inscription would be separated from the work. Some readers may inquire, What is the use of any inscription? It is of use as a record of the colours and processes employed; and where such a record exists, the picture becomes at once (whatever may be its quality as a work of art) a document of the very greatest importance for the future. Mr. Calderon regrets that his use of double canvases should prevent him from following the excellent example of Mr. Redgrave, who has always inscribed on the back of his canvases the technical history of his pictures. But even the use of double cloths need not prevent the preservation of a record on paper or parchment, one copy to be given to the collector who bought the picture, another to be kept in the archives of the Royal Academy, if the Academy could be persuaded to take charge of such documents. Had this been done since the English school was founded, much would be now well ascertained which is still doubtful.

Up to 1859 Mr. Calderon painted on thickly-primed smooth canvases, as white as possible. The pictures of this class include *Broken Vows*, *The Gaoler's Daughter*, *French Peasants finding their Stolen Child*. At this period of his practice Mr. Calderon used a rapidly drying copal varnish as a medium.

Since then, however, he prefers what are called single-primed canvases, because, since the layer of preparation is very thin, any lurking danger from the priming is reduced to a minimum, and also because such thin priming leaves the texture of the canvas unconcealed, so that it catches the colour as the brush goes over it, and has what artists call a 'tooth' and 'grip.' This Mr. Calderon finds agreeable in working, and so do many other artists. He gave up the use of copal in 1859, and since then has used the well-known foreign dryer, *Siccatif de Harlem*, from a belief that it is firmer than megilp. In 1866 Mr. Calderon, following the advice of an artist who had used what he recommended with good results for twenty years, began to make megilp of his own, simply by pouring equal quantities of mastic varnish and linseed oil into a pot. The mixture sets at once into a transparent jelly, and stands on the palette without the inconvenience of more liquid mediums, which require a dipper. This is the real reason why Mr. Calderon now uses it. He has also painted a good many pictures in Roberson's medium, a popular vehicle with artists, and certainly one of the most agreeable to use.* But Mr. Calderon always employs vehicle sparingly, whichever vehicle it may be.

Mr. Calderon's palette is composed as follows—Flake white, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, cadmium (used sparingly), Mars yellow, vermilion, Venetian red, pink madder, cobalt, Antwerp blue, raw sienna, burnt sienna, raw umber, Vandyke brown, ivory black. This is the complete palette which Mr. Calderon uses every day; but he does not *set* a palette according to the common meaning of the word—that is, he does not mix tints. 'I never mixed a tint in my life,' he says; 'but I hear many painters do, and I know of some who mix light, half-tint, and shadow, for each drapery or object, with most admirable results.' Mr. Calderon, however, is by no means alone in the habit of not mixing tints beforehand, for many Continental artists simply set the pure colours in order upon the palette, and then mix with the brush as they work. This is an economy of time, as the colours may be arranged on the palette in a pure state in one minute, whereas it takes an hour to set a

* The following is a list of the pictures painted in each of these mediums. We print it most willingly, as it may be referred to centuries hence to prove their relative durability:—

Copal.—'Gaoler's Daughter'—'Broken Vows'—'French Peasants finding their Stolen Child.'—All other pictures up to the year 1859.

Home-made Megilp.—'Whither'—'Œnone'—'Home after Victory'—'Studies at Hever Castle.'

Roberson's Medium.—'The Young Lord Hamlet'—'Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face'—'Duchess of Montpensier and Jacques Clement'—'The Virgin's Bower'—'Spring pursuing Winter'—'On his Way to the Throne'—'Victory'—'Goodnight'—'A Moonlight Serenade.'

Siccatif de Harlem.—'After the Battle'—'The British Embassy during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew'—'The Burial of Hampden'—'Drink to me only with thine Eyes'—'Her most high, noble, and puissant Grace'—'Mary Queen of Scots' attempted Escape'—'The Orphans'—'Liberating Prisoners on the young Heir's Birthday'—'Queen Katherine and her Women at Work,' and pictures now in progress.

palette properly with mixed tints,* and after it is done many of them are often found unsuitable, and have to be either mixed over again or wasted. I may just observe that for amateurs, or for artists who paint only two or three hours a-day, devoting the rest of their time to drawing or etching, this economy of time is a matter of the very greatest importance. If you have only two hours to paint in, and give one to mixing tints with the palette-knife, it does not seem worth while to begin, whereas a palette set almost instantaneously is a temptation to set to work even for a short sitting. In the list of colours given above I said that Mr. Calderon used flake white. So he does, but once he made an exception to this rule and used zinc white. This was for the picture of *The Young Lord Hamlet*, but its blue thin quality was more than the artist could put up with, so he never used it again. The reader may have observed that Mr. Calderon does not employ French ultramarine.

He uses hog-hair brushes for almost everything, especially small ones, as he finds that with large brushes the work has a tendency to look empty, whereas with small ones it seems to be more firmly done.

I now come to Mr. Calderon's practice, that is, to his way of dealing with all these materials; and to this I invite the reader's especial attention, for few artists have so consistently aimed at an important quality which Rubens appreciated, namely, freshness of touch. First, he composes the picture mentally, and when the composition is well fixed in his mind he puts it on the canvas in colour, and without models, using solid pigments until the picture looks very much as he intends it to look ultimately, and all the figures play their parts to the satisfaction of their inventor. At this stage, however, the picture is not yet in full effect, nor so completely realised in detail, as its author intends it to be. The colours having dried, Mr. Calderon now, for the first time, has models, and avails himself of them for reference as he paints the picture over again upon the first painting, bit by bit, a face here, an arm there, and so on. And now we come to the most essential principle of his practice. Each part is painted solidly and at once. If the artist is not pleased with it he removes it entirely and begins again. Sometimes in this way a head will be painted twelve times, but the eleven attempts before the final satisfactory one have been entirely scraped out, and what the public sees is always one decided piece of straightforward painting.

In this system of work two things are especially to be noted. The artist considers the picture, in the first place, as an emanation from the mind; which is the best way, if not the only way, of securing harmonious arrangement, and that appearance of unity which belongs to every imaginative conception. After this is secured Mr. Calderon refers to nature, to avoid error in regard to natural truth, giving the study of nature its due place relatively to the imagination. The importance assigned to the imaginative portion of the work deserves especial attention in our time, when there is so much of mere slavish copyism. The means taken (at great apparent sacrifice) to preserve freshness of touch are also well worth reflecting upon. On the one hand, it is certain that a touch cannot remain fresh unless it is let alone, and on the other it is equally clear that it cannot be let alone if it is wrong; the difficulty of reconciling the two conditions can only be overcome, as Mr. Calderon overcomes it, by removing entirely what is unsatisfactory and doing it over again, and over again, till it comes right. The difference between the practice of this artist and that of some others is that he removes unsatisfactory work whilst they try to mend it, or to hide it. There are certain qualities which, there is reason to believe, would not be attainable by Mr. Calderon's method, but the qualities which he has attained are equally valuable, and evidently even more essential to that clear and bright expression of his individual genius, with which every visitor to the Royal Academy is familiar.†

* This will be denied by artists who do it carelessly, but I could cite eminent names in support of the assertion.

† In the first volume of the PORTFOLIO, page 100, the reader may find a passage in a letter from Mr. Calderon to Mr. Tom Taylor, which seems to show how much influence a piece of good technical advice, given to an artist at the beginning of his career, may have upon his future practice. 'I really think,' says Mr. Calderon, 'that the best bit of teaching I ever had was in the National Gallery. An old French gentleman, of the name of Montfort, seeing me flourishing my brush about, took me in hand, and showed me how every touch of paint ought to have its *raison d'être*—soft in one place, hard in another; never more than one if one will do, and that of a definite shape. "Put touches side by side," he used to say, "like a beautiful mosaic, and you won't be far wrong." And I think, to this day, he gave me the best of advice.'

The reader will easily perceive that the counsels of old Mr. Montfort have influenced the whole career of Mr. Calderon, so far as technical matters are concerned.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XIV.—Tommaso Guidi, called 'Masaccio.' (1402–28–9.)

Portrait of a Youth.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

TOMMASO GUIDI, one of the greatest figures in the story of Italian painting, is known only to the world by a gross nickname—'Masaccio,' which may be paraphrased by 'Untidy or Dirty Tom.' Tradition tells us that he was so called from the slovenliness of his habits, being all absorbed perhaps in the study of his art: however that may be, this *sobriquet* has really become a title of honour, and Masaccio is one of the most exalted names in the history of art. He was the son of Giovanni di Simone, and was born at Castel San Giovanni, in the Upper Valdarno, in 1402.* In other respects a great obscurity hangs over the biography of this painter. His age and his period have been, through Vasari's want of precise information, thoroughly confused by later writers; his life has been nearly doubled in its duration, and prolonged into a generation that did not know him.

Vasari had said that he was only twenty-six years old when he died, and as his death was postponed fifteen years, his birth was retarded by the same space; but when the real date of the birth was discovered, fifteen years were added to his life. Facts, however, discovered not many years since by Signor Gaetano Milanesi, a very successful student of the history of Tuscan art, have thrown light on the matter.†

Masaccio died suddenly at Rome in 1428, or at latest in 1429. This agreeing with Vasari's statement that he was only twenty-six years old when he died. The Brancacci paintings were left incomplete, and the lower large fresco on the left hand, representing the *Restoring a Youth to Life*, only half executed. Masaccio's business in Rome, whither he went in 1427, is supposed to have been connected with some works which he was to execute in the church of San Clemente there. His sudden death shortly afterwards was attended with suspicions of foul play. His life was a short one, and he was one of the not very few intellectual heroes who have passed away on the very threshold of their careers. Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us, in his 'Twelfth Discourse,' a very eloquent and not unmerited eulogium on this great Florentine master. 'He appears,' he says, 'to be the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the art afterwards arrived, and may therefore be justly considered one of the great fathers of modern art.'

We know nothing of Masaccio's education, but while still a youth he was apparently employed at Florence in the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine, as Masolino da Panicale's assistant, in painting a series of frescoes from the life of St. Peter, about the year 1423; and when Masolino left Florence to carry out some commission in Hungary the continuation of the work was intrusted to his assistant Masaccio, whose untimely death about two years afterwards interrupted the work for a long series of years. The portion of work ascribed

* Gaye, 'Carteggio d' Artisti,' i. 115.

† Milanesi, 'Giornale Storico degli Archivi Toscani,' anno iv. 1860.

to the various painters employed on this chapel has been the cause of much labour and dispute among the critics; chiefly, perhaps, because the data they argued from were unfounded; the chronological order of the frescoes being decided by mere conjecture, and that conjecture wrong.

They were commenced by Masolino da Panicale and Masaccio, continued at once by Masaccio, and then left for two generations, until they were taken up by Filippino Lippi, the son of Fra Filippo Lippi and Lucrezia Buti, who was born in Florence in 1460, and therefore was much of the same youthful age as Masaccio when the work fell to his hands. Filippino commenced at the age that Masaccio left off, and had, besides the example and stimulus of Masaccio's rivalry, the experience of two generations to help him.*

The works of Masolino and Masaccio were executed in 1423–27, and it was more than half a century before Filippino Lippi was commissioned to carry out the frescoes of this chapel to completion—about 1485, when he was just five-and-twenty years of age. Therefore, of the twelve distinct compartments (four large on the sides and eight small on the ends), going in two series entirely round the chapel, the correct allotment of work to the several masters is most probably as follows:—

MASOLINO.—1. Peter preaching. 2. Peter and John healing the cripple at the gate of the Temple, and Peter restoring Tabitha to life. 3. The Fall, or Adam and Eve standing under the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

MASACCIO.—4. The expulsion from Paradise. 5. Paul visiting Peter in prison (a single figure, adopted by Raphael in the cartoon of *Paul Preaching*, claimed by some for Filippino, and given to him by Vasari in the first edition of his 'Lives,' but strongly reclaimed by Rumohr for Masaccio). 6. The tribute-money, in three parts. 7. Peter baptizing, in which is the shivering youth. 8. Peter distributing alms, in which is an apparently dead man (Ananias?) lying on the ground. 9. The infirm cured by the shadow of Peter; and 10. The large composition of Peter and Paul restoring a youth to life, with other groups, left unfinished by Masaccio through his sudden death, and completed long afterwards by Filippino Lippi.

FILIPPINO.—11. The crucifixion of Peter; and Peter and Paul disputing with Simon Magus before the Proconsul (in this is the portrait of Filippino, which has been confounded with that of Masaccio): and 12. Peter liberated from prison.†

This is a series of frescoes of pretty uniform merit, though the palm for execution has been justly awarded to Filippino. The series extended in point of time over a period exceeding probably seventy years, so that the art must have experienced some progress and some change in the meanwhile. The National Gallery possesses a splendid example, the work of Filippino, in the altar-piece of the Rucellai Chapel (No. 293), *The Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Dominic*, fairly illustrating the executive excellence to which he had attained.

These frescoes, among other portraits, contain five of contemporary painters (all roughly cut in wood in Vasari's 'Lives'); Masolino's and Masaccio's both painted by the latter. Masolino in the picture of the infirm cured by the shadow of Peter, on the altar wall; and Masaccio in the large upper fresco on the left on entering, representing the finding and the paying the tribute-money. The other portraits are those of Antonio Pollaiuolo, Sandro Botticelli, and Filippino Lippi himself, all painted by the last in the large lower fresco on the right hand: Botticelli as one of the spectators of the crucifixion of Peter, and the other two attending the dispute between Simon Magus and Peter, the painter himself peeping from the very margin of the composition behind the Proconsul.

The head of Filippino in this fresco is very similar to that known as Masaccio's in the Gallery of Painters' Portraits in the Uffizj at Florence; and it is also very similar to the *Head of*

* See Carlo Lasinio, 'Affreschi celebri del XIV. e XV. Secolo' (Florence, 1841). The frescoes in this work, as in those of Thomas Patch, 'Masaccio, sua Vita e Collezione di 24 teste,' and Rossini's 'Storia della Pittura Italiana,' and the 'Etruria Pittrice,' are wrongly assigned. Lasinio gives the series of pictures complete.

† See Vasari, 'Vite, &c.,' ed. Le Monnier, vol. iii. 'Commentario alla Vita di Masaccio,' pp. 190–1.

a Youth in our Gallery. The subject of the present etching is no doubt the painter's own portrait. The inference that we must draw, therefore, is, that both the Florentine portrait and the National Gallery portrait are misnamed, for there can be no question as to the two portraits of the Brancacci chapel. The correct designation, therefore, of the present etching should apparently be 'Filippino Lippi, by himself;' the execution is much the same as that of the Rucellai Madonna (No. 293).

Filippino died at Florence, his birthplace, aged only forty-five; he was buried there on the 13th of April, 1505.

No. 626, *His Own Portrait*, is the front view of a beautiful life-like head, remarkably expressive, with long brown hair, and a small light red cap on the top of the head. The complexion seems faded. He wears a brown coat. Head and bust, painted in tempera on wood, 14 in. high by 11 in. wide.

It was formerly in the Northwick Gallery at Cheltenham, at the sale of which, in 1859, it was purchased for the National Gallery for 108*l.* 3*s.*

It does not represent the portrait of Masaccio, which, as adopted and engraved by Vasari, must have been well authenticated by tradition. The head in the Brancacci fresco has a stern intelligent countenance, with a bearded chin, and is shown in little more than profile; it has not a hat, and the hair falls on the back of the neck, and may well represent a man of five or six and twenty years of age. The Filippino in the other fresco looks less developed in character and shows a milder individuality: the ages may be equal.

R. N. Wornum.

PIERRE BILLET.

THE mission of criticism does not only consist in showing the development of talents already celebrated and reputations securely established; it ought also to seek amongst the new-comers those who, having entered the lists only yesterday, have acquired from the beginning an honourable place amongst the young painters, and seem marked out beforehand for the glorious success of to-morrow. It is true that disappointments are frequent, and more than one artist has seen silence succeed to the acclamations which had greeted his entrance into the artistic career: it often happens that the first efforts of youth are followed by the sluggishness and inertness of middle age. Rapid successes have proved more destructive than helpful to many artists; but for natures really gifted, and who know neither mean vanities nor the discouragement caused by momentary failure, life is a perpetual striving and persevering effort. We believe that M. Pierre Billet so understands the artistic profession, and that we may, without fear, express our favourable opinion of his *débuts*, as well as the hopes we entertain for his future.

Pierre Billet belongs to a numerous family: he is the sixth of twelve children. After having completed his studies at the Lycée of Douai, which he left at eighteen, he entered his father's business in a sugar-factory and distillery. His first studies had nothing to do with art, and when he drew it was accidentally. Like all artistic natures, he was, however, early tormented by a desire to draw; but his natural inclination manifested itself especially in caricatures in lead-pencil or clay. After leaving his college he employed leisure time in going into the country to paint studies from nature.

It was towards landscape that his first attempts were directed, but when he abandoned business to devote himself entirely to painting, he began to study the figure seriously by copying the peasants of his village. At that time he became acquainted with Jules Breton, whose excellent counsels wonderfully hastened his progress, but who could not help, by the ascendancy of a superior talent, keeping back the assumption of a frank originality.

La Jeune Paysanne in the salon of 1867 was the first picture exhibited by the artist: it attracted little notice. In spite of the talent displayed in his works, Pierre Billet simply came out as Jules Breton's imitator. With an amount of tact rare in so young an artist he perceived his danger, and remembering Michaelangelo's famous adage: 'He who always follows another will never arrive first'—he resolved to seek, at any cost, a new path. Although his affection for Jules Breton was real, he took care not to see him so frequently; and whilst in Paris he visited the studios, principally that of Meissonier, whose talent—accurate, refined, and little disposed to dreaming—appeared to him as an antidote against a manner of seeing and understanding nature which never appeared as if it really belonged to him.

Every man who passionately loves the arts and desires to enter the lists, encounters immense difficulties in his way, but these difficulties are not the same for all. Some are wrecked through having ignored the importance of first principles, and, for want of a method of teaching well adapted to their temperament, always sin against correctness. Others, after a course of more than ordinarily successful studies in our schools, find themselves entirely bewildered when in the solitude of the studio they have to invent and carry out a picture. Lastly, there are some, and Pierre Billet is one of them, who having been well directed take at once their place amongst men of talent, but who perceive then what a chasm separates acquired skill from creative genius, and strive to get over it.

It was under the influence of this pre-occupation that Pierre Billet, feeling his way in the dark, painted for the salon of 1868, *Les Suites d'une Partie de Cartes* and *L'Attente;* and for the salon of 1869, *La Partie de Monsieur le Maire,* and *Un Pêcheur sur la Plage d'Ambleteuse;* the last picture is now at the Museum of Bordeaux. These works did not create any sensation, but the public began to take interest in the artist when they saw *Les Pêcheurs des Environs de Boulogne* exhibited at the salon of 1870, and bought for the Lille Museum.

But although critics acknowledged the painter's incontestable talent, they unanimously recognised rather a reflection of Jules Breton than a new personality.

During the war there was no exhibition, but in 1872 Pierre Billet won *une mention honorable* with *L'Attente* and *L'Heure de la Marée.* This last picture greatly helped the increase of the artist's reputation, because it was purchased by the Direction des Beaux-Arts, and placed in the Luxembourg at Paris. The following year his success was complete, and everybody applauded the renewed efforts of the artist in the *Retour du Marché* and *Les Coupeuses d'Herbe.* He won a medal at Paris, and another at the Universal Exhibition of Vienna.

Further recognition awaited him in 1874 when he produced *Les Fraudeurs de Tabac* and *Les Ramasseuses de Bois.* We give an engraving of this last picture, which assigns a new place to the artist. Every year we had seen his talent grow with experience; here, his individuality affirms itself, the painter has thrown away his swaddling-clothes and is himself. Some parts still recall Jules Breton, but on the whole originality is conspicuous, and before *Les Ramasseuses de Bois* one says, without hesitation, 'Here is a picture of Pierre Billet.' This succession of attempts at individuality deserved to be noticed, and Pierre Billet is now reckoned one of our good genre painters. We do not think that his name can as yet be well known in England, and we have thought it just to point him out to the English public, because his reputation is now well established in France, and because, with the energy of his temperament and the sincerity of his studies, one may foresee the day when his name, already familiar, will become celebrated.

RENÉ MÉNARD.

THE WINTER ART SEASON.

IT is very well that the modest and even petty ambition of much modern art should occasionally be startled by something of wider pretensions. Painting, having asserted its right to deal with every form of life, is just now inclined to rest content with the least noble, and the small schemes of prettiness invented to set forth prosaic incident or common pathos, have at the present a too complacent air, which cannot be too quickly or too roughly disturbed. To limit the scope of the attempt until the mastery of imperfect means becomes assured, is not the best or the most enduring method of success. It is very easy on such terms for any age to produce a masterpiece, for the result depends on prudence rather than genius; and a picture so painted, though all its parts be perfect, has to be considered in relation to the possible scope of the art to which it claims to belong. That a thing should be done completely is not enough: we have to ask that it shall also be worth doing. Otherwise there is no halting-point to the degradation of any craft. 'Art for art's sake,' is then a cry which may lead lower and lower, for it justifies all triviality which finds for itself an artistic expression. Here, I think, is a special danger of the moment. Our painters are not now, as they were a few years ago, in ignorance of the conditions of pictorial representation. That vice remains, but it is no longer the distinguishing defect of the work that is of most popularity. The painters who now chiefly claim attention have knowledge as to what may, and what may not, be done with the brush; but this knowledge is only secure when it is exercised in the most limited sphere. A little understanding of the requirements of a picture has taught prudence; it has left the artist too cautious for any high attempt; and, what is still worse, it has induced a measure of contentment with the most trivial achievement, if only the long-neglected laws of pictorial expression are duly observed.

At such a time any work that shows a wider purpose is very welcome. There may not, perhaps, be a perfect agreement between the design and the means of its accomplishment; but the experiment is useful in the suggestion of greater freedom and audacity. It is chiefly this consideration which gives interest to the large picture by Hans Makart that has been exhibited in Pall Mall. In general plan the work faithfully observes the laws and limitations of pictorial treatment; and, if without any strong impression of originality, it is, at any rate, free from vulgar merit or ignorant defect. The subject is taken from Venetian history, but the subject has little to do with the success or failure of the picture. By this I do not mean that Herr Makart has imperfectly enforced his thought, but only that the work belongs to an order of art wherein the theme, whatever it may be, at once and finally yields to the manner of its presentment. This is true in a sense of all great art: the action, however important, must, in painting, submit itself to a single permanent form; and, therefore, however intense the emotion sought to be expressed, and however full the theme in suggestion of passion, these elements are useful to the painter only in so far as they avail to leave him in possession of a single scheme and pattern of beauty. From the fixed result the mind may depart awhile to take in all the human feeling that lies beneath, but hither it must continually return and with renewed satisfaction, or the painter has failed in his craft. But to such work as this of Herr Makart the principle has a closer and stricter application. Here the splendour of the presentment is both the beginning and the end: the subject is in truth a scene, and the effect of the picture is to leave the spectator without desire to penetrate beneath the richness and pomp of the representation. In this essential fact, as by many other signs less important but more obvious, the modern painter proves his allegiance to Paolo Veronese. The desire of both follows the evident and sumptuous beauty of costume: it seizes eagerly on every mark of outward splendour, and is attracted by the large and luxurious fascination of many figures raimented with a lavish wealth of colour. In the presence of such an effort it is necessary to ask ourselves how far

the attempt was worth making, and how far it has been successfully made. Veronese can scarcely be regarded as a master of the highest kind of style. His composition is not that of a painter who has fairly transported his forms of men and women into the severe and quiet realm of art: it rather hovers between two worlds, for while we recognise something of large movement and grandiose gesture, we find also the direct and unconsidered imitation of nature. It is in truth this naïve and unconsidered quality in his work that renders the whole credible to us, and keeps in balance the apparent artificiality that is also present, and oftentimes too prominently. The sense of direct and strong portraiture in his heads, and the perfect simplicity which often characterises his treatment of the attitudes of children, serve to keep the colossal pageant in correspondence with the actual world; and though the work is thus made up of very different elements, these are so managed as to preserve an equilibrium in the result. But such was the artistic material which Veronese had ready to his hand, that this mode of hovering betwixt simple nature and grandiose artifice was possible and practicable. The costume in his pictures was not an historic invention, as it must be to his modern imitator; even the higher quality of dignified luxury was present to him in reality: and with so much of realism to work upon he could afford to indulge an artificial system of gesture without any serious sacrifice of truth in the effect.

It seems, then, that to imitate Veronese now, is to seize upon a splendid phase of art rather than to follow an enduring discovery of beauty. It is not only not worth doing, but it cannot, properly speaking, be done. What has been done by Herr Makart—and the achievement, it must be confessed, is of surpassing energy and courage—may be briefly stated. Taking for his theme the homage paid by Venice to the daughter of Carnaro, who for her beauty had been chosen Queen of Cyprus, the painter has brought together a rich and confused throng of Venetians who press up to the steps of a raised dais, upon which the elected beauty is seated. Near the throne are young girls bearing fruit and flowers; behind them stand, or kneel, women richly dressed; and in the large open space beyond is the crowd of men and women attracted by the occasion, and yet half-careless of the sight. At the first glance the spectator is impressed by a surprising gift of colour. The purity of single tints, their often subtle selection, and the boldness and success of the general scheme, are facts to be noticed at once. The canvas is of great size; and it is no small thing that the artist should have disposed a number of positive hues in coherent relation. The eye travels from one passage of brilliant colour to another, and finds them in correspondence; a deliberate design makes itself felt over the whole composition, and to each part its proper value is skilfully assigned. This first effective impression is, as regards colour, afterwards modified by the perception that the general harmony is sometimes too easily procured. The natural colour of flowers is roughly sacrificed to the tints that surround them; the tints of the flesh in the faces is sometimes too readily forced into agreement with the tints of the hair or the colour of costume. In the drawing a surprising energy in the invention of attitude and an undoubted grasp of the composition as a whole, are the noticeable merits; but here again the good effect is partly marred by the weakness of drawing in the hands of the figures and the overpowering monotony of the chosen type in the face. A few of the men's heads suggest a reminiscence of Venetian portraiture, but the women are of the most modern cast of features and without any strength of individual beauty. Taken as a whole, and with due acknowledgment of the courage needed for such an attempt, and the talent with which it has been conducted, the picture seems to me a recall of the manner and the artifice rather than the essence of the style it affects. What was theatric and grandiose in the art of Veronese has passed into the art of Herr Makart, but the simplicity that made the earlier splendour credible has fled. The laborious invention of costume, the genuine charm of colour, do not suffice to take from the work its incurable artificiality. The painter has attempted to reproduce those elements of an epoch that cannot survive. He has let go the permanent truth that was in his master, and has been

content to invent what Veronese imitated; and thus the work is, in the true sense of the term, theatric, for it seeks for the kind of illusion that is desired on the stage. The only valuable imitation of the achievement of Veronese at this time would be to do for our age what the earlier painter did for his. What we feel as the enduringly fascinating element in these great canvases that have come down to us, whatever the stated subject of the composition, is the colour they preserve of the rich patrician life of his century. Perhaps for us a like achievement is not possible. Life now scarcely yields so luxurious a picture, and art has not the audacity to clothe historic themes with the raiment of its own epoch. But although the work of Herr Makart seems to me so far in its essence a failure, it nevertheless deserves consideration for the brilliant technical qualities it displays. There are few painters of the present day who have enough daring to handle such vast material, to dispose fearlessly and with proper relation so large a number of figures; and there are still fewer who possess the skill in execution which renders Herr Makart's picture a surprising, and in some sense, admirable performance.

To pass from Makart to Fortuny is only to give an added proof of how far removed is the whole scheme of the Austrian artist from the dominant artistic spirit of the time. Fortuny's death takes away one of the most brilliant masters of a popular phase of modern realism. I do not propose here to enter upon a full discussion of his genius, or its limitations, but something may be said to trace his influence upon others who are still amongst us and at work. Fortuny's painting possessed a mastery which forced admiration. Dealing only with the superficial realities of life, and handling his material with a complete and cynical disregard of beauty in the result, he nevertheless claims consideration by the confident skill of his expressional power, and his rapid and perfect perception of all that goes to form the first impression of things. The vision may be limited, if you will, the motive is most often vulgar, but the trivial idea is supported by the excellence of its representations. All common gesture, all vulgar expression in the countenance, are completely under his control. The faces he paints have no beauty, but they bear upon them faithfully the record that coarse life leaves—they have as much the mark of fashion as the costume that goes with them—they are attuned to all the trivialities of the existence that surrounds them. Into this very limited sphere—perhaps the most limited that art has ever occupied—no man should enter unless he can be a master. It is too mean for studentship, too narrow for anything less than complete command. And how narrow it is cannot be fully apprehended until we meet with an imperfect expression of its ideal. There are a certain number of artists of the modern Italian school who have chosen to become disciples of Fortuny's craft. Specimens of their work are to be found in Mr. Maclean's gallery, and from them may be learned the truth that a little cleverness is not enough to make vulgarity attractive. A measure of dexterity in the painting of costume must be allowed to all of them, and this is united with an evident desire to present in the face the influence of fashion and artifice. But it is here we miss the minute distinction of varying human expression which serves to give interest to Fortuny's art. Even in the work of Simonetti, the most accomplished of the school, this defect is found, and with Rossi Pradilla and Filosa the shortcoming is marked enough to render the result crude in effect. The suggestions of fashion in the face are so roughly given as to take away all humanity, and to leave the picture a mere record of contemporary costume. There is no intention here of denying the undoubted talent that all these painters possess; it is enough for the purpose of criticism to point out, that as the attempt is no higher than that of Fortuny, the achievement is certainly of less consideration. Judged as specimens of executive dexterity, there is enough to admire. The colour is audaciously yet successfully handled. Harmony of tint, in the sense of a selection of different hues that make up a beautiful result, is out of the question where the artist chooses to reproduce contemporary costume with fidelity to fashion, but in place of this higher quality we find the skilful management of tone. Colours that could not be set in

companionship, if beauty had any place in the design, are brought by the painter's craft into possible relation. They sacrifice their individual brilliance, but the combination acquires a certain interest from the conviction it carries with it of difficulties overcome; and although the spectator may perhaps feel that these difficulties had better never been encountered, and that the process sacrifices too much, the technical qualities that have been called into play nevertheless demand recognition.

This particular quality of tone—so often neglected by our own painters, and sometimes exaggerated by the painters of the Continental schools—finds safer expression in landscape. Here the individual character of the facts of outward nature may be subdued to a worthier purpose. In the works of a certain school of French artists, rustic scenery is thus made to interpret an almost personal emotion. It is not valued for the rich variety of natural growth, for the frequent grandeur of natural forms, or even for the exquisite beauty of foliage and flowers. The painter deliberately selects moments when all these different elements are completely overpowered by a single influence. He does not attempt to render the scene; he is content only to use it in so far as it assists the expression of some human feeling. How successfully, and with what charm, this may be done, is now very well known, even in England, by all who have studied the annual exhibitions of the Society of French Artists. It is not necessary to set forth here the peculiar qualities of the art of Corot: its delicate grace of sentiment, and the tender, almost timid, method of recalling and expressing the facts of the landscape. With his name may be mentioned that of Millet, in whose scheme of art the sentiment rises to a passion, and whose fierce emphasis of the hard and cruel side of rustic life gives a strange and potent effect to his work. These two names represent fairly enough the possible scope of this personal attitude of the artist towards his subject. It remains, whatever the force or beauty of expression, a commentary upon nature rather than an interpretation. The landscape of Millet, to take an artist whose genius is well represented in the exhibition of the present season, presents always a passionate philosophy of rustic life; and his vision of nature, which seems to find in the earth a terrible tyranny of labour, is more profoundly true than the shallow perception so common in English painting, where rustic life is always rosy-cheeked and happy. The gospel he preaches, that toil is persistent and repose but brief, and that the rustic in the sad isolation of his labour grows dwarfed and hopeless, is surely, in one aspect at least, faithful to the truth, and it is a more sympathetic truth than that presented by much English art, because it speaks from the point of view of the labourer, and feels for the dreary outlook of his existence. But in expressing this single truth how much is sacrificed! The outward world takes the complexion of the artist's thought. Its colours are reduced to the grave harmony which fits the painter's mood, and its beauty is sought only in moments of sinister sunlight or under menacing clouds. A larger view of the requirements of landscape would keep both truths in relation. It would show the world beautiful in spite of its tyranny, and would preserve the sad endurance of rustic life side-by-side with the careless gladness and perfect brilliance of grass and flowers. But this larger and more impartial outlook upon nature could not be interpreted in painting by the means at present under the command of French painters. The potent and fascinating use of tone, which incloses all the variety of actual tint within a few sad notes, would need to be partly abandoned, and with it would depart the present marked tendency of the school to select moments when the empire of weather over the landscape is complete. In what is here said of French landscape there is no intention of taking from its merit or under-rating its beauty. But it is necessary to note its limitations in order to understand aright the value of work that pursues a different ideal. The collection of pictures in oil at the Dudley Gallery is this season specially rich in examples of English landscape; and even in Suffolk Street there are a few works in this kind which struggle against the overpowering dullness of the exhibition. In nearly all these landscapes, and certainly in all the most remarkable, the aim and method are very distinct

from those of contemporary French art. In the Dudley Gallery I would mention the names of Hemry, Macbeth, Stokes, and Goodwin, as best representing this ambition in landscape. These painters have sought not so much to express an idea about nature as to find in her a scheme of pictorial beauty. Their work is partly influenced by the desire of decorative effect, and with this desire they observe closely the patterns which green leaves weave across the sky, the sharp and precise outlines of distant hills, the form and value of clouds, and the shape and colour of flowers. To reveal herself in this way Nature has no need of the aid of storm and mist: the even sunshine and the quiet air of noon leave the picture steadfast, and permit the painter to record each fact fully and precisely. I cannot do better, in order to give an impression of the result sought after by these artists, than describe the materials employed by Mr. Stokes in his little picture called *May*. A young peasant-girl, with face half sad, half soothed, in the sweet season, is sitting by the edge of a pool of quiet water. Above her head the boughs of a tree stretch across a sky, that is of delicate blue, and by her side a spray of pure white-thorn blossom breaks waywardly over the green hill that is in the distance, on the top of which a harmless cloud rests lightly, and at whose foot are red-roofed houses and tall trees, with branches, still without foliage, and delicately traced. The picture is not a mere pattern without life. The sunlight is everywhere, striking bright reflections upon pure colour, and binding the various tints into a brilliant whole. It cannot be pretended that this picture, the work probably of a young artist, has all the fascination and potent influence of a painting by Millet. I have set the two things in contrast here only to illustrate the different aims of two schools, and for the purpose of showing that the second ideal does not involve the sacrifices of natural colour that have to be made by the French painter. To admit the indispensable quality of tone without destroying the brightness and freshness of separate tints is one of the greatest problems of modern painting. In French landscape, as it seems to me, the importance of preserving the contact with reality is not sufficiently felt. The aim is to render faithfully a single sentiment in nature, and with this aim rich variety of colour may be freely sacrificed. But an artistic ideal which involves this sacrifice, and even encourages it, can never be more than a symbol of natural beauty. There is room for another school, which should seek to give to nature a more faithful image and still keep hold of the higher imaginative design.

This desire of English painters to present the constant aspect of nature that underlies any passing mood of weather, involves a principle of art which affects other departments of painting besides landscape. In dealing with groups of figures, the power of seeing all action in its outline, and, in relation to the scheme of the picture, is one supreme gift of style; and this gift takes a living, and not a merely mechanical expression, when the passion of the subject itself selects and controls the plan of the design. Mr. Stanhope's painting of the *Banks of the Styx*, in the Dudley Gallery, recalls us to a consideration of these profounder principles by its union of sincerity in motive and grace in expression. Mr. Stanhope's rendering of his subject is not notable for strength, and for this reason he would, perhaps, have done more wisely to have selected some theme of less splendid suggestion. In the presence of these two figures who wait by the side of the dark waters for the approaching skiff of Charon, the spectator feels that the painter has brought to his task affectionate sympathy rather than power. The picture touches only the sentimental, not the imaginative, reality of the subject, and the painter's vision scarcely measures the grandeur of the theme. But, although so much must be admitted, we must not, therefore, overlook the grace of the painter's expression. The drawing, though not strong, is tenderly and delicately expressive of the sentiment, and the colour is worked into a very beautiful design. The picture has, finally, the rare merit of being presented with firmness and completeness. Nothing is left uncertain, nothing carelessly imaged. By this perfect candour and precision in execution the painter has invited the highest criticism, and there is enough in the picture, after all allowance for obvious defects, to deserve high praise.

J. W. Comyns Carr.

GREEK COINS:

AS ILLUSTRATING HISTORY AND ART.

[*The substance of a paper read at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in October*, 1874.]

I.

ONE of the noticeable facts in history is the limited physical extent of the countries whose peoples have exercised the greatest influence over the progress of mankind. Phœnicia, the birthplace of letters and of commerce, was a mere strip of sea-coast twelve miles, or even less, in breadth. Palestine, lying behind or below it, and not much larger in extent, was always overshadowed by, and in dread of, its greater neighbours Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon, to whom it was under frequent subjection and even captivity. And again Greece, the favoured seat of the highest intellectual culture the world has yet known, to whom our debt of gratitude is so deep and unceasing, how hard it is to realise that it was about the size of the modern kingdom of Portugal. It is true that all these countries sent out colonies or settlements, but while these helped to preserve and extend the influence of the mother nations, yet they added little to the distinctive characteristics, which must be looked for in the circumstances of the parent land. In the later time also of Grecian history, Alexander overran and for a while subjected the then known world; this, however, was but the scattering abroad of the seed which had been already ripened, and when this was accomplished, Greece slowly withered away.

Analogous to this limitation in extent is the corresponding limitation in time during which the chief work was done. The period of high development of art in Greece can at most be put at one hundred years, and in many of her chief cities this may be reduced to fifty or even thirty years.

What, then, were the characteristics of the people which, in so small a country and in so short a time, did so much for the development of civilisation, and left such permanent influence on the history of the world; and can any special light be derived on this point from a collection of coins? The answer may perhaps be, that the great results which the Greeks attained would seem to have been derived from a happy combination of the influences of race and position. Putting aside the difficult question of the earliest inhabitants of the country, the Greeks, or Hellenes as they called themselves, formed part of one of the later waves of migration of the great Aryan family, and, succeeding the earlier waves which formed the Celtic and Germanic nations, they seem to have found the battle with the forces of nature less severe for them than it had been for others; and, after their separation from their congeners the Italic races, to have occupied a country pre-eminently fitted by climate and circumstance to favour the highest development of both physical beauty and intellectual strength.

There were two features of this country which thus specially reacted on the character of its inhabitants,—the great extent of its sea-board, and a mountainous interior.

A glance at the map will show that the Ægean, while geographically separating the coasts of Europe and Asia, formed at the same time a means of intimate connection between them; for, by its peculiar property of everywhere resolving the mainland in its neighbourhood into a multitude of promontories, peninsulas, and islands, it created a coast line of great extent filled with natural harbours, which greatly encouraged the development of intercourse and commerce in those early times when the seaman rarely trusted himself out of sight of land. The sea penetrated deeply into the Grecian coast, but the mainland of Asia Minor was only outwardly thus affected, its interior consisting of a rugged mountainous district. Here, in Phrygia, was probably the earlier home of the Hellenic tribes, but they had migrated into more favoured

lands long before the time with which we have now to deal. While then the opposite coasts from east to west were of a similar nature, there was a marked difference in the characteristics of the country from north to south. Within two degrees of latitude the climate varied to a greater extent than that of any other known region, so that both oak and palm, olive and pine, alike found there a home. Again, a high mountain range, stretching across from the Adriatic to the Black Sea through Macedonia and Thrace, shut off the whole country from the lands watered by the Danube; and an extension of this downwards, like a backbone through the centre of Greece, further divided the mainland, roughly speaking, into two halves, of which the Eastern side was always the favoured one, its approaches being easy and open.

This mountainous character of the interior, and the divisions caused by the sea, isolated the several cities, which otherwise would have early lost their individuality by too close contact with each other; and at the same time prevented the growth of any such large empires as were founded on the banks of the Nile, the plains of Babylon and Assyria, or by the subsequent extension of the Persian rule over Asia Minor. The πόλις, or city, thus became the centre of Hellenic life. Each valley, or island, or little peninsula, had its own town, with its own little territory, forming, whenever it could, a separate government, independent of all others. Mr. Freeman has well remarked, that 'in an early state of things the single city is always in advance of the great kingdom, not always in wealth or in mere bodily comforts, but always in political freedom and in real sharpness of wit: thus the little commonwealths of Greece were the first states at once free and civilised which the world ever saw.' We thus have, in place of the dull uniformity of the Persian coinage with the reiterated figure of the Great King or symbol of Power and Oppression, as on the darics (*see* Plate, Nos. 17 and 18), an infinite variety of coins struck by each separate Greek city, with types which illustrate their religion and culture, and oftentimes their relation to each other, and which give valuable materials for their history.

But, while between the sea and the mountains each city thus became a separate political whole, there were three influences at work to bring the people together:—

1. The common language.
2. The common religion.
3. The agonistic contests or games.

(1.) 'Their language was from the beginning the token of recognition among the Hellenes. In it they learnt to look upon themselves as a peculiar community opposed to all other nations of the earth. It remained for all times the bond which held together the various tribes scattered far and near. Where this language was spoken in Asia, Europe, or Africa, there was Hellas—there was Greek life and history.'*

(2.) Their common religion. The earliest inhabitants of the country, the Pelasgi, worshipped the Supreme God without images or temple, or even a name, for Zeus (Deus) merely means the heavens. Of this cult, brought by them from their Aryan home, the sanctuary was at Dodona in Epeiros, far away from the coast, in the seclusion of the hills. Here was the place where the Greeks first obtained a national name, the priests being termed Selli, or Helli, and after them the surrounding country, Hellopia or Hellas. This worship survived to a greater or less extent during the historic times, and was a bond of common union to the people, but it is noticeable that all the other Greek divinities were said to have come to them from abroad. I pass by the early cults of Aphrodite Urania, and Melkarth-Herakles adopted from the Phœnicians, the worship of Poseidon, introduced by the Ionians, and that of Dionysos and Artemis from the Asiatic interior, to note the great epoch and still closer uniting influence marked by the spreading of the worship of Apollo, the god of right and order, of light and healing, of wisdom and song, whose sanctuaries at Delos and Krissa, at Tempe and Delphi, mark successive stages of advance in national development, and gave

* Dr. Curtius.

rise to the festival associations and amphictyonies which constituted the first expression of a common national life.

(3.) Arising out of these influences was the uniting agency of the Periodical Athletic Contests. These originated at the sanctuary of Zeus and Hera at Olympia near Elis, and were duly recorded from so early a date as 776 B.C. They occasioned a cessation of arms and the formation of roads, and thus brought into close and beneficent contact the sides of the peninsula hitherto kept apart. Similar festivals were afterwards celebrated at Corinth, Delphi, and Athens. These contests have an important bearing on the coins of Sicily, as will be noticed hereafter.

Putting aside all questions of early settlements and migrations, and minor divisions, we may take the Greeks when revealed to us at the dawn of history as already divided into two great races—the Dorian and the Ionian—having probably parted while yet in Asia Minor. One of these races—the Ionian—settled along the Asiatic coast, and with them the historic movement begins. Learning the art of navigation from the Phœnicians, they spread over the whole archipelago, the coasts on each side, and along the southern shore of the Black Sea.

The other—the Dorian—settled first in the mountain cantons of northern Hellas, and thence gradually pressed their way downwards until they possessed themselves of nearly the whole peninsula, driving the earlier inhabitants into the interior. One coast district, however, still remained to the older inhabitants—Achaia, the southern shore of the Corinthian gulf; and Attica was still occupied by the Ionians.

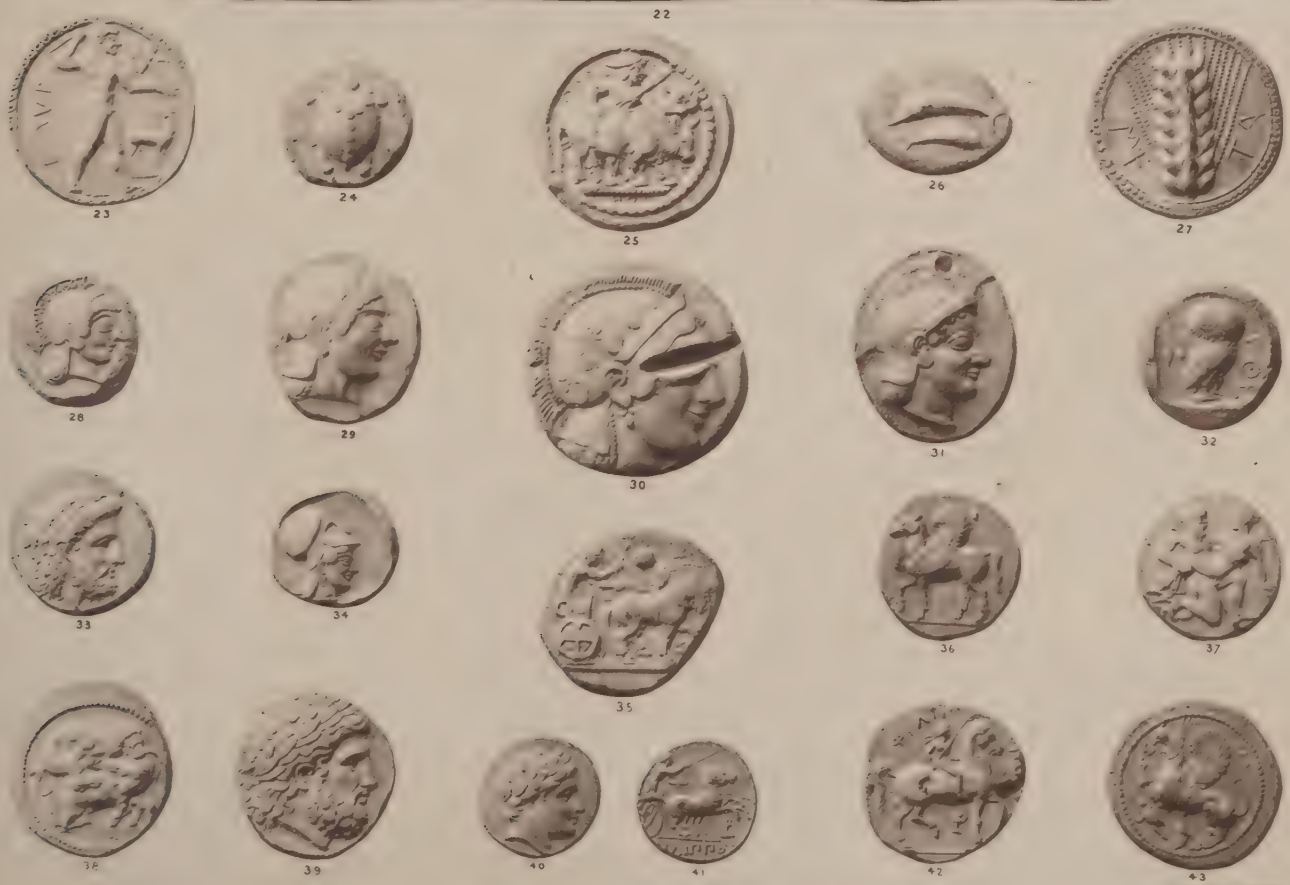
Outside, and to the north of the Grecian limits, were the barbarian tribes of Macedon and Thrace, while the mainland of Asia Minor was under the rule of the last kings of Lydia, or of Persian satraps. Thus enclosed on three sides, the increase of the Greek races in their narrow territory caused them to send out colonies to the Cyrenaic coast of Africa, to Crete, to Sicily, and the southern part of Italy, which latter soon became of so much importance as almost to exceed the mother country, and obtained the name of Megale Hellas—Magna Græcia.

I come now to the special light thrown on this history by coins.

The Phœnicians seem to have introduced into their colonies, and the whole coast of Asia Minor, the Babylonian system of weights and measures. Their commerce appears to have been carried on by barter, and also by means of gold and silver reckoned by weight only. This was the current money of the merchant mentioned in the Bible. We also find mention made of the use in early times at Argolis of a clumsy kind of money, consisting of rods or bars of iron and copper as media of exchange, and again, of 'obeliskoi,' which would seem to have been little pyramidal pieces of metal, six of which made a drachma, or handful; the term and proportion were continued into historic times in the well-known obols. It is curious that there have been preserved some early copper coins of Akragas, or Agrigentum, in Sicily which would appear to represent, by way of survival, this form of money. (See Plate, No. 4.) Other coins of the same place perhaps show an advance on this type, and consist of little oval or bean-shaped masses of copper, with the rude representation of an eagle's head on the one side and the claw of a crab on the other (No. 11).

In Central Italy also, as late as the time of Pyrrhus, we find the use as a coin of strange masses of metal, such as that (No. 22) on the plate, which may, perhaps, in some degree represent the early traffic by rods and bars. This, and all the other coins, are represented on the plate the actual size of the originals.

But contemporaneously with this early commerce by barter there arose a necessity for fixed payments. For, as Dr. Curtius has shown, we must always remember that 'the gods were the first capitalists of Greece and their temples the first banks.' These payments would be required for temple dues, for the sale of sacrificial objects, and for votive offerings, rendering necessary some official recognition of the value of the temple nuggets or ingots. The demand seems to have been met by a rough stamp made on one side of a nugget of electrum, a natural alloy of gold and silver found in the sands of the Pactolus; and thus, in this rough and primitive



AUTOTYPE, LONDON

form (see Plate, No. 1) the first coin was struck, and a new art was called into existence. The other side of the nugget shows simply the surface of the anvil on which it was struck (No. 2). This most interesting coin is based on Babylonian weights. But the idea thus started would soon be improved upon, and it was quickly followed by another (No. 3), the earliest with a design, having a rough representation of a lion's head, perhaps the symbol of Cybele, the mighty mother, for the man who did this was certainly a Greek, and probably a citizen of Miletos; while the rough marks or stamp seen on No. 1 are here shifted to the other side and form the first 'reverse.' On other coins of Samos (No. 7) and Chios the reverse has the impression of a projection or nail-head used to keep the ball of metal steady on the anvil while being struck. Belonging to the same class is a highly interesting coin in the collection of the Bank of England, which is the earliest known having an inscription (No. 5). Over the rude figure of a stag drinking is the legend ΦΑΕΝΟΡΕΜΙΣΗΜΑ, which Mr. Newton conjecturally reads, 'I am the token of the bright one,' and considers that this refers to the Asiatic Artemis, and that the coin may have been struck at Ephesus. No. 6 is the reverse of this coin. Its date is probably as early as 650 B.C. Other coins belonging to a similar system have been assigned to Crœsus, the last king of Lydia, conquered by Cyrus in 546, which show no advance in style (see No. 10), where we have the well-known Asiatic symbol, the lion about to attack the bull. It may be convenient to remember that this is about the period of the earliest sculptures from Ephesus (the remains of the first temple), which have recently been brought to this country, and also of the statues brought by Mr. Newton from the Sacred Way at Branchidæ. Miletos, the chief seat of this coinage, with her four harbours, and the mother of eighty colonies, was sacked by the Persians about B.C. 500.

Contemporaneously with the latter portion of the time during which these coins were in use, another system came into use at Phokaia and Kyzikos, also in electrum, and founded on Babylonian weights, though with a different standard. These towns ousted the Phœnicians from the trade of the Pontos, and succeeded to the valuable tunny fisheries there; hence on the staters, or coins of Kyzikos and of the allied towns, this fish is always represented. (See Nos. 14, 16, 19, and 21 of this plate; and No. 18 of the plate to be given in the next number.) Here we have an interesting series, and a great advance in art, while the reverses have no longer the impression of the simple nail-head, but a quadripartite incuse, the development of which, here and elsewhere, is of great interest, as it partly enables us to trace the settlements of the cities, and their influence upon each other (Nos. 15 and 20). This system of electrum coinage spread over the coast of Asia Minor and adjoining islands and, with some gold of later times, was the principal medium of exchange. The series in its development is of great beauty, and but too little known to artists. (See 12 and 21 of this plate; and Nos. 14, 15, and 18 of Plate No. 2.)

No. 14 has the figure of Herakles with his club and bow, showing traces of Phœnician influences; the tunny fish is in the 'field' of the coin behind the god. No. 15 is the reverse of this coin.

No. 16 gives us Dionysos seated. The free, yet large style, and almost pictorial treatment, is very noticeable; it belongs probably to the early time of the best period, and is altogether one of the finest designs preserved to us on a coin.

No. 19 may, perhaps, belong to Samos, though it is difficult to assign these staters with any certainty.

No. 21 may be compared with No. 18 in the second plate, which will accompany the conclusion of this paper in the number for March, and contain examples of the fine period of art.

Nos. 8, 9, 12, and 13, and Nos. 14 and 15 of Plate No. 2, are hektæ, the sixth parts of a stater. The lion and ram were symbols of the power of the Sun-god, and 13 recalls the style of the head from Branchidæ recently acquired by the British Museum.

A different system prevailed on the opposite coast. Here, in Greece Proper, little or no gold was found, the people were poorer and the manners more austere; but at the islands of

Siphnos and Thasos, and at Laureion in Attica, there were silver-mines, which led to the adoption of that metal for the coins.

The usual legend has been that these coins were first struck in the island of Ægina, then under the rule of Pheidon, king at Argos, and dates have been assigned to him so far back as 770 or even 870 B.C. We may, however, reduce this tradition into more historical proportions by assigning to it some time between 700 and 650. It is noticeable that among the electrum hektæ we find one of Ægina, and the earliest silver coins resemble this in type, and are multiples of the same weight. It thus appears that we possess in this little coin the connecting link between the two systems of money. Both bear the figure of a turtle, or tortoise, which we know was one of the symbols of Aphrodite Urania, the goddess of reproductive energy, and the great protecting deity of commerce, whose cult was everywhere introduced by the Phœnicians. Perhaps the turtle may have been so chosen as the animal who comes across the sea in its own vessel, or shell, and brings to the land the treasure of its eggs, the symbol of fecundity. Passing by the other centres of coinage, with their developments, I will only mention the epoch caused by Solon's reform, which took place at Athens about 600, and seems to have consisted in an assimilation of the previous system with that which had come into use at Corinth and elsewhere. I do not give an example of the very early coins of Ægina, as their worn condition would render their design hardly visible, and therefore select, instead, a later type (No. 24), which may date from the close of the sixth century B.C.

This may be compared with No. 26, which has usually been assigned to Thasos, but as there exist early coins of that place having a quite different fabric and design (see No. 37), there seem to be, on this and other grounds, good reasons for attributing this coin to Argos at the time of Pheidon; and, if this be correct, it forms an interesting link leading through the coinage of Keos to that of Athens.

In Nos. 28 and 32 we have, though not by any means the earliest type of Athenian coins, yet perhaps the first coins ever struck at any place with a design on both sides. On each we have on the obverse the head of Athene, and on the reverse her owl and the leaf of her olive. The style is very archaic, and dates probably from before 500 B.C., but the owl is full of life and quaintness. I shall refer to these owls hereafter in treating of the period of fine art.

Nos. 29, 30, and 31 are later types of the same city, the stab or mark, as if from a blow by a chisel, on No. 30, being, it is supposed, the countermark struck by the Persians or 'Barbarians' which authorised the circulation of this coin in their dominions.

Nos. 34 and 36 are early types of Corinth, with the head of Aphrodite Urania armed as Pallas, the energy of life restrained by thought; and the winged horse, Pegasus, who was here tamed and bridled by Bellerophon, the wild flights of imagination reduced by law and order and made serviceable to human needs.

Beside these forms of early silver money in Argolis, Ægina, and Attica, we have some indications of a different system in prehistoric times connected with Achaia, which, it will be remembered, remained to the old inhabitants of the land after the general conquest and occupation of the Peloponnesus by the Dorians. It is true that Achaia itself has preserved to us no very early coins; but just as in Sicily and Italy we have found examples of curious early forms of money lost to us elsewhere, so the same occurs in Magna Græcia, where, at Kaulonia, Kroton, Poseidonia, Sybaris, Laos, Metapontion, and Taras or Tarentum, cities widely separated, but all, with the possible exception of the last, founded in very early times by colonists from Achaia we find coins of quite peculiar fabric struck on thin circular pieces of silver, having the design of the obverse repeated in an incuse form on the reverse, though always with some variations. Whether this system originated in Achaia or Magna Græcia there is no sufficient evidence to show; other towns founded in Magna Græcia at about the same early date have not this peculiarity, and in any case the coins form a class by themselves. Sybaris was utterly destroyed in B.C. 510, and it is probable that these coins may date back to 600, or perhaps even earlier. I give two examples (Nos. 23 and 27). No. 23 of Kaulonia has the full-length figure of Apollo, bearing the lustral branch, and with a small Hermes (?) running on his arm. This may have been intended to record the cessation of some plague, the cure of which was attributed to the god.

No. 27 is of Metapontion, famous for its fertile fields, and has the ear of corn sacred to Demeter.

Outside the Hellenic limits the barbarous tribes of Macedon and Thrace also produced coins at an early period, as their countries contained much silver, which was sought by the Phœnician navigators, and afterwards by their Greek successors. No. 25 is a coin of the Orrhescians, a tribe between the two rivers the Strymon and Nessos, showing a dependence on agriculture; while No. 38, of Akanthos, repeats the Asiatic type of the lion seizing the bull, the yet unsubdued struggle of the forces of nature. No. 37, of Thasos, also shows this same untamed energy, the Satyr carrying off the Nymph. The early types of this island are much ruder than this, but rather too vigorous for illustration: I select instead an example of the early period of good art, where the treatment of the two figures and the cast of the drapery is very fine. In No. 43, of Abdera, the griffin suggests the mystery of nature and the little Paniscus in the field its rude force, though the latter may possibly be a magistrate's badge. No. 35, of Olynthos, shows the desire of these tribes to press into the Hellenic world and become participators in its religion and games; we have here the victorious chariot. The success of this endeavour is shown in the time of Philip of Macedon, who on his gold coins (Nos. 40 and 41) commemorates the victory he won at Olympia with the chariot, and on his silver coins (Nos. 39 and 42) his successful contest in the horse-race. The reverse here shows the jockey holding the palm of victory. No. 33 is a very fine coin of his brother-in-law, Alexander of Epeiros, and both the last give the head of Zeus, while on the gold Philip we have that of Apollo.

I propose to divide the coins into four periods.

(1.) That of the *Archaic Style*, with incuse reverse types, from B.C. 700 to 500, which latter is the approximate date of the expulsion of the Peisistratidæ and rise of the Athenian democracy.

(2.) A period of *Transition* and *Advance*, 500 to 450. This comprises the struggle with Persia, the campaigns of Darius and Xerxes, and the great victories of Marathon, Salamis, and Himera, to the close of the Persian War.

(3.) The period of *Finest Art* may be reckoned from the rise of Pericles to power until the accession of Alexander, from 440 to 336.

The greater number of the coins during these periods were of silver only, though latterly gold came into use at Macedon and the rich colonies, such as Tarentum and Syracuse. With Alexander's conquests commences

(4.) The *Regal* period, when the life of the individual cities was crushed, and a decline of art was universal.

Up to the time of Alexander all the types of coins are sacred or religious. The obverse usually has the symbol or head of a divinity, not necessarily of the city, but of the chief temple or cult of the district. The reverse often shows its relation to other places. There are no portraits, unless perhaps in Asia Minor, of some satrap, or of the great king. The Asiatic influence of Alexander's conquests and the worship of the king as a god, with which the Greeks then became familiar, brought about an entire change. The portraits of his successors soon appear on their coins, and take the place of the earlier sacred symbols; but in the first instance, according to Curtius, to whom here, and for much else that is valuable in suggestion, I am happy to express my indebtedness, 'the Iconic characteristics on the coins of Alexander had to be in a manner smuggled in, a profile being given of the divine ancestor of the race which bore a resemblance to the reigning descendant.'

H. Virtue Tebbs.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

Frederick Leighton, R.A.—The most important point in Mr. Leighton's practice which he has been so good as to communicate is his very sparing use of vehicle. He uses none whatever till near the end, except that he thins his pigments with turpentine when a line or a wash has to run freely. Mr. Leighton is particularly careful to have fresh turpentine every day. Even with reference to the quantity of oil ground up with the colours by the colourman he prefers little of it, and likes the colours to be 'ground stiff,' as the colourmen say. The grounds he uses are entirely plain, or unabsorbent. In Mr. Leighton's opinion, a picture

ought always to remain porous and dead in surface until the last moment: '*mate*' is the French word actually used by him. Just at the last moment Mr. Leighton uses Roberson's medium. When living abroad he employed the well-known *siccatif de Harlem*, but abandoned it in England because he thought it did not seem to take kindly to colours ground in this country.

The reader will find that this question about keeping the surface of a picture dead until the last is one of those questions which divide the practice of artists into different methods, although they may be all supposed to be pursuing the same art. Mr. Leighton is by no means alone in his dislike to a shining surface whilst he works, and there are several very strong reasons in favour of his practice. A surface of hardened varnish must be accepted as it is, and cannot be easily scraped to that delightful ivory-like quality which turpentine so readily permits; and again, the shine is rather troublesome and bewildering, even to an eye that is used to it. On the other hand, the workers in dead colour have their own trouble in the shape of what the French call *embu*, when the colour loses its tint and tone for want of varnish to bring it out; and then the painter has either to rub a little varnish over the places so affected, or else to calculate and keep well in view, mentally, how they will look when the whole picture comes to be varnished ultimately. The choice of the medium affects the whole character of the work done, and the art of painting in stiff colour, diluted occasionally with a little turpentine, as Mr. Leighton practises it, is really as distinct from the varnish-painting of Van Eyck and his modern successors as fresco is from oil. It might even be argued that Mr. Leighton's process and the process of a water-colour painter who uses much Chinese white and no gum are in principle the same, whilst the varnish-painter in what is commonly called oil-painting, and the varnish-painter (or user of gum) in what is commonly called watercolour-painting, are doing the same thing.

Having seldom had accidents to regret in his own experience, Mr. Leighton has not been led to give any especial attention to the chemistry of colours, avoiding only those which are well known to be fugitive, or injurious to others. He has always used French ultramarine, and has never seen any reason to regret its employment; yellow madder, or what is sold for such, he avoids, because it is doubtful whether the pigment is really made from the plant whose name it bears. Mr. Leighton remembers that Corot told him how he used 'pretty freely' the French transparent yellow known as the *Laque de Gaude*, and Mr. Leighton himself employed it some years ago, finding that it made a pleasant green with blue-black and white, nor has he ever seen any reason to doubt its permanence. The *Laque de Gaude* is an extract from the *Reseda luteola*, a plant common in waste places in England, where it is popularly known as 'Dyer's Rocket,' 'Dyer's Mignonette,' 'Weld,' and 'Yellow Weed.' The colour is fixed upon a mordant, such as alumina, or chalk and alumina, or it is precipitated with acetate of copper when greenness is not an objection, and landscape-painters employ a transparent yellow chiefly for glazing greens. Amongst opaque yellows Mr. Leighton uses cadmium.

With regard to brushes it may be noted that Mr. Leighton uses short-hair round hog-brushes for drawing and emphasizing—*pour cerner les contours*—and soft yielding hog-brushes for impasting. For fine lining he uses pointed sables. This last detail is almost a matter of course, except that there is a choice between sables and camel-hair brushes for fine lining, but sables are generally preferred in oil for their greater strength and spring. In connexion with the use of round brushes may be mentioned an assertion of Haydon's in his lecture on colour, to the effect that Lawrence was the first to introduce flat ones, and that the old masters never used them except for glazing or spreading. The vehemence of Haydon's nature may incline us to receive a statement of his with caution, and in this case he was the more tempted to speak of flat brushes as an innovation that he disliked them exceedingly. A well-known living artist writes to the Editor of the PORTFOLIO that he believes all brushes were invented by Adam, and have never been altered since, which is certainly going back to a remoter antiquity than the days of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Is there any evidence that English artists used flat brushes before Lawrence set the example? Haydon said, 'Never use a flat one;' but in contemporary practice flat ones are used most extensively. It is interesting to know that some artists, including one or two amongst the greatest, remain faithful to the older instrument, at least for part of their work.

Lyon. aq fort: 1871

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XV. Giorgio Barbarelli. (1477–1511.)

A Knight in Armour.

ETCHED BY P. RAJON.

GIORGIO BARBARELLI, of Castelfranco, near which place he was born, in the province of Trevigi, in 1477, is more commonly known as GIORGIONE, a name given to him from his large and handsome person. Eminent as he was among the Venetian painters, few facts of his life are known: he is said to have been born of good family, but illegitimate; the exact place and time, however, are uncertain. The honour of being his birthplace is claimed by some for the village of Vedalago, the home of his mother.*

Giovanni Mocenigo was Doge of Venice in 1477, the year in which Titian and Giorgione entered upon the pilgrimage of life; both became pupils of Giovanni Bellini, who was fully sixty years of age when these two youths, whose labours were destined to be of such importance in the history of painting, first entered the veteran's studio; yet the old master survived his pupil Giorgione some five years.

Giorgione's youthful career was not exempt from the struggles incident upon the early lives of many painters, and he seems to have been much employed in the painting of panels for cabinet furniture; selecting his themes by preference from Ovid. But he turned his hand to all kinds of painting,—*tempera*, decorative frescoes, altar-pieces in oil, and conversational pieces; to landscapes with great success, and to portraits especially: he was, too, devoted to the practice of music. Considering the comparative shortness of his career—some twenty years or less—the reputation he earned is immense, even in competition with the labours of the long life of Titian, who lived and worked on for two generations after Giorgione's pencil had ceased to toil and create.

Giorgione died at Venice in 1511, before the completion of his 34th year; moping himself to death, says Ridolfi,† because his pupil, Morto da Feltre, seduced and carried off his mistress. Vasari gives current to the report that he died of the plague; but there is no record of the plague having been in Venice in 1511.‡

They had evidently neither of them any exact information at hand; both speak from hearsay. It is remarkable what obscurity still hangs over the lives of many eminent painters, though so much has already been done by diligent students of archives in these last years.

That Titian was influenced and led by Giorgione is quite possible, but there seems to be no evidence that he was ever his scholar: a man may be an imitator or follower without being a pupil.

Giorgione and Titian were brought into competition in the new building of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the German Exchange or Warehouse, the exterior of which the

* Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 'Painting in North Italy,' vol. ii. p. 123.

† 'Le Maraviglie dell' Arte,' &c. vol. i.

‡ Vite, &c. Ed. Le Monnier, vol. vii.

Doge Leonardo Loredano ordered to be decorated with frescoes, about 1506–8. Giorgione painted one side and Titian another; and Giorgione was mortified to find that Titian's work received the better acceptance.

Giorgione had already painted Loredano's portrait, and perhaps before Bellini made his portrait of the same Doge: it would have been a most interesting circumstance for the critics to have had the privilege of comparing these two portraits of the same individual. Giorgione's could have been no better drawn and no better coloured than Bellini's, but may have been more freely executed, and displayed more ease and dramatic truth generally; it might, therefore, have been a better and more pleasing picture, though not a better painting. One can scarcely believe possible a better painting than Bellini's portrait called 'St. Peter Martyr,' in the National Gallery (No. 808), which is free from much of the formality which oppresses that of Leonardo Loredano, etched in our January number. To the admirable precision of the *quattrocento*, Giorgione added the vigour and dramatic life of the *cinquecento*.

Giorgione's frescoes have perished, and few of his portraits are now to be identified: that of Caterina Cornara, the Queen of Cyprus, which Vasari saw in Venice, is unknown at present.

The grand portrait in the Munich Gallery, called Giorgione by himself, is far more likely to be Jacopo Palma by himself; the execution is exactly that of some of the portraits of Palma's daughters: it is probably an early work, there is no age in the face. This portrait corresponds, indeed, very closely with Vasari's description of a lost early portrait of Palma by himself, and of which the biographer speaks in the highest terms.

In the present Munich catalogue, the picture is no longer called Giorgione by himself, but one of the family of Fugger, of Augsburg, a merchant of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi in Venice; and both Vasari and Ridolfi speak of such a portrait by Giorgione: but the circumstances of this picture apply so well to the description of Palma's own portrait, that one is led to accept this solution; more especially as the execution is not that found in the work of Giorgione.

It is difficult to point to works by Giorgione; he is commonly spoken of as a familiar painter, but a very large majority of the works ascribed to him are by some contemporary, or later Venetian imitator.

The altar-piece of San Liberale, at Castelfranco, is accepted as genuine; it was painted for the Condottiere Tuzio Costanzi: his arms are in the picture. It represents the Madonna and Child enthroned, with San Liberale, in armour, on one side, and St. Francis, with the stigmata, on the other, with figures about half the scale of life.

The *Concert*, in the Pitti Palace at Florence, large, rich, and natural in style, is also among the most capital works attributed to him.

The Gallery of the Belvedere, in Vienna, is more fortunate than most collections in its ascriptions to Giorgione; here is a fair proportion of true work. First and foremost, the picture of 'a young man crowned with vine, stabbed from behind,' called *Caius Plotius and Caius Luscius, from Valerius Maximus; David with the Head of Goliath*, the David said to be painted from himself; the picture of three half-lengths, called the *Astrologers*, the finishing of which is ascribed to Sebastiano del Piombo; and the small panel of a boy fastening a Knight's armour, similar in style to our *Knight in Armour*.

At Kingston Lacy is a remarkable picture, quite unfinished, of the *Judgment of Solomon*; this attracted great attention at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1869, and has grand qualities.

Our little *Knight in Armour* (No. 269) is a beautiful example of the broad and realistic execution of Giorgione, and of his colouring. It is a small but brilliant study of armour; the man supporting it is a mere accessory; the head is bare, seen in full face; in the left hand he holds a staff. The background is very dark, with indications of a curtain on one side. The shirt of mail seems carelessly placed, and in part doubled over.

This is apparently a study for the figure of San Liberale in the Castelfranco altar-piece, which is supposed to be a portrait of Matteo Costuzzi, the son of the Condottiere Tuzio; it has also been called Gaston de Foix. In the altar-piece the warrior wears his helmet.

This little picture was once in the possession of Mariette, and subsequently in that of Benjamin West, the President of the Royal Academy: it was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the poet Samuel Rogers, in 1855. On wood, 15½ inches high, by 10¾ inches wide.

R. N. WORNUM.

GREEK COINS:

AS ILLUSTRATING HISTORY AND ART.

[*The substance of a paper read at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in October*, 1874.]

II.

THE usual mode in which coins have been hitherto arranged is that of Eckhel, being a geographical system of countries from west to east, with the cities in alphabetical order. This, though convenient for museums, is very unsuitable for purposes of art and archæology, as the arrangement commences with those of Spain, Gaul, and Britain, which are the latest in date and style, being remote and degraded copies of the work of Greece Proper, and ends with those countries where the art arose. It has been my endeavour in the collection which I lately exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club to vary from this, by an attempt to show the rise and progress of numismatic art in the two media of gold and silver respectively, which I have above shown to belong to different races; and then, by grouping the coins of the time of best art into great local schools, to arrive at some characteristics of the people as variously developed, and thus to realize their history and religion through their art. In doing this I have derived much valuable suggestion and assistance from an able lecture which Mr. R. Stuart Poole, the present learned and energetic Keeper of the Coins at the British Museum, gave some ten years ago at the Royal Institution. All the attention which I have been enabled to give to the subject has carried an ever-increasing conviction to my mind of the value and correctness of the views then expressed by him, and I do not know that I can do better in stating the leading characteristics of these schools than employ occasionally his words.

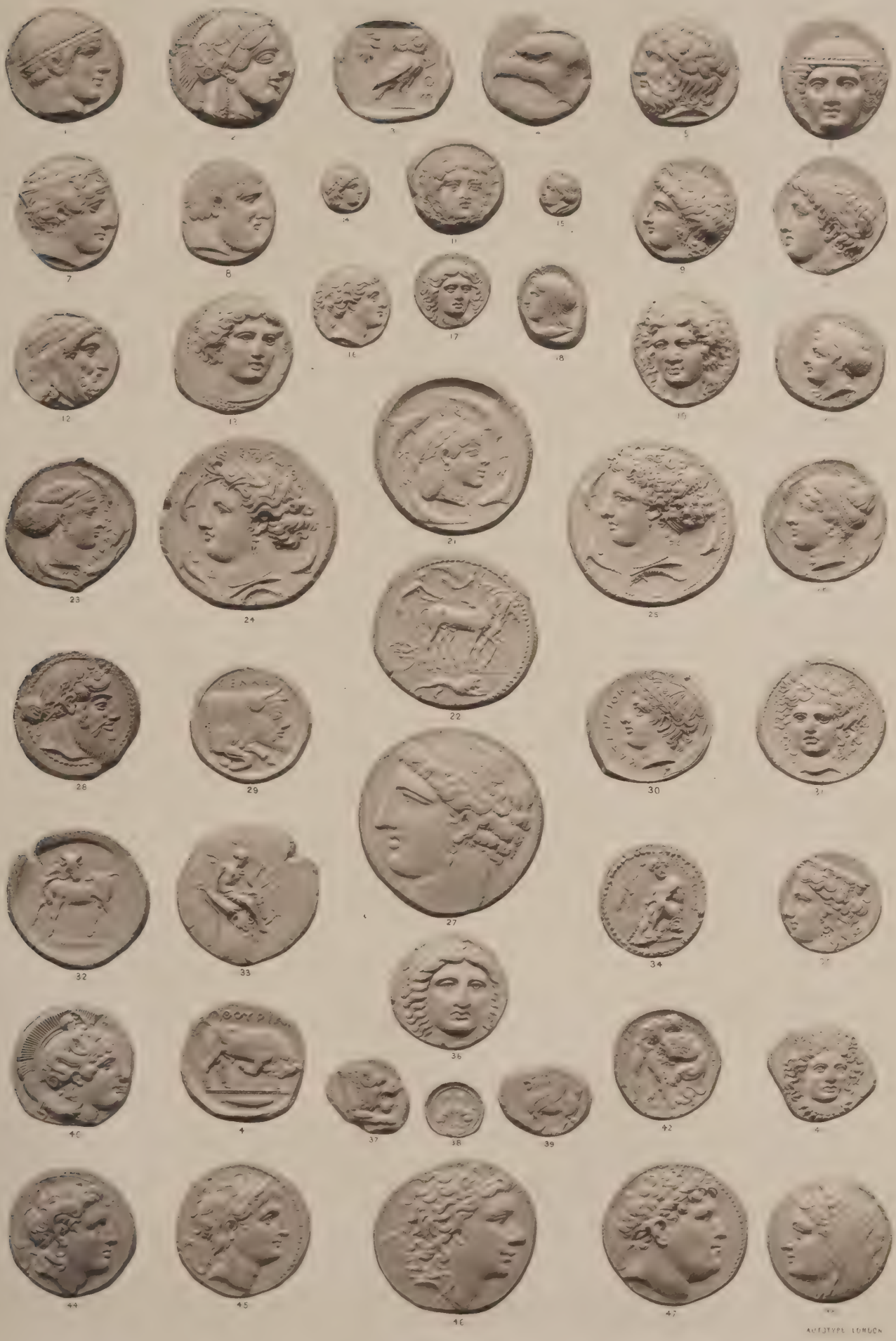
In the autotype plate which accompanied the first part of this paper I have given a few examples of both the archaic series in electrum and silver respectively. In the second plate there are selections from the period of finest art, and I begin with the Central and most important School. This has its home in the Peloponnesus, the Dorian land, but extends also to Northern Greece, and to the settlements effected in later times on the coasts of Macedon and Thrace. 'Its works,' as Mr. Poole points out, 'are eminently sculpture-like, the forms are precise and compact, and represent character rather than expression, character being the general and permanent aspect of the face and body, as denoting the dominant quality.' Mr. Ruskin has told us that its objects are always rational, and have been obtained by simple and unostentatious means. The work may be incomplete, but nothing is wrong or in excess. In fact, the Greek moderation is here well marked. All is restrained, decisive, and clear in arrangement of masses, but with contours completely rounded and finished. A good test of its truthfulness is found in that the designs may be enlarged without loss.

To this school belong Nos. 1 to 11. No. 1 is a head of Hermes, struck at Ainos in Thrace during the transitional period, and may be compared with No. 6 of the same town

belonging to the period of finest art. The massive simplicity and ordered arrangement, leading to a bold, free treatment, is very noticeable. There are no wings, as in later art, on the petasos, but the hair flowing backwards finely indicates the idealised Lord of the Winds. In the earlier there is still a trace of the forced smile, characteristic of archaic sculpture, and the eye is represented as in full face, though the head is a profile. These points are seen in an exaggerated form in No. 2, which is Athenian of the time of Pericles; but this is because the work is pseudo-archaic, and does not represent the feeling of its own time. It is remarkable that the coins of Athens should show little or no trace of the great works of sculpture contemporaneously produced, and never partook of the progress which we see evidenced in the work of other cities. The explanation is that the coins of Athens, after Solon's reform, acquired a wide reputation for purity of metal and for just weight, and had therefore an extended circulation in the neighbouring territories, and even amongst the Persians in Asia Minor. The result was that an early archaic type was retained even up to the time of Alexander—an isolated fact in Greek art. A somewhat parallel case occurred in our late Abyssinian war, when we were obliged to strike Maria Teresa dollars, those being the only coins which the natives would recognise. But this working in a false spirit could not be perpetrated without loss, and every defect became exaggerated as time went on. I do not, accordingly, show the reverse of this coin, as the owl upon it is a caricature, and Mr. Ruskin has already given a fine engraving of it in his 'Aratra Pentelici.' I select, instead, one of an earlier type (No. 3), belonging, perhaps, to the period of the Persian wars, which is full of life and energy. It is the reverse of the coin, of which the obverse is given in Plate I. No. 29. The head of Athena, as represented at this time, is of too archaic a type to be generally interesting; it is purely hieratic in treatment, and the artists appear to have thrown their whole skill into the rendering of the owls, which are always quaint but charmingly varied, and well worth more attention than they have hitherto received. I should add that Athens, though Ionian by race, belongs nevertheless, by character as well as geographical position, to this Central School. After the time of Alexander a new type appears, with lamentable evidence of the decline in art.

In the coin of Thasos (No. 5) we have got rid of archaism, and we see Greek art in its perfection and before any decline. This is the older and more dignified conception of Dionysos, free from all later distortions. No. 11 is the same god from Thebes, and, though freer in treatment, is still very grand. The Persephone of Messenia (No. 9) belongs to a somewhat later time, about 350 B.C., but is quite of the best period and style; to this I will refer hereafter. No. 10 is an Apollo of Chalkidike, the Dorian conception of the god. This school may, however, be best studied in the coins of Elis, of which the British Museum contains a magnificent series, extending from the archaic period down to the decline of art. Of these I select 7 and 8, with heads of Hera and Zeus, in whose honour the Olympic games here celebrated were held. The latter has been supposed by some to be a copy of the head of the celebrated statue by Pheidias, but recent German critics hold that this is the earlier Peloponnesian conception of Zeus, which was afterwards modified by Pheidias. No. 4 is a coin of Elis, with an eagle's head full of strength and majesty. It was from a coin of this city that the design of our Waterloo medal was taken; but the poverty of the copy, as compared with the grand freedom of the original, puts our modern pretensions to shame.

In contrast with this Central School, and on the other side of the Ægean, is the School of Ionia. The general treatment here, as Mr. Poole has shown, is more pictorial. 'Its forms are free and flowing, and it delights in dishevelled hair and streaming drapery.' Its art strives to 'represent expression in place of character; the transient but intense effect of some sudden feeling.' (See Nos. 12 to 20.) Whilst the central, or Dorian school of art, used only a silver or copper material, here, with the Ionians, we have also the warmer metal gold, and what is but a pale gold, electrum.



The Apollo of Klazomenai (No. 17) is perhaps the most beautiful gold coin ever struck, but its work and expression are too delicate to be caught by the photograph. No. 19, a silver coin of the same place, shows more strongly the characteristics of the school. They may be contrasted with the severity and more restrained character of No. 10. Again, in the Persephone of Kyzikos (No. 20) the forms are graceful, and with the freedom of painting, and expression is here carried further than in any other coin known to me; but if compared with that of Messenia (No. 9) the contrast is most apparent, in the one the whole treatment is ideal—it is Kore the maiden,—in the other there is something of a portrait.

In the next example (No. 12) this is attained. We have here the likeness of the great king himself—Artaxerxes Mnemon, king of Persia, B.C. 405 to 362, in whose reign took place the revolt of his younger brother Cyrus, aided by Greek mercenaries, which led to the celebrated retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon. This coin was probably struck at Kolophon, on the coast, and certainly by a Greek artist. At first this portrait seems to be repugnant to the theory offered, and to bear the aspect of character rather than expression, but Mr. Poole has well observed that here 'the subject is one in which character and expression for once were fused. The regal expression put on for a moment in asserting dignity, or assuming the regal part, by the Western king, is the unvarying characteristic of the Eastern.' We may note the simplicity of the features yet the strong expression of command; also the grand but pictorial treatment of the head-dress.

No. 13 is a coin of Amphipolis, on the Thracian coast, recalling strongly the magnificent bronze head recently acquired by the British Museum from Signor Castellani. From the situation of this city, open to the influences of the two schools I have mentioned, the coin appears to combine the characteristics of both. No. 16 is the Artemis of Ephesos.

Outside these two great and distinctive schools of art we have the coins struck by the quasi-barbaric tribes of Macedon and Thrace, forming another School, which I term the Basilic, or Regal. The characteristics of these are, in the early work, types relating to agriculture, the chase, and war; and later on those issued by the several petty kings, which, however, do not contain their portraits. The series culminates in fine gold and silver coins struck by Alexander of Epeiros and his brother-in-law, Philip of Macedon, whose types relate to the victory he won at Olympia in B.C. 356, and with whom the fine period of Greek art ceases. Of these, examples were given in Plate I. Nos. 33, 39, 40, 41, and 42.

Again, we have, in the parts of Asia Minor less affected by Ionian culture, a School of Oriental Formalism, where the forms are stiff and conventional, and the general treatment is that of architectural ornament. (See examples, Nos. 36 to 39.) No. 36 is a coin of Maussollos, king of Caria, to whom his widow Artemisia erected the Mausoleum. The head is probably that of Apollo, as represented on the Colossus at Rhodes, and may be compared with the statue of Maussollos in the British Museum, and with Nos. 10, 13, and 19 of this series.

No. 37 is a lion of Knidos, very grand in its way; and No. 39 is of Koprille in Lycia, where we may notice the stiff attitude and exaggeration of the muscles, which recall Assyrian art. They are united by No. 38 of Tlos, also a town in Lycia, which has a quaint rendering of two lions with architectural or heraldic treatment, though the detail is hardly visible in the photograph.

The islands of the Archipelago show an interesting series of connecting links between the four schools I have mentioned. Of these, however, there is no space to give examples, and I pass on to the greater island of Crete, whose coins form a class by themselves, intermediate between the schools of Greece and Ionia. (See Nos. 32 to 35.) 'Copying nature rather than following sculpture or painting, this Cretan School combines the gravity of the Greek ideal with the expressiveness of the Ionian. It is realistic without being pictorial, and oscillates between character never strong and expression never intense.' The Hera of Knossos (No. 35) is perhaps the most beautiful of the series. There are interesting types relating to the Labyrinth, the Minotaur, and Theseus, but, as Mr. Poole observes, the 'want of force in this school is relieved

of Rome. We have interesting series from Europe, Asia, and Africa, though in all there is a gradual yet sure decline of style. The rapid extension of Roman rule quickly terminated the Greek dynasties in Europe, and soon after those in Asia Minor, though Mithridates for a while prolonged the struggle. In the more remote kingdom of Bactria we find portraits of wonderful vividness and individuality, which make us the more regret the scanty character of the notices preserved to us of those kings in history. Of the Seleucidæ we have a complete unbroken series of portraits until the conquest of the last king by Tigranes of Armenia, thus bringing us to within fifty years of our era; whilst the coins of the Parthian kings soon lose all trace of Greek art, and become Eastern and barbaric in type.

The Ptolemies in Egypt are not so completely represented in the series of portrait coins, for they show a tendency to revert to a conventional head of the founder of the dynasty. Some, however, are of fine work for their period, and the series ends with curious portraits of Cleopatra, thus forming another point of connection with Rome.

H. Virtue Tebbs.

'L'EAUFORTE EN 1875.'

In our January number we gave a plate from the new portfolio of etchings, issued by M. Cadart under this title. These collections are intended to appear annually. The first was published at the end of 1873; the second in December of last year. The material, arrangements of paper, dimensions, and portfolio, are of course the same as before, and in the best possible taste. The title-page, preface, and introductory essay by M. Burty, are as good examples of the most tasteful modern typography as we have ever seen. The subject of the preface, which is by M. Cadart himself, is his own devotion to the cause of etching in spite of adverse circumstances. He says that the public formerly regarded with indifference the efforts of a few isolated artists who etched, but that the idea of grouping these scattered forces together resulted in a greater influence on public opinion; and M. Cadart claims, as he fairly may, the credit of having originated this combination. There is no doubt that M. Cadart has done a great deal for etching by establishing a publishing-house especially devoted to what people now call 'this fascinating branch of art.' The only error in M. Cadart's system of publication, as I have said elsewhere, has been a critical laxity, which has often permitted him to issue bad work, thereby rather strengthening than overcoming the intense prejudice against etching which existed a few years ago. For some time past, however, it has been evident that M. Cadart is now less ready to publish everything that is offered to him, probably because a higher culture amongst the etchers themselves has led to a better practice, so that there are more good etchers to choose amongst than there were ten years ago. The set of etchings before us is a good proof of this. There are forty of them, by forty different men, and yet there is a very high average of quality throughout. It would be very difficult to find as many able etchers in any one country outside of France.

The series begins, as did the former one, with a large plate of the interior of M. de Rochebrune's studio in his magnificent old country-house. The first etching exhibited the chimney-piece; this one shows another wall, with the doorway. The date of the architecture is 1551, and the style is a heavy Renaissance, with abundance of massive ornamental sculpture, barbarous yet picturesque. Through the open doorway we see a large press with a printer at work. M. de Rochebrune is fortunate in having a house where picturesque old carved furniture does not appear out of place, as it generally does in modern dwellings. It is rather an objection, both to this etching and the one published last year, that they put the spectator too near to the wall, and do not show him the whole room, which one

immediately feels a strong desire to see. M. de Rochebrune etches a subject of this kind with great truth and power, combining more mechanical accuracy and more artistic force than we usually find together in one work. He seems to pay great attention at first to the accurate linear drawing of material objects, and then to think of their light and shade. The *Amateur de Tableaux*, by Louis Monziès, is more absolutely artistic in treatment, and seems to have been done from a picture. It is very easy and skilful in handling. The amateur is a middle-aged gentleman in the costume of the 18th century, leaning back in a wide *fauteuil* and stretching out both legs, the heels of his shoes resting on the cross-bar of an easel, on which is a little picture that he is contemplating with an air of much satisfaction. He looks very like a character in a comedy, and indeed there is a refined comic sentiment in the design. The *Moulin de St. Maurice*, by M. Gustave Greux, is a nice piece of tone, the white wall of the mill being the highest note; the tinting of the sky is careful and successful. M. Lalanne contributes a spirited *croquis* from a street in Morlaix (Brittany), so well known for picturesque houses. I cannot say that I like M. Bracquemond's portrait of Legros; it is very earnest and sincere, no doubt, but all except the face is inexperienced in manner, and a bad effect is produced by the flat sand-paper tinting. The face is strong and simple in execution. M. Chauvel contributes a bit of commonplace landscape tastefully treated, a ditch with willows, and a few sheep with a shepherdess in the middle distance; but one cannot help thinking that the French love for mass in landscape, though a good thing in itself, sacrifices detail too much when such a ditch-bottom as this, which in nature would be made delightful by many kinds of interesting plants, is represented by a general smudge of printer's ink, in which no detail is discoverable. M. Lançon's *Peloton de Punition*, in which seven men of the 9th Cuirassiers are going through punishment drill, is a most singular composition of horizontal lines with diagonals. The men are in a barrack-yard, with the dreary high wall behind them; the wall passes like a band from one side of the picture to the other, leaving an oblong space for the ground on which the men's feet make a diagonal line, descending from left to right. An officer is behind the men. All the eight figures are drawn with great expressional power, even to the folds of the trousers, the strong realism of the artist making the subject very impressive. I have rarely seen a better Appian than the *Barques de Cabotage* (coasting-vessels) in this series. They are at anchor off the Italian coast, their sails used as awnings, one sail in the middle of the composition being used as the chief light. The water is all in ripple, and just acknowledges the existence of the boats by a glimpse of reflection. M. Appian has always been very clever in conveying the impression of vagueness in those parts of his work which he desired to leave mysterious. This plate is an example of this quality, and is altogether charmingly harmonious; the worst that can be said against M. Appian's work at present is that it tends rather too much in certain portions to black *silhouette*. The *Retour d'une Bonne Action*, by M. Montbard, is a grotesque subject, treated with consummate power. The subject is two priests returning on foot to their village in a storm of rain that fills the road with puddles, whilst the wind makes it all but impossible to hold an umbrella. This is really a fine etching, as well as a large one, both figures and landscape being treated with a dash and comprehensiveness which leave a very strong impression. There is much skill, but not a little vulgarity also, in a plate contributed by an Italian etcher, Gilli, representing a wife accusing her husband, with an ironical smile, of some failure in conjugal duty. The power of realistic representation in this plate is quite surprising, and almost produces the effect of illusion. A strong light is thrown upon the figures, which are relieved against a black ground, everything being done to make the *trompe-l'œil* as complete as possible; but it is only an artifice after all, and it were to be wished that a degree of accomplishment equal to such a *tour de force* as the shading of this woman's face, which is full of the most subtle gradations and reflections, could be employed upon nobler work.

I rather wonder that M. Cadart should have admitted the plates by MM. Saffrey and Taiée, especially the latter, which is weak in drawing and very amateurish in the treatment of

detail, whilst the arrangement of material (especially with that bridge over the spectator's head) is as awkward as it can be. M. Détaille's sketch of a trumpeter of *chasseurs* is full of skill and knowledge, both man and horse being drawn to perfection, with a few facile strokes and a little shading just where it is wanted. But by far the most impressive plate in the whole series is that by M. Feyen-Perrin, *Les Deux Frères*. The subject is a poor thin lad in a poor cottage, kneeling in an agony of grief by his brother's coffin, his face down upon the lid between his arms, his hand hanging over the edge. There is a soldier's *képi* on the pall, dimly seen in the obscurity of the dark chamber, and a *chassepot* is on the floor close to the vessel of holy water from which the coffin has been sprinkled. The situation is almost precisely that of Landseer's *Shepherd's Chief Mourner*, with the difference that the mourner here is a younger brother instead of a dog. The etching is most powerful, not merely for its Zurbaran-like effect of light and dark, which may be reached easily by any skilful artist who cares to adopt it, but for the strong, plain, *earnest* handling and texture, whose coarseness is in reality a refinement, because it is so truly in harmony with the subject.

M. Burty's Introduction treats of the mysteries of printing, under the title, 'La belle Épreuve.' He writes in an interesting way, and what he says will be new to many readers, though not to etchers.

P. G. HAMERTON.

BOUGUEREAU.

WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU, whose name is already well known in England, was born at La Rochelle in 1825. He was sent when very young to the College of Pons, a small town in the Charente-Inférieure, and soon exhibited a decided taste for drawing. The drawing-master of the town tried to develope his pupil's aptitudes, and the ideas which he inculcated may still be traced in the works of the artist.

At that time French painters were divided into two camps, and in a state of warfare in the name of Art. Some of them, following M. Ingres' banner, preached for line before everything else, and reproached their adversaries with neglecting the essential point of art, which is Form; others, who had taken Eugène Delacroix for their chief, professed a decided aversion for the classical teaching of our schools, and placed the power of improvisation and colouring above all else. The *Romantiques*—such was the name bestowed upon themselves by the partisans of Delacroix—were accustomed to walk about Paris with broad-brimmed hats and long hair over their shoulders, believing that in this fashion they gave a proof of their affection for Rubens, the great Flemish colourist. The *Ingristes*, on the other side, would have liked to show themselves at the Tuileries in the costume of Agamemnon, had not public ridicule greeted an attempt of this kind made by David's pupils at the beginning of the century.

Now the drawing-master at the College of Pons was a bigoted *Ingriste*, bringing back to his provincial town his ardent Parisian convictions. He described to young Bouguereau the artist's life as one of struggle and contention, and tried to put him on his guard against the seductions and dangers of the Romantic heresy. His pupil, therefore, imbibed the idea, before he could judge for himself, that there is no safety out of classical education, and that powerful, undisguised brush-work is a crime in painting.

Having completed his preparatory studies at college, the young man was sent to Bordeaux, and placed in a house of business; and here seemed to be an end to all his aspirations. He got leave, however, to attend the school of painting directed by M. Alaux for two hours a-day. The greater part of the young men who attended this school were to be painters, and greeted

with sarcasms the amateur who could only devote to art his spare moments. These railleries were, however, silenced by the progress of the new-comer; but this progress was such, that it produced amongst his comrades a sort of jealousy. Those especially, who before his coming were looked upon as the best pupils of the school, could not be reconciled to the idea of being so soon equalled by one who gave only a small portion of his time to study and had come recently amongst them. They attributed to personal liking the encouragements given to him by the master, and the word 'injustice' was whispered. But when at the end of the year the competition took place, and Bouguereau was selected for the prize, the emotion reached its climax: there was a riot in the school, and a formal protest organized by some of the pupils; still the decision remained unaltered.

At this the pupil most likely felt a little pride, for he immediately wrote to his parents that he had decided to give up commerce and to choose for his profession that of a painter. His family did not put any obstacles in the way of a will so strongly expressed, only they informed the young laureate that, as they were unable to provide for his wants any longer, he would have to manage his own affairs as he best could. This was serious; for the title of laureate at the Bordeaux painting-school carried with it no sort of pension, either from the town or Government. Nevertheless Bouguereau persisted in his resolution, and set off for Saintonge, where he had an uncle, a priest. On arriving he explained his position, and began to paint some portraits for the modest sum of fifteen francs. These portraits, it may be supposed, were good likenesses, for they brought him in a short time a good supply of customers. No painter had ever been in the place, and the farmers and landlords of the neighbourhood, anxious to take advantage of the opportunity, went to be painted, together with their children. M. Bouguereau earned in this way not only what sufficed for the present, but he even saved something towards the accomplishment of a project which he had cherished for some time, though he never spoke about it to any one. When he had put by nine hundred francs, which he considered as a small fortune, he thought he was now able to make the venture, and abandoning his customers and his provincial life, he came to Paris to work in the studio of Picot, which was then numerously attended.

The Ecole des Beaux-Arts was soon open to him, and it was there that we met. He was extremely laborious, never losing a moment, and showing the most perfect disdain for the amusements so eagerly sought after by his comrades. Not much of a talker, and devoid of the sarcastic humour so commonly affected by young men, he had perfectly settled ideas about the line he wished to follow; and in the midst of the conflicting tendencies of the time he never experienced hesitation for an instant. His progress at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts was rapid, and after winning all the medals he was admitted to the *concours des loges*, and received a second prize in 1848.

While painting portraits to supply his wants, Bouguereau produced a picture, *l'Ange de la Mort*, which was exhibited in the Salon of 1849. The composition of this picture is not without a certain kind of austere grandeur, and it is executed with a directness and rudeness of handling very far from the smooth manner afterwards adopted by the artist. He competed again at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, without success, in 1849; but in the following year he won the *grand prix*, and set out for Rome at the same time with Paul Baudry. *Les Canèphores, l'Idylle, les Juifs emmenés en Captivité, le Combat des Centaures et des Lapithes*, which were executed at the Villa Medici, and sent to Paris successively, are a proof of his studies in Italy, and were generally appreciated by the public. Still the great reputation of the artist dates only from 1854, when his large canvas, *le Corps de Ste. Cécile rapporté dans les Catacombes*, was exhibited in the Salon and purchased for the Musée du Luxembourg.

At that time a rich private gentleman, M. Bartolony, commissioned Bouguereau to decorate his drawing-room, and the artist showed in the conception of this work a feeling for decoration which at once placed him in the first rank among painters of this class; and after a

short time he received another important commission for the decoration of the hôtel Péreire, in the Faubourg St. Honoré. This sort of work is perfectly suited to the special aptitudes of the artist, who knows admirably well how to make the best use of the space confided to him. His allegorical figures, whether they represent the sciences, or seasons, or human sentiments, are always intelligible, and accompanied by well-defined attributes; these figures, with their architectural backgrounds, are admirably balanced, and richly ornamental in effect. But precisely because of their decorative qualities, paintings made with a view to one particular position, lose greatly when not exhibited in the light for which they are intended. This was especially the case with the *Plafond d'Apollon* and *les Muses dans l'Olympe*, which decorate the concert-room of the Bordeaux theatre, and which, when exhibited in the Salon, did not produce the effect anticipated.

In spite of the pagan tendencies of his talent, M. Bouguereau has produced some religious pictures. His decorative paintings in the churches of Ste. Clothilde and St. Augustin show an artist strengthened by serious studies, and capable of attempting subjects of the most different kinds. It is not, however, in that direction that the artist's tendencies reveal themselves most powerfully. Mythological subjects certainly please him more, since, independently of his decorative works, he has derived from them suggestions for a great many pictures. *L'Amour blessé*, in the Salon of 1858, *la Pastorale antique*, *les Remords d'Oreste*, *l'Amour essayant ses Flèches*, *l'Age d'Or*, *la Toilette de Vénus*, *la Leçon de Flûte*, *les Nymphes et les Satyres*, in the Salon of 1873, indicate his taste for antiquity.

It is not, however, to that side of his talent that M. Bouguereau owes the great popularity attached to his name in France. Familiar subjects are in all countries those most liked by the public. Country scenes especially have great attractions, when the somewhat brutal realism of this kind of life is presented under a graceful and elegant form; and the refinement, perhaps artificial, that M. Bouguereau lends to his peasant-women is assuredly one of the principal causes of his success. *La jeune Fille tenant un Agneau*, from which we give an engraving, conveys a very just idea of his manner of understanding a genre picture. The maiden walks barefoot, carrying in her arms a little lamb, which she caresses; at the same time she appears to be talking to the sheep which follows her, bleating, and looking up at her lambkin. It is easily understood that people of the world, particularly ladies, should be in ecstasies about such a picture, where they see a girl with a charming face and a sheep that Rosa Bonheur might envy.

To be inclined to paint pretty faces is surely not a grave defect, and yet the often excessive severity of French criticism towards M. Bouguereau bears almost in every case upon the prettiness of his faces or the rather conventional cleanliness of his execution. We admit that a little more frankness in the touch would give to his painting a reality which sometimes is wanting. Rusticity is not with this painter an instinctive sentiment, and if he paints a patched petticoat he yet suggests an exquisitely clean figure; the naked feet he gives to his peasant-women seem to be made rather for elegant boots than for rude sabots; and in a word, it is as if the princesses transformed into rustics by the magic wand in the fairy-tales had come to be models for his pictures rather than the fat-cheeked lasses whose skin is scorched by the sun, and whose shoulders are accustomed to heavy burdens. But having made this reserve, it must be acknowledged that M. Bouguereau's children are delightful, and his composition charming; his drawing is correct, even to rigidity; he possesses a gracefulness and a fecundity of invention attested by the immense number of his pictures. The complete list of them is far too long for insertion, nor would it be interesting to the English reader. We prefer to stop here, and to sum up in few words our impression of the painter's characteristics,—whether he paints mythological subjects or rustic scenes, M. Bouguereau always exhibits three qualities which justify his reputation: knowledge, taste, and refinement.

René Ménard.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

W. Holman Hunt.—Mr. Hunt paints on canvas, with panel behind it for protection against accidental injuries, such as a push from the corner of a picture-frame in the confusion which precedes and follows exhibitions; a kind of injury which, if not visible at the time, may show years afterwards, in starred cracks in the hard paint. His early practice was to select first the whitest ground prepared by the colourman, and then to lay upon it a further coat of white. He likes, when possible, to have the painted side of the canvas defended from the influence of gas vapours and town atmosphere by a glass, at least during the first twenty years of its existence; after which, if the glass is thought objectionable, it may be replaced by a coat of varnish. Mr. Hunt usually works now on a stone-coloured ground, prepared either in oil or tempera: when on an oil ground he begins with an outline in chalk, pencil, or ink, and upon this he lays in thinly the light and shade of the whole composition with white, grey, and brown tints, made limpid with turpentine or benzine, to which a little copal is added, in order that there may be uniformity of elements with later paintings. When, on the other hand, the picture is begun on a tempera ground, as three of Mr. Hunt's most recent pictures have been, he begins with the grey and brown tints ground in water, and effects the transition from water to oil by thinly covering the whole canvas with a certain copal and oil varnish diluted with turpentine. This varnish is not to be had from the colourmen, but was made about thirty-five years ago under the personal superintendence of Messrs. Linnell, Mulready, Creswick, and Webster, who took the trouble to compound it themselves that they might be certain about the integrity of the ingredients. It was kindly given to Mr. Hunt by Creswick and Webster in 1853. Before 1853 he used the copal preparation by Roberson, diluted with linseed oil by the aid of turpentine, the mixture being made each morning, so that by evaporation the medium became richer for the last work of the day. Since that date Mr. Hunt has used the copal and oil varnish above mentioned as his ordinary medium, so that, like the early Flemish painters (whose works have stood so well), he is a varnish-painter. It would be a mistake, however, to infer from this that his purpose in using varnish is to attain that very rapid drying which Landseer valued for pictures painted quickly. On the contrary, Mr. Hunt lessens the drying quality of his copal medium by gently simmering it with so much linseed-oil that a touch on a bare canvas remains wet two days or more. He is always anxious not to use too much of the medium, putting the smallest possible quantity into the dipper, and avoiding a general glaze at the beginning of a day's work until the last painting, when it becomes necessary to bring out the tints to their full value. One of Mr. Hunt's pictures, *The Lantern-maker's Courtship*, was painted in amber varnish, which protects the colours very perfectly, but has two slight disadvantages, as it lessens the brilliance of the white by the richness of yellow tone in the varnish, and permits each touch to spread, though very slightly. Both these difficulties, however, occur immediately, and may be calculated for. Mr. Hunt never uses manufactured mediums of any kind, his objection to them being simply that it is impossible to ascertain what they are made of. He also strongly feels the desirableness of a perfect oil free from acidity. Experiments having been made by placing specimens of different pigments on a bare canvas without any other medium than the oil they were ground with, it was observed in a few years that some of the delicate colours, such as lemon yellow and orange vermilion, had retained their purity in those parts where they were so little loaded that the canvas had been able to absorb all the oil, but where the mass of pigment was so loaded that the pigment could not absorb more than a small proportion of the oil (so that it still remained as a glaze upon the surface), the colours were much de-

teriorated. This points to acidity in the oil itself, for had it been really free from acid it ought rather to have protected and preserved the colours than injured them, and Mr. Hunt has reason for believing that the most costly oils of the present day are made from seed of a very mixed and imperfect character.

In the course of his early experience as a student Mr. Hunt tried different mediums, which may be worth mentioning in this place, because the studies painted with them are still in existence. In 1843–4 he took lessons in painting from a practitioner who had been a pupil of Mr. Sharp, and Mr. Sharp was believed to hand down the traditions of Reynolds through Sir William Beechey. Some studies in Mr. Hunt's possession are painted with three distinct mediums:—

1. *A combination of wax.* The picture for which this was used was unwisely painted on a ground prepared with oil-colour, and it is probably on account of this that the paint comes off in flakes, revealing the priming and pencil outlines. There are, however, no cracks, and the work is as brilliant in colour as ever it was.

2. *A combination of sugar-of-lead water with linseed oil.* Mr. Hunt believes that this picture has blackened.

3. *Mastic varnish and drying oil.* Studies painted in this medium have not cracked, but they 'look friable.'

About the years 1846 and 1847 Mr. Hunt perceived that the later pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and his followers were in a bad state, so he gave up all these mediums, and asphaltum at the same time, the most probable cause of the mischief.*

Mr. Hunt rarely mixes tints with his palette-knife, unless for objects in which he detects no particular subtlety of tones, such as stone-work, or other things in which none but a superficial plane can be imagined. In flesh he goes to the other extreme, and often makes greys and undeclared tints by working positive hues of an opposite character one over and into the other, whilst they are wet. About the years 1850 and 1854 he also worked in transparent, or semi-transparent, colours on wet white, for effects of sunlight, but he never used transparent colours on dry white. His practice was to prepare parts which required great brilliance and softness together with a bed of stiff white, mixed with a small proportion of copal, and this he immediately proceeded to work upon with transparent or semi-transparent colours until finished. Mr. Millais at the same time produced great results by this process, and the present condition of the work so executed proves the method to be a good one for stability. In reference to this practice Mr. Hunt says, 'I remember, however, that Etty, who succeeded in giving the subtle mystery of flesh-tints in his own way, used in the life-school to bring his palette elaborately prepared with two or three tints to each colour, mixed with the palette-knife.'

Mr. Hunt's palette is never fully set at the same time, but he uses a great number of colours in turn. French ultramarine he avoids as much as possible, because in many samples with which he has made experiments a white element has been thrown up in after years, and become apparent on the surface. The colour called 'yellow madder' Mr. Hunt does not believe to be a madder—a doubt in which he is not alone; but, except in a tendency to become pale if used sparingly, he sees no reason to distrust the pigment itself in the darker varieties. The pale yellow madder is sometimes too alkaline in nature, and the carmine yellow madder is so much so that when dry it will wash off with a sponge, or in a short time will crack and fall off in small flakes. With regard, however, to the dark variety which Mr. Hunt has used, he finds that it has remained quite sound in pictures painted more than twenty years. He has observed the same of lemon yellow, orange vermilion, madder carmine, the two oxides of chromium, cadmium, malachite green, chrome green, and even emerald green, when used alone or with lemon yellow or gamboge. Emerald green, however,

* Mr. Mulready used to say it was only after thirty or forty years that one knew how a picture would stand.

will not bear mixture with cadmium, but turns dark brown in conjunction with that colour, Mr. Hunt is careful to avoid the lighter varieties of cadmium altogether, probably because they are so easily adulterated with chrome, or, it may be, from causes incident to the pure cadmium itself. It is to be observed, however, that the pictures in which the above-mentioned colours were employed were done on a perfectly white ground, and that the colours themselves were only applied in a single painting or coat—a matter of the greatest importance for permanence, whilst at the same time the artist used copal more freely when there was any reason to fear the fugitiveness of the colour.

In addition to these colours, which being of modern introduction have been mentioned separately, Mr. Hunt uses the following different pigments :—Flake white, two Naples yellows, yellow ochre, raw sienna, Chinese vermilion, Venetian red, Indian red, crimson madder, Indian lake, burnt sienna, raw umber, burnt umber, laque Robert, Cologne earth, burnt lake (very deep), genuine ultramarine, Antwerp blue, cobalt blue, blue black, ivory black.

With regard to the white used in Mr. Hunt's pictures we may observe that he has used flake white as a general rule, and uses it still, but that in the year 1852 he painted a picture entirely in zinc white, which has stood perfectly so far as purity is concerned, but has become much more transparent as it dried farther in course of time, so that the outline in many parts, shows through. He does not use zinc white now, because it dries so slowly that further work cannot be added without danger until several weeks have elapsed.

Mr. Hunt's pictures are gradually brought into being very much as follows :—He first begins, in all cases, by making drawings of his intended work in pencil or pen and ink, sometimes using models in clay to aid him in choosing the best views of his group, and the best light and shade. Having quite decided by a variety of sketches the composition to be adopted, he sketches out the whole on his canvas in turpentine or tempera colour with a pen or brush in outline, heightened with white, when the canvas will allow it. Mr. Hunt next makes drawings from the models of the different figures and heads. Sometimes it will happen that no suitable single model is to be found for a head which the artist considers necessary to his ideal scheme, and in these cases he models a head in clay, from imagination. He believes, however, that wax, as used by Mr. W. Richmond, will be found more useful, in some instances, for a painter's modelling. In former years Mr. Hunt always painted his background first, but now he generally paints the whole of the figures in with faint colour, and then paints the important parts of the background before giving the final degree of colour and modelling to the principal figures. Opportunities, however, sometimes induce Mr. Hunt to vary his process in this respect. In the intervals of his different stages he makes an important point of drying and baking his picture well in the sun, as a means of proving the earlier work. This is not a common practice in the present day and in our own country, partly, perhaps, because artists are often in haste to finish for the exhibitions, and partly because there is very little sun in London, especially during the months which precede the opening of the Academy ; but it was a very common practice with artists of greater epochs, and climates more favoured by the sun. Titian exposed his pictures during their progress to the solar heat and light, such as it is at Venice. Northcote imitated him in England, and Northcote's pictures have stood very well, materially.

The reader will have gathered from the preceding notes that in his works, painted before 1854, and in parts of others much later, Mr. Hunt confined himself to a single painting, at least, in full colour. There is much in his practice that may be considered identical in principle with the early Flemish method of painting, in which the artist relied upon the brilliance of a white ground showing through transparent, or semi-transparent colours, as a bright sky through stained glass. A difference, however, between the early and the modern application of this principle is, that in the modern work it is not always the whole ground which is relied upon for this result, but often a local white ground, applied where it is wanted.

Notwithstanding the favourable evidence of the durability of colours used with the greatest care by the Pre-Raphaelite artists in works completed with the nicety of miniature-painters, Mr. Hunt feels that there is the greatest possible need for a thorough investigation of the nature of pigments and materials used.

'We all know of cases,' he says, 'in which, in turn, everything that we employ has proved treacherous—from the canvas on which the picture is done to the varnish with which it is coated. The artist trusts the colourman, the latter the workman or wholesale supplier, and so on, until a system of blind confidence has grown up that requires some test and check. All the observations that in long practice may be noted are but of little value while there is no establishment, like Apothecary Hall to the physician, to supply the artist with the material he seeks.

'Had the Royal Academy at its foundation prepared canvases with examples of different pigments, alone and in combination with and without varnishes and mediums in vogue, together with notes giving particulars of the origin of the colours and a history of the mediums, the greatest service would have been done to art. How estimable, too, would have been its service had it imported from China, India, &c., and experimented, and given the results of its investigations to the world! It is to be hoped that it may yet be persuaded to undertake this task, but without waiting for this artists will surely see reason to combine in some way to gain a greater control over the character of the materials used in their art.' *

* At the very moment when the Editor of the PORTFOLIO was copying this passage, a letter was put into his hands from another eminent artist, who thinks that under present circumstances investigation into materials is nearly useless, because 'every painter must be quite at the mercy of his colourman. For instance, suppose two painters used the same medium, obtained from different colourmen; A's colourman may send the oil and varnish, or whatever material he sends, quite pure and unadulterated, while B's colourman may sell in just the contrary state: of course, the result will be that one painter's pictures will be all sound, whilst the other painter's pictures will be affected by the adulterated materials.' This fact, though unpleasant, is very obvious, and yet we easily forget it and reason as if not only our colourmen were incapable of adulterating anything, but also as if all the people from whom they get their supplies of material were equally virtuous.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XVI.—Thomas Gainsborough. (1727–1788.)

The Watering Place.

ETCHED BY R. S. CHATTOCK.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH has the rare distinction of being spoken of both among the chief of landscape-painters, and the greatest masters in portraiture; and it is quite certain that he was of very extraordinary ability in both departments. It was no flattery to Gainsborough to compare him with Reynolds, any more than it was a compliment to prefer him to Wilson.

The landscapes of Gainsborough and Wilson were exhibited together, at the British Institution in 1814, with the works of Hogarth and Zoffany—an interesting and instructive exhibition: in this collection were sixty-eight pictures by Gainsborough, chiefly landscapes or of a landscape character in the accessories.

He must have been a real lover of landscape-painting; perhaps through his early education in the woods near Sudbury, from which some of his best works are taken. But Gainsborough must have well known the inferiority of landscape art as a bread-winner, to the art of making pretty pictures of graceful women, or comely portraits of sedate men: such as the Misses Ramus, or Dr. Ralph Schomberg.

Though Gainsborough painted a great many landscapes, he did not sell a great many. He did not very often exhibit his landscapes at the Academy, only thirty in all, including ten crayon or pastel drawings: the portraits he exhibited were sixty-six in number, and that was between the years 1769 and 1783 both inclusive.

How few of his landscapes he must have parted with is evident from the fact that at his death in 1788, six-and-thirty of them were hanging up at Schomberg House in Pall Mall, where they were exhibited the year following his death, and quite one-third of them were of his large works.

Gainsborough did not paint many topographical views, his pictures are efforts at effects, and are selected with this view; he dealt little in particulars—woody nooks, with well-placed groups of figures or cattle, with of course water; he was fond, too, of shaded, secluded passages, and the general effect commonly rules the execution of the details: his works are therefore effective and pleasant to look on. We, perhaps, might except a few, which are very sketchy, and seem to have been somewhat too hastily executed; some, too, have a peculiar green tone which is not pleasant.

The National Collection fortunately possesses examples of his most masterly work: *The Watering Place*, and *The Market Cart*, two large compositions with the simplest possible materials, and yet, by the tasteful and skilful management and the arrangement of their light and details, are, in spite of their extraordinary freedom or mere generalization of effects, works standing far above the ordinary level of landscape art. Both are pools shaded by massive foliage, some cattle standing in one, and a market-cart passing through the other; the figures being little more than indicated, but quite sufficiently expressed for the trifling accessory part

they have to perform. The one gives the rich but sombre light of evening, and the other a shady nook under the broad light of day; while therefore in many respects similar in character they illustrate essentially different effects. *The Market Cart* (No. 80) was purchased at Lord Gwydyr's sale for 1102*l.* 10*s.*, and was presented to the Gallery by the Governors of the British Institution in 1828.

The Gallery altogether possesses an adequate representation of Gainsborough's art, whether in portrait or landscape. The portraits have been noticed in No. 57 of the PORTFOLIO.

The *Musidora* may be grouped also among the landscapes; then there are another *Watering Place*, with cattle, small; and a *Woody Landscape, with a carter watering his team;* a large picture which belonged to the painter at his death, and which is noticed by Fulcher* as a favourite with Gainsborough, but it is not so pleasing in its colouring as most of his works. Mr. Vernon gave only 231*l.* for it in 1832. Among his most charming landscapes are—*A Woody Scene* in the neighbourhood of Cornard, near Sudbury, with of course the inevitable pool and figures and cattle; it belonged originally to Alderman Boydell: and the pair of large pictures painted for Mr. Wiltshire, of Shockerwick—a scene near Bath, known as the *Harvest Waggon;* and a *Rocky Woody Landscape*, with cattle in a stream, and two lovers in the foreground, a milk-maid and a peasant. There is a repetition of the *Harvest Waggon* on a somewhat smaller scale. The larger picture was sold for a large sum at the Wiltshire sale at Christie's in 1867.

The subject of our etching is one of the most impressive and poetic landscapes in the collection (No. 109). It represents a small pool thickly wooded on both sides, with a streaky sky and the golden light of the setting sun at intervals on the right hand side, where in the foreground is a pretty group of cattle and goats, most effectively put in and executed with perfect freedom. The figures on the spectator's left also so perfectly harmonise with their surroundings that they animate without in the least disturbing the calm repose which everywhere impresses the mind. It is painted on canvas, four feet ten inches high by five feet eleven inches wide, and was presented to the National Gallery in 1827 by Lord Farnborough, who has contributed several other excellent specimens to the National collection. There is a good print of this picture by W. Miller, in the series executed by the *Associated Engravers.*

R. N. WORNUM.

HÉBERT.

ANTOINE-AUGUSTE-ERNEST HÉBERT was born at Grenoble in 1817, and began his first studies in the Lycée of his native town. His decided taste for the fine arts manifested itself early, but did not, as most frequently happens, so completely absorb his attention as to become detrimental to his classical studies—the rich variety of his natural endowments enabling him to carry on different kinds of work at the same time. Thus, when he was eighteen years old, he came to Paris, already provided with his university diplomas, and got his name inscribed amongst those of the students at the École de Droit; at the same time he worked in the studio of the famous sculptor David d'Angers, and visited Paul Delaroche, who urged him to paint, and always showed him the greatest kindness. This variety of aptitudes did not seem to indicate a settled will; still, he was more and more inclined towards the fine arts, and it appears that in studying at the École de Droit he only yielded to the wishes of his family. Working oftener at home than in the studios frequented by the young painters of his age, M. Hébert was obliged to choose a path which may have been the best. He tried very early to see and to understand for himself, and composed a picture, *Le Tasse dans sa Prison*, which was exhibited in 1839, and purchased by the Government for the public gallery at

* 'Life of Thomas Gainsborough,' &c., 1856.

Grenoble. This first success emboldened him, and, following the advice given by Paul Delaroche, he presented himself for the competition at the École des Beaux-Arts, with an experience in pictorial art that his competitors did not possess. He immediately won the 'Grand Prix de Rome,' to the astonishment of those who, knowing that he was a law student, affected to consider him only as an amateur. The same year he finished his law studies and took the oath as barrister; but there was now no hesitation about his career, and when he set out for Rome as '*pensionnaire de la villa Médicis*,' he abandoned everything which, outside of painting, had occupied a share of his attention. The two *Odalisques* that M. Hébert sent from Rome were not noticed, and the public remained indifferent before *La Paysanne de Guérande battant du Beurre*, *La Sieste*, and *L'Almée*, exhibited in the Salon of 1848. But in 1850 he made a great and decided success with *La Malaria*, now at the Luxembourg Museum. All the leading critics applauded, and we cannot do better than reproduce here the description of this picture given by Théophile Gautier:—'A boat gliding on the sleepy waters of the Pontine Marshes, between flat shores, under a sky heavy with pestilential vapours, and carrying a poor family more or less affected by the deleterious influence; the reeds bend on the boat's track, and the viscous leaves of the water-lily move under the brown water, saturated with vegetable *detritus*. The malaria has painted her blue circle round the large fixed eyes of the young woman, holding to her heart a sickly child; and livid tints give a leaden hue to the faces of the other passengers. A young girl, with twisted fair hair, and holding to the gunwale of the boat, a lad standing and working the pole, alone possess some appearance of health, and their complexions, less wan, retain the colour of life.' At the Salon people crowded before *La Malaria*, whose morbid and strangely melancholy aspect seemed to reveal a new country, hitherto unexplored; and yet Italy had been visited by a great number of artists, who, it is true, seemed less inclined to reproduce her aspect than to study her artistic monuments or the imposing remains of the past. Léopold Robert and Schnetz were the first in France who strove to render Italian types. The noble bearing of Léopold Robert's peasants, and the use he made of their national costumes, gave to his pictures a reputation for accuracy which was not altogether merited, but it was admitted without reserve for thirty years by the public. As painters devoid of originality always follow in the wake of success, our exhibitions were literally flooded with poetical-looking Italians in ribbons, painted in very brilliant colours, and resembling opera-singers rather than real sunburnt peasants. Those who afterwards visited Italy were greatly disenchanted at the absence of national costumes, and they found that the real Italy was very different from what they had expected on the faith of pictorial representation. Milan or Venice, Bologna or Florence, are admirable, with their monuments and museums, but it would be a mistake to seek for picturesque models in the living world; and tourists who travel by rail from one large town to another, without penetrating into the heart of the country, would be pretty sure to find (with insignificant modifications) the costumes and habits of their own people. At Rome, it is true, in a street close to the French Academy, you meet with variegated costumes, such as painters put in their pictures, but the initiated know that the people who live in that street are models by profession, and congregate every morning upon the steps of a well-known flight of stairs to be chosen by the painters. On these occasions they carefully abstain from making any alteration in that which serves them as a means of livelihood; but on Sundays and on fête-days they exhibit a remarkable readiness to dress like everybody else, and to cast aside their Italian costume. However, if the tourist, instead of remaining in great towns, will explore the wild gorges of the Apennines, he is certain to find there, with more primitive habits, costumes which are not commonplace. They vary from one place to another, and have nothing in common except a very decided partiality for brilliant colours.

M. Hébert, instead of copying Léopold Robert's pictures, went in search of new material amongst the wild hills, or the fever-stricken and barren plains in the neighbourhood of the

Pontine Marshes. He found there not only costumes but types, and he reproduced them with the sentiment peculiar to himself. An extremely cultivated mind, together with a disturbed and morbid temperament, constitute, so to speak, the talent of M. Hébert. What he saw in Italy was the fever, but he saw it with the eyes of a poet and dreamer.

In 1852, the artist sent three portraits to the Salon, and in 1853 a religious painting, *Le Baiser de Judas*, which created a great sensation. The scene is laid in the garden of Gethsemane. Christ is surrounded by soldiers, and one of them is ready to seize him, whilst another holds up his lantern to the face that the false disciple is going to kiss. The light falling directly on the Saviour's face, produces a striking effect in the picture, which is wrapped everywhere else in mysterious shades. The expression of the face is disdainful, and reveals the loathing of the Just One odiously betrayed; but at the same time it is very mild and free from all sign of anger; the chaste folds of the white robe harmonise admirably well with the austere calm of the countenance. The head of Judas indicates, on the contrary, meanness and cupidity: the ugliness of his features contrasts with the noble lineaments of Christ. This picture was purchased for the Luxembourg Museum, and found numerous admirers. At the same time it was subjected to rather severe criticisms. This will be the case whenever a painter attempts to treat in his own way a religious subject already painted by the great masters. If he were simply to imitate his predecessors it would be said with reason, that what has been well done does not require doing again; but if he gives a new form to a religious thought, tradition is invoked against him, and he is treated as a revolutionary.

Whatever may have been the effect produced, M. Hébert, after this incursion into the domain of religious art, returned to his favourite subjects and resumed his painting of Italian women. *Les Filles d'Alvita*, in the Salon of 1855, proved once more that an elaborate subject is not indispensable to make a noble and beautiful picture. Two girls are going to wash some linen at the fountain, and follow a rocky road in a mountain-gorge. One of them holds a bundle, the other carries a pitcher on her head, and in her attitude reminds one of certain antique statues: this is all the picture. Here is no anecdote, but an indescribable charm surrounds these beautiful young girls with their large eyes and fixed gaze, whose paleness is gilded by the hot air of the South. *Les Cervarolles* deals with a subject of the same order; here are girls of the Roman States, descending steep stairs and carrying vases, probably used for washing. These handsome southern heads, with their black eyes shining under the strongly-marked eyebrows, these rags which fit so well the form of the body, the noble, unconscious bearing, impart to M. Hébert's Italian women a strange and striking beauty, an irresistible charm. The picture of the *Cervarolles*, bought for the Luxembourg Museum, is one of the painter's best works.

La Rosa Nera à la Fontaine, *La Jeune Fille au Puits*, *Le Matin et le Soir de la Vie*, which last picture was exhibited at the English Royal Academy in 1871, belong to the same principle of invention. The true nature of the artist's talent exhibits itself most completely in a poetical and intelligent sort of realism. He is never so strong as when he reproduces what he has seen in nature; but he always sees in it his own thoughts, his familiar sentiment, dreamy and somewhat morbid. This characteristic is visible in all his works, even when they simply represent a head, such as *La Perle noire*, or *Pasqua Maria*.

French criticism, although acknowledging M. Hébert's indisputable talent, has often taxed him with a certain degree of monotony. 'M. Hébert remains at home to nurse his consumptives,' says M. Edmond About. 'He has created for himself, outside of all the schools, except perhaps the School of Medicine, a style original, sympathetic, touching, which succeeds, and deserves to succeed, but which it cannot be safe to carry to excess. Since his celebrated picture of the *Malaria*, the popularity of which is not nearly exhausted, M. Hébert, from gratitude or for some other motive, has cultivated disease as others cultivate health. He draws reasonably well, his colouring is fine, his art is full of sentiment, but it is not healthy. If I had in my room one of M. Hébert's pictures, I could not help looking at it frequently, and I should catch fever

. . . It is easy to criticise the art of M. Hébert; he may be reproached with a somewhat livid face here and there, with ground wanting in solidity and homogeneity, but nevertheless he is duly appreciated.'

M. Hébert has been for many years Director of the Académie de France at Rome, of which he was formerly laureate. According to the ideas which had hitherto decided the nomination of a Director for the French School at Rome, his appointment was a real revolution; for although strengthened by classical studies, M. Hébert is not an academic painter in the French sense of the word. As painter he is a colourist, as artist a dreamer, but at the same time a seeker after reality. His genre pictures, always directly inspired by nature, have little relation to the traditions of great historical painting. He is strongly imbued with modern ideas, and the friendship which unites him to our great landscape-painter, Jules Dupré, has singularly modified the teaching he received at the École des Beaux-Arts, and enlarged the circle of his ideas. He has no wish to conceal the fact, as he writes to me, in a letter dated the 20th of February, 1875: 'You may say that my intercourse with Jules Dupré, on my return from Rome, has revealed to me an unknown region of academic painting, and that I am happy to give public expression to my gratitude.'

Contemporaries often deliver verdicts which are not confirmed by posterity. Fashions change, tastes alter, and ideas are modified; some reputations grow with time, whilst others, after having shone with an ephemeral lustre, gradually fade, until they disappear entirely. We venture to think, however, that M. Hébert's pictures will in the future keep the high rank now assigned to them by public opinion, because the charm found in them is due to two causes which may stand the test of time—earnest study and a serious originality.

RENÉ MÉNARD.

AN AUTUMN EFFECT.

'Nous ne décrivons jamais mieux la nature que lorsque nous nous efforçons d'exprimer sobrement et simplement l'impression que nous en avons reçue.'—M. ANDRÉ THEURIET, 'L'Automne dans les bois,' *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1st October, 1874, p. 562.*

A COUNTRY rapidly passed through under favourable auspices, may leave upon us a unity of impression that would only be disturbed and dissipated if we stayed longer. Clear vision goes with the quick foot. Things fall for us into a sort of natural perspective, when we see them for a moment in going by; we generalise boldly and simply, and are gone before the sun is overcast, before the rain falls, before the season can steal like a dial hand from his figure, before the lights and shadows, shifting round towards nightfall, can show us the other sides of things, and belie what they showed us in the morning. We expose our mind to the landscape (as we would expose the prepared plate in the camera) for the moment only during which the effect endures; and we are away before the effect can change. Hence we shall have in our memories a long scroll of continuous wayside pictures, all imbued already with the prevailing sentiment of the season, the weather, and the landscape, and certain to be unified more and more, as time goes on, by the unconscious processes of thought. So that we who have only looked at a country over our shoulder, so to speak, as we went by, will have a conception of it far more memorable and articulate, than a man who has lived there all his life from a child upwards, and had his impression of to-day modified by that of to-morrow, and belied by that of the day after, till at length the stable characteristics of the country are all blotted out from him behind the confusion of variable effect.

* I had nearly finished the transcription of the following pages, when I saw on a friend's table the number containing the piece from which this sentence is extracted, and, struck with a similarity of title, took it home with me and read it with indescribable satisfaction. I do not know whether I more envy M. Theuriet the pleasure of having written this delightful article, or the reader the pleasure, which I hope he has still before him, of reading it once and again, and lingering over the passages that please him most.

That is one remark I desired to make before beginning to describe my little pilgrimage; because, from such a point of view, this pilgrimage was especially fortunate: the effect was simple and continuous throughout. One more remark, however, I desire to make; and it is one on which I lay great stress. I have spoken in a previous essay of how 'we saw places through our humours as through differently coloured glasses,' and just indicated some of the subjective conditions that modify the sight we have of scenery. This is not the place to develope the theory of the matter; and it will be enough to say that there goes to the building up of any general idea of a country, besides the question of good or bad temper, an infinity of infinitesimal conditions; that no man knows what these conditions are, or which of them at any moment is effective; and hence, if I want to communicate to others the very complex impression given to me by a tract of variegated country as I went over it for three days in succession, I shall do best if I follow instinct simply, and chronicle, in good faith, all that I vividly remember. Observe, it is not the aspect of the country, but the impression only, that I can hope to reproduce; and there went to the making of this impression many things that I should certainly omit if I were trying to describe the country, myself abstracted, but which I must as certainly preserve and accentuate, if I am to try this humbler and wiser task of reproducing the impression. The action and reaction of our own moods upon scenery, and the scenery upon our moods, is so constant and subtle that no man can follow it out intelligently to an end; and we cannot tell where the influence of our surroundings ceases, or which of our thoughts is not, in some deepest sense, suggested from without.

And so it should first be noticed that I began my little pilgrimage in the most enviable of all humours: that in which a person, with a sufficiency of money and a knapsack, turns his back on a town and walks forward into a country of which he knows only by the vague report of others. Such an one has not surrendered his will and contracted for the next hundred miles, like a man on a railway. He may change his mind at every finger-post, and where ways meet, follow vague preferences freely and go the low road or the high, choose the shadow or the sunshine, suffer himself to be tempted by the lane that turns immediately into the woods, or the broad road that lies open before him a long way into the blue distance, and shows him the far-off spires of some great city, or a range of faint mountain-tops, or a rim of sea, perhaps, along the low horizon. In short, he may gratify his every whim and fancy, without a pang of reproving conscience, or the least jostle to his self-respect. It is true, however, that most men do not possess the faculty of free action, the priceless gift of being able to live for the moment only; and as they begin to go forward on their journey, they will find that they have made for themselves new fetters. Slight projects they may have entertained for a moment, half in jest, become iron laws to them, they know not why. They will be led by the nose by these vague reports of which I spoke above; and the mere fact that their informant mentioned one village and not another, will compel their footsteps with inexplicable power. And yet a little while, yet a few days of this fictitious liberty, and they will begin to hear imperious voices calling on them to return; and some passion, some duty, some worthy or unworthy expectation, will set its hand upon their shoulder and lead them back into the old paths. Once and again, we have all made the experiment. We know the end of it right well. And yet if we make it for the hundredth time to-morrow, it will have the same charm as ever; our heart will beat and our eyes will be bright, as we leave the town behind us, and we shall feel once again (as we have felt before so often) that we are cutting ourselves loose for ever from our whole past life, with all its sins and follies and circumscriptions, and go forward as a new creature into a new world.

It was well, perhaps, that I had this first enthusiasm to encourage me up the long hill above High Wycombe; for the day was a bad day for walking at best, and now began to draw towards afternoon, dull, heavy, and lifeless. A pall of grey cloud covered the sky, and its colour

reacted on the colour of the landscape. Near at hand, indeed, the hedgerow trees were still fairly green, shot through with bright autumnal yellows, bright as sunshine. But a little way off, the solid bricks of woodland that lay squarely on slope and hilltop were not green, but russet and grey, and ever less russet and more grey as they drew off into the distance. As they drew off into the distance, also, the woods seemed to mass themselves together, and lay thin and straight, like clouds, upon the limit of one's view. Not that this massing was complete, or gave the idea of any extent of forest, for every here and there the trees would break up and go down into a valley in open order, or stand in long Indian file along the horizon, tree after tree relieved, foolishly enough, against the sky. I say foolishly enough, although I have seen the effect employed cleverly in art, and such long line of single trees thrown out against the customary sunset of a Japanese picture with a certain fantastic effect that was not to be despised; but this was over water and level land, where it did not jar, as here, with the soft contour of hills and valleys. The whole scene had an indefinable look of being painted, the colour was so abstract and correct, and there was something so sketchy and merely impressional about these distant single trees on the horizon that one was forced to think of it all as of a clever French landscape. For it is rather in nature that we see resemblances to art, than in art to nature; and we say a hundred times, 'How like a picture!' for once that we say, 'How like the truth!' The forms in which we learn to think of landscape are forms that we have got from painted canvas. Any man can see and understand a picture; it is reserved for the few to separate anything out of the confusion of nature, and see that distinctly and with intelligence. Thus, I know one who has a magical faculty of understanding, and reproducing in words, the gestures of people within picture-frames, or hung on the wall in tapestry; and yet ask him to describe the action of the live man who has just passed him in the street, and he cannot—he has not seen it, it has been nothing to him, and is gone for ever. So that most of us, when they look abroad over a landscape, go merely peeping for what they have already seen reproduced in pictures.

The sun came out before I had been long on my way; and as I had got, by that time, to the top of the ascent, and was now threading a labyrinth of confined bye-roads, my whole view brightened considerably in colour; for it was the distance only that was grey and cold, and the distance I could see no longer. Overhead, there was a wonderful carolling of larks, which seemed to follow me as I went. Indeed, during all the time I was in that country the larks did not desert me; the air was alive with them from High Wycombe to Tring; and as, day after day, their 'shrill delight' fell upon me out of the vacant sky, they began to take such a prominence over other conditions, and form so integral a part of my conception of the country, that I could have baptized it 'The Country of Larks.' This, of course, might just as well have been in early spring; but everything else was deeply imbued with the sentiment of the later year. There was no stir of insects in the grass. The sunshine was more golden, and gave less heat than summer sunshine: and the shadows under the hedge were somewhat blue and misty. It was only in autumn that you could have seen the mingled green and yellow of the elm foliage; and the fallen leaves that lay about the road, and covered the surface of wayside pools so thickly that the sun was reflected only here and there from little joints and pinholes in that brown coat of proof; or that your ear would have been troubled, as you went forward, by the occasional report of fowling-pieces from all directions and all degrees of distance.

For a long time this dropping fire was the one sign of human activity that came to disturb me as I walked. The lanes were profoundly still. They would have been sad but for the sunshine and the singing of the larks. And as it was, there came over me at times a feeling of isolation that was not disagreeable, and yet was enough to make me quicken my steps eagerly when I saw some one before me on the road. This fellow-voyager proved to be no less a person than the parish-constable. It had occurred to me that in a district which was so little populous and so well wooded, a criminal of any intelligence might play hide-and-seek with the authorities for months; and this idea was strengthened by the aspect of the portly constable,

as he walked by my side with deliberate dignity and turned-out toes. But a few minutes' converse set my heart at rest. These rural criminals were very tame birds, it appeared. If my informant did not immediately lay his hand on an offender, he was content to wait: some evening after nightfall there would come a tap at his door; and the outlaw, weary of outlawry, would give himself quietly up to undergo sentence, and resume his position in the life of the country-side. Married men caused him no disquietude whatever; he had them fast by the foot; sooner or later they would come back to see their wives, a peeping neighbour would pass the word, and my portly constable would walk quietly over and take the bird sitting. And if there were a few who had no particular ties in the neighbourhood and preferred to shift into another county when they fell into trouble, their departure moved the placid constable in no degree. He was of Dogberry's opinion; and if a man would not stand in the Prince's name he took no note of him, but let him go, and thanked God he was rid of a knave. And surely the crime and the law were in admirable keeping: rustic constable was well met with rustic offender; the officer sitting at home over a bit of fire until the criminal came to visit him, and the criminal coming—it was a fair match. One felt as if this must have been the order in that delightful seaboard Bohemia, where Florizel and Perdita courted in such sweet accents, and the Puritan sang psalms to horn-pipes, and the four-and-twenty shearers danced with nosegays in their bosoms and chanted their three songs apiece at the old shepherd's festival; and one could not help picturing to oneself what havoc among good people's purses, and tribulation for benignant constable, might be worked here by the arrival, over stile and footpath, of a new Autolycus.

Bidding good-morning to my fellow-traveller, I left the road and struck across country. It was rather a revelation to pass from between the hedgerows and find quite a bustle on the other side, a great coming and going of school-children upon bye-paths, and, in every second field, lusty horses and stout country folk a-ploughing. The way I followed took me through many fields thus occupied, and through many strips of plantation, and then over a little space of smooth turf, very pleasant to the feet, set with tall fir-trees and clamorous with rooks making ready for the winter, and so back again into the quiet road. I was now not far from the end of my day's journey. A few hundred yards farther, and, passing through a gap in the hedge, I began to go down hill through a pretty extensive tract of young beeches. I was soon in shadow myself, but the afternoon sun still coloured the upmost boughs of the wood, and made a fire over my head in the autumnal foliage. A little faint vapour lay among the slim tree stems in the bottom of the hollow; and from farther up I heard from time to time an outburst of gross laughter, as though clowns were making merry in the bush. There was something about the atmosphere that brought all sights and sounds home to one with a singular purity; so that I felt as if my senses had been washed with water. After I had crossed the little zone of mist, the path began to remount the hill; and just as I, mounting along with it, had got back again, from the head downwards, into the thin golden sunshine, I saw in front of me a donkey tied to a tree. Now, I have a certain liking for donkeys, principally, I believe, because of the delightful things that Sterne has written of them. But this was not after the pattern of the ass at Lyons. He was of a white colour, that seemed to fit him rather for rare festal occasions than for constant drudgery. Besides, he was very small, and of the daintiest proportions you can imagine in a donkey. And so, sure enough, you had only to look at him to see he had never worked. There was something too roguish and wanton in his face, a look too like that of a schoolboy or a street Arab, to have survived much cudgelling. It was plain that these feet had kicked off sportive children oftener than they had plodded with a freight through miry lanes. He was altogether a fine-weather, holiday sort of donkey; and though he was just then somewhat solemnized and rueful, he still gave proof of the levity of his disposition by impudently wagging his ears at me as I drew near. I say he was somewhat solemnised just then; for with the admirable instinct of all men and animals under restraint, he had so wound and wound the halter about the tree, that he could go neither back nor forwards, nor so

much as put down his head to browse. There he stood, poor rogue, part puzzled, part angry, part, I believe, amused. He had not given up hope, and dully revolved the problem in his head, giving ever and again another jerk at the few inches of free rope that still remained unwound. A humorous sort of sympathy for the creature took hold upon me; I went up, and, not without some trouble on my part and much distrust and resistance on the part of Neddy, got him forced backward until the whole length of the halter was set loose, and he was once more as free a donkey as I dared to make him. I was pleased (as people are) with this friendly action to a fellow-creature in tribulation; and glanced back over my shoulder to see how he was profiting by his freedom. The brute was looking after me; and, no sooner did he catch my eye, then he put up his long white face into the air, pulled an impudent mouth at me, and began to bray derisively. If ever any one person made a grimace at another, that donkey made a grimace at me. And the hardened ingratitude of his behaviour and the inimitable impertinence that inspired his whole face, as he curled up his lip, and showed his teeth, and began to bray, so tickled me, and was so much in keeping with what I had imagined to myself about his character, that I could not find it in my heart to be angry, and burst into a peal of hearty laughter. This seemed to strike the ass as a repartee; so he brayed at me again, by way of rejoinder; and we went on for awhile, braying and laughing, until I began to grow a-weary of it, and, shouting a derisive farewell, turned to pursue my way. In so doing—it was like going suddenly into cold water—I found myself face to face with a prim little old maid. She was all in a flutter, the poor old dear! She had concluded beyond question that this must be a lunatic, who stood laughing aloud at a white donkey in the placid beech-woods. I was sure, by her face, that she had already recommended her spirit most religiously to Heaven, and prepared herself for the worst. And so, to reassure her, I uncovered and besought her, after a very staid fashion, to put me on my way to Great Missenden. Her voice trembled a little to be sure, but I think her mind was set really at rest; and she told me, very explicitly, to follow the path until I came to the end of the wood, and then I should see the village below me in the bottom of the valley. And, with mutual courtesies, the little old maid and I went on our respective ways.

Nor had she misled me. Great Missenden was close at hand, lying, as she had said, in the trough of a gentle valley, with many great elms about it. The smoke from its chimneys went up pleasantly in the afternoon sunshine. The sleepy hum of a threshing-machine filled the neighbouring fields, and hung about the quaint street corners. A little above, the church sits well back on its haunches against the hill-side: an attitude for a church, you know, that makes it look as if it could be ever so much higher if it liked; and the trees grew about it thickly, so as to make a density of shade in the churchyard. A very quiet place it looks; and yet I saw many boards and posters about, threatening dire punishment against those who broke the church-windows or defaced the precinct, and offering rewards for the apprehension of those who had done the like already. It was fair-day in Great Missenden: there were three stalls set up *sub jove*, for the sale of pastry and cheap toys; and a great number of holiday children thronged about the stalls, and noisily invaded every corner of the straggling village. They came round me by coveys, blowing simultaneously upon penny trumpets, as though they imagined I should fall to pieces like the battlements of Jericho. I noticed one among them who could make a wheel of himself like a London boy, and seemingly enjoyed a grave pre-eminence upon the strength of the accomplishment. By-and-by, however, the trumpets began to weary me, and I went indoors, leaving the fair, I fancy, at its height.

Night had fallen before I ventured forth again. It was pitch-dark in the village street, and the darkness seemed only the greater for a light here and there in an uncurtained window or from an open door. Into one such window I was rude enough to peep, and saw within a charming *genre* picture. In a room, all white wainscot and crimson wall-paper, a perfect gem of colour after the black empty darkness in which I had been groping, a pretty girl was telling a story, as well as I could make out, to an attentive child upon her knee, while

an old woman set placidly dozing over the fire. You may be sure I was not behindhand with a story for myself—a good old story, after the good old manner of G. P. R. James and the village melodramas, with a wicked squire, and poachers, and an attorney, and a very virtuous young man with a decided genius for mechanics, who should love, and protect, and ultimately marry the girl in the crimson room. Baudelaire has a few dainty sentences on the fancies that we are inspired with, when we look through a window into other people's lives; and I think Dickens has somewhere enlarged on the same text in his own wild, imaginative way: the subject, at least, is one that I am seldom weary of entertaining. I remember, night after night, at Brussels, watching a good family sup together, and make merry, and retire to rest; and night after night I waited to see the candles lit, and the salad made, and the last salutations dutifully exchanged, without any abatement of interest: night after night I found the scene rivet my attention and keep me awake in bed with all manner of quaint imaginations. Much of the pleasure of the 'Arabian Nights' hinges upon this Asmodean interest; and we are not weary of lifting other people's roofs, and going about behind the scenes of life with the Caliph and the serviceable Giaffar. It is a salutary exercise, besides: it is salutary to get out of ourselves, and see people living together in perfect unconsciousness of our existence, as they will live when we are gone. If to-morrow the blow falls, and the worst of our ill fears is realised, the girl will none the less tell stories to the child on her lap in the cottage at Great Missenden, nor the good Belgians light their candle, and mix their salad, and go orderly to bed. The foundations of the universe will not be shaken after all. It is but a storm in a teapot: in an hour this storm will have blown over, and the world will still be fair about our path, and people will meet us as before, with pleasant countenances and kind words; and with patience and courage, we may yet rebuild the ruined pleasure-house of fancy.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(*To be continued.*)

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI.*

ON first entering on this book, the writer must acknowledge feeling some irritation at the perceptible amount of rhetorical emptiness and unenthusiastic baldness of record which the narrative begins. But this feeling, long before the last page was turned, somewhat with changed, and he willingly acknowledges the propriety of style and the dispassionate character of this 'story' of the life of the most noble of Italian painters. Supplemented by the various addenda, forming half the volume, the life is an able performance from the author's unartistic point of view, and he may be sure that his 'expression of sincere (!) admiration will not be found to have degenerated into rhapsody.' Of this he may, indeed, be absolutely sure; but the question is, in regard to Mr. Black, or to any other gentleman who writes a whole book about Michelangelo, has he really penetrated to the presence of his hero, and become intelligibly conversant with the subject of his discourse,—we were going to say criticism, but Mr. Black does not criticise? Because Michelangelo's is a very difficult artistic nature, and unique in his personality, repelled by all the popular ideas and popular men of his time, and even enslaved by his own passion for the expression of power for its own sake, whether physical or intellectual. Even Christianity, while he was aiding its material aggrandisement, was not to him of paramount importance; and although there were 'pagan popes' and some authors then living of whom this might be much more freely said, it could not be said in the same way, seeing that Michelangelo was ascetic as a hermit, and by no means, or in any degree, a disbeliever, or even a sceptic. He accepted the faith as he accepted nature, and he united with it certain philosophic ideas with which he constitutionally

* 'Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Sculptor, Painter, Architect: The Story of his Life and Labours.' By C. C. Black, M.A. Macmillan & Co., London. 1875.

sympathised, the same as he followed his own instincts in expressing human form. The first time the visitor enters the Sistine he has a nightmarish impression, caused by the anthropomorphism and development of brute or muscular force, as the artistic analogue of mental or original power, even that employed in the creation of the world. But on other visits this perturbed atmosphere clears up, and a sense of justice to the body and the material world, as also to art, which is utterly above nature, arrives to the intelligent observer; and he begins to understand how it might be said of this sublime genius, even while in the flesh, morose and loving at once, '*Michel più che mortal, angiol divino,*' which Mr. Black has taken for a motto on his title-page; and how to this day, and perhaps to all time, Aretino's saying may be repeated, 'The world hath many things, but only one Michelangelo;' and even Dante becomes secondary, peevish, and eloquent, and Milton merely a first Klopstock in comparison.

This is a general and loose statement of a conviction, but if we descended to particulars it might be cleared and corroborated by exacter investigation. To take, for example, an experience of the writer. He remembers, on first examining the picture of the *Creation of Adam*, on the centre nearly of the ceiling of the Sistine, being troubled and mystified by the figure rising out from within the left arm of the Creator, which was manifestly not one of the supporting cherubim, or boy-angels, surrounding the Majesty: it had a feminine character, and was intently gazing on the figure of Adam rising up at the touch of the forefinger of the right arm of the Father. An inspection of the photograph by M. Braun convinced him that this was the representation of Eve before she existed, an antetypal Eve in the mind of the Everlasting Father, who saw effects in their causes; and this was confirmed by the large woodcut, contemporary with the picture, or nearly so, in the British Museum, in which the expression of the face and the fully developed mammæ leave no room for doubt. Were we in possession of the painter's drawings, necessary to the preparation of fresco works, we should see the development of this Platonic idea, which of late years has been scientifically formalised. The completest vertebrate creature existed prophetically in the simplest saurian, as Professor Owen has expressed, as surely as the fowl with all its feathers exists potentially in the egg. All this is expressed incidentally by the genius of Michelangelo, veiled a little, perhaps, for fear of heresy or imputed paganism, and it has remained unremarked till now, as far as we know. It was thus that Greek sculpture distanced all possible verbal expression, and in this way does the art of Michelangelo come out of its age like the act of a possessor of more than ordinary human faculties.

To return to Mr. Black's book (a reasonable and fair book in its way), the Appendix gives a few letters of the painter, a chronology of the principal events of his life, a catalogue of works, and other matters: all very useful. The illustrations, which we have not yet mentioned, are twenty photographs; indelible ones we hope, all of them invaluable, with one exception, that of the *Head of a Faun*, which we cannot help considering of doubtful authenticity. Before concluding, perhaps it may not be impertinent to ask Mr. Black why he divided the Christian names of the master. He certainly united them himself, and of late years, at least in England, they have been invariably written 'Michelangelo.'

One other division in the Appendix has not been mentioned, which we think might have been extended with advantage. This is that treating of the poetry of Michelangelo, which is here represented by the sonnets most generally known, having been translated by Wordsworth, Southey, and Hartley Coleridge. Nothing is said of a recension of the text of the poems by recent reference to original MSS. Here, as elsewhere, our author cannot be said to have taken pains with his task. He says, however, in the few words introductory to this section, 'Michael Angelo was something more than a mere rhymester!' It is very sure Mr. Black's 'admiration' will not be accused of 'having degenerated into rhapsody!'

The fourth centenary of the birth of Michelangelo is the 4th of March approaching,

and it has been known for some time that the municipality of Florence have entrusted the mass of documents hitherto jealously guarded from the public to the hands of Signor Gotti, Director of the Uffici Gallery, who has been employed on a new and authoritative 'Biography,' to be published at the coming anniversary. It is understood Mr. C. Heath Wilson is already translating the work into English sheet by sheet.

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

ETCHINGS ON THE LOIRE.*

BY MR. ERNEST GEORGE.

IT is difficult to repeat a success, not in the sense of doing the same thing over again, but in the sense of reproducing in the public mind the sensation which the first thing of the kind produced. The laying of Atlantic cables is the most striking example of this difficulty which has occurred in recent times, and may be profitably meditated upon by all who pursue occupations in any degree dependent on public attention. We all remember the intense pride we took in the first great operation of that kind, the great fame which attended it all over the world, and the columns upon columns which it occupied in the newspapers. Since then, not only has the same thing been done several times, but of late it has been done much better; yet when an Atlantic cable is laid now it only attracts attention if some accident occurs to it, and even then, instead of long letters and articles, we are satisfied with a brief despatch or note from the constructors. Happily for the Atlantic cable, or for the share-holders who own it, the practical utility of such things makes them almost independent of public attention; but the success of a work of fine art, which has no practical utility, depends upon it entirely. If the later Atlantic cables had been poems, their author would have had to accept the disappointment of a total failure, and would probably have accused the fickleness of public taste, and said to himself, with truth, that his later works were better than his first, yet nobody regarded them.

Mr. Ernest George exposes himself to this kind of disappointment with this second publication of etchings, because it is so like the first as to be almost identical in everything but the localities represented. The old German town of the first series is replaced by an old French town, the German schloss by the French château, the German Mosel by the French Loire and Rhone; yet, in spite of this change of country, the material of the two volumes is artistically the same, and it is treated in the same way. If any change is perceptible, however, it is improvement. On the whole, the second series is better and more interesting than the first, good and interesting as that was. I was rather apprehensive lest Mr. George might lose some of his own personal qualities in trying for other qualities outside of what he had aimed at before, but he has wisely preferred to cultivate the gift which belongs to him, and bring it nearer to its own kind of perfection. Nothing can be more honest and genuine than the work in all these plates; there is no attempt, in any of them, to pass off the result of accident as the result of art, everything clearly is what the artist intended it to be; and this absence of affectation is carried so far that, although some little bits of drawing here and there may appear amateurish, or even puerile, the artist has the courage to leave them and expose himself to some degree of misunderstanding rather than spoil the freshness of his plates by correction. The principle on which they are executed is simplicity itself. The serenity of the sky is always represented by white paper, the imagination of the spectator being left to supply whatever gradation may be necessary. Clouds are lightly indicated with a few lines, pale in tint, and free in execution. Distances are lightly sketched, but more shaded than clouds, foregrounds are often powerfully bitten, and between foreground and distance there is an intermediate region, where both deep and shallow lines are used together,

* Etchings from the Loire and South of France. Twenty Plates, with descriptive text. By Ernest George. London, John Murray.

or one over the other, as required. The only fault that can reasonably be found with Mr. George's execution is rather too much *scribbling* here and there, especially in foregrounds. However, many of the plates are free from any objectionable scribble, and those in which it occurs are still delightful in spite of it.

What is most admirable in Mr. George's etchings is his fine comprehensive treatment of masses of building in middle distance, a treatment which omits no necessary detail, and yet preserves the expression of space and air. As an example of these qualities I may mention Plate IV., *Amboise*, in which the large fair mass of the château keeps its distance perfectly, although the details are well studied, and even the light-and-shade of the details carefully attended to. Other fine examples are the Chapel of St. Hubert at Amboise, the Château of Chenonceaux, the Hôtel de Pincé at Angers, and (in remoter distance) the mediæval citadel of Carcassone. All these plates have the quality of breadth, and variety in repose, to a degree very rare indeed amongst contemporary etchers. The plate which most completely exhibits Mr. George's method of work, in the gradual transition from the foreground to the extreme distance, is that of the old bridge at Avignon. Here the etcher has been very careful to vary his treatment along one continued mass of masonry, from the masonry in the foreground to the pier where the bridge ends in the middle of the Rhone; and it so happens that the strongly bitten foreground work is brought into immediate opposition to a delicate bit of distant landscape on the other side of the river. This plate may be heartily recommended to students of etching as an example of graduated execution.

It is, perhaps, rather unfair to an artist to say that he is fortunate in finding good subjects, because the choice of a subject is a part of his work, and often a more laborious part of it than the practical execution of the sketch. I therefore prefer to say of Mr. George that he has, not the luck, but the taste and judgment which lead to a happy choice of subjects, and to an effective presentation of them. Such places as Amboise, Chenonceaux, Loches, Angers, Carcassone, Avignon, are poems in themselves; but the finest material in the world is of no use whatever to an artist unless he has the judgment to select what will look well in a drawing, and the taste to present it under those conditions which will give due importance to what is noblest and best in it. The interest which Mr. George takes in a building is, be it remembered, that of an architect, not that of a landscape-painter, and architectural draughtsmen usually see architecture quite differently from painters. They look for truth of construction, rather than truth of aspect, and their conception of a building is usually the conception of a perfectly new building, whilst their ideal of drawing is the clearest possible explanation of masonry. The drawings of M. Viollet-le-duc, for instance, are never true to aspect like a painter's work, but they are wonderfully lucid explanations of structure. An architect, therefore, who attempts to etch, is in great danger of forgetting the mysterious appearances of architecture, and of giving the structure which he *knows* rather than the appearance which he *sees*. But, on the other hand, it would evidently be a great advantage to an artist who drew buildings to possess an architect's knowledge of structure, if he could prevent it from becoming obtrusive, and this is exactly the advantage which Mr. George possesses over the ordinary sketcher of old cities. He sees like an architect, yet not too exclusively like an architect; in other words, he knows the anatomy of his subjects, but the anatomy does not blind him to the beauty and harmony of appearance. The value of his work as an etcher results from the union of accurate knowledge with fine taste.

I have said so much about the etcher that little space remains for the subjects of the etchings. They are of the kind which always attract the attention of artists in the interesting remnants of the old French cities. A bit of rich flamboyant Gothic imbedded in the side of a common street; a carved chimneypiece in a Gothic palace; a fine external staircase; a massive fortress with palace on the top of it; a lovely chapel perched on a tower of solid rock faced with masonry; a fantastic château on a bridge (a romance in stone which does not look real even in the reality itself); a mediæval street of timber houses; a massive gateway tower;

a fair and fanciful Renaissance palace, limited in size, yet having more artistic invention than most of the big royal palaces in Europe; a bridge fortified by lofty towers; the interior of a cathedral; a towered mediæval city on a rocky eminence; a cloister; an ancient city by the Rhone: such are the subjects illustrated in the volume. They all belong to the true romance of architecture; and as long as any such remains of the past are to be found by the Loire or the Rhone, the architect and the painter will go to see them, and wonder at their beauty or their strength. P. G. HAMERTON.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

PAUL DELAROCHE.—We owe the following details respecting the practice of Paul Delaroche to his friend and pupil, Mr. Armitage, who worked with him on the famous *Hemicycle.*

Delaroche was not very particular in the selection of his canvases, and would order them either thinly primed, or covered with a smooth, thick preparation, according to the humour of the moment; but he used to stipulate that the priming should be three or four years old.

His palette was composed as follows:—White, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, brun rouge, bitumen, vermilion, lake, French ultramarine, raw sienna, burnt sienna, and blue black, or ivory black.

Exactly the same palette was used by Horace Vernet; and both Vernet and Delaroche had the same opinion about mediums. They had a great contempt for megilp and the other varnish jellies, and considered that nothing was requisite except a very little linseed oil and a little turpentine.

Delaroche sometimes added a small quantity of sugar of lead when painting a rich, dark drapery, to make the colour dry; but did not use it in his flesh.

When painting the *Hemicycle*, Delaroche added to the palette given above, the various colours derived from madder,—purple, brown, yellow, and even blue. As for his other colours, he procured them—for economy—from a house-painter's colourman. The only fault to be found with these colours was, that they were badly ground; and this was less objectionable in a large picture than it would have been in a small one.

As to brushes, Delaroche greatly preferred hogs'-hair tools; but used sables also, though much more rarely.

His method of working was very simple. He would begin by making a very careful drawing in pencil on the charcoal sketch, correcting and purifying his outlines. The next thing he did was to take some warm transparent colour, such as burnt sienna, and indicate with it the shadows of the flesh. He avoided bitumen for this, on account of the danger of painting over it afterwards; though bitumen had been a good deal used for the same purpose by Gros, Géricault, and all the successors of David.

When this first transparent shading in monochrome was dry, Delaroche painted over it in solid colour, doing his best to reach the intended colouring at once, or get as near it as he possibly could. The first transparent shading was therefore, in his practice, intended simply as a guide for himself in a subsequent stage of the work, and as a means of sustaining the colouring of his shadows. It had nothing final in its character, like the transparent shadows of some Flemish and English work, which were intended to be left in opposition to opaque lights.

Delaroche used to keep his colouring, in its earliest stages, rather lighter than that of the model.

EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A.—It happened, about ten years ago, that Mr. Armitage re-primed an old canvas with solid, stiff, white lead, intending to paint a head on it. The head was not painted, and the canvas forgotten. Two or three years afterwards Mr. Armitage happened to require a canvas, and stumbled upon this old re-primed one, which he thought good

for his purpose, and so scraped it down and used it. The result was so agreeable, that what had been accidental in this picture, became intentional in the future practice of the artist, who, from that time, had all his canvases covered with a thick coat of white lead, laid on with the palette-knife, and then stubbed with a large brush, so as to get a granular, even surface. A canvas so prepared must be allowed to dry for at least a year; after which it should be scraped with a razor, or with a piece of glass, till the surface is in the most agreeable condition to work upon. Mr. Armitage has observed that pictures which have been painted on these canvases seem to acquire brilliance with age; and we may readily believe that this should be so, for the following reason. As a picture grows older, the later paintings (or coats of paint) become thinner and thinner, more and more transparent, showing what is under them much more clearly than when the picture was just completed. The proof of this is, that parts of a work, which the artist believed he had effaced under subsequent colourings, will often reappear quite plainly many years afterwards; and the reason is supposed to be that the colours, in drying, part with something of their substance, or at least of their oily medium, to the air, so that a thinner stratum of matter intervenes between the spectator and the ground. It is evident, therefore, that in course of time the ground on which a picture is painted will become more important, for good or for evil. If it is dull, its dulness will be more felt; and if it is bright, its brightness will apparently increase, except so far as the brightness of the ground itself may be diminished by the darkening of its own substance.

Mr. Armitage has always followed the method of Paul Delaroche, with a few modifications. His palette is (with the exception of the bitumen) substantially the same as that of Delaroche (given above); but for many years he preferred cobalt to French ultramarine: for the last ten or twelve years, however, Mr. Armitage has almost given up cobalt blue, except for sky or landscape. He has a high opinion of the French vert de cobalt; began to use it about five years ago, and now finds it almost indispensable. He uses jaune Pinard, which is not in the list of pigments employed by Delaroche. The reader may observe in that list the absence of both the umbers, raw and burnt. Mr. Armitage uses madder lake, and also a good deal of a certain brown lake sold by Roberson, and called 'deep yellow madder.' Most artists paint one or two pictures with zinc white, instead of white lead, because zinc white remains more purely white, and does not incline more or less to buff with time, as white lead does; but all such experiments seem to end in the same way,—namely, by a speedy return to the old pigment, which has more body, and is more agreeable in hue whilst the artist is using it. Mr. Armitage has not been an exception to this rule, having made experiments in zinc white; but only experiments. He is not much more addicted to the use of mediums than Paul Delaroche was: still, there is a difference in this respect; for whilst Delaroche discarded the varnish mediums altogether, Mr. Armitage employs that made by Mr. Roberson, though very sparingly. He finds it convenient for repainting on unfinished work, and considers it perfectly safe if 'used and not abused.' He often abstains from it altogether until the picture is nearly finished, and then rubs a little over the part which is to be painted upon next; and besides this, he uses Roberson's medium as a thin varnish for the whole work when the picture is thoroughly dry, rubbing it in well with a stiff brush. Quite recently he has made some use of the *siccatif de Harlem.*

We have already seen that Mr. Armitage uses mediums of any kind in the greatest moderation,* and he finds English colours so much more fluid than French ones that they need no further dilution with oil. Sometimes they are too fluid for what has to be done, and at these times Mr. Armitage extracts some of the oil by squeezing the colours upon blotting-paper.

* It is worth while to mention a medium which was much used by the students under Delaroche, the *huile grasse*, which consisted of linseed oil boiled with litharge. At that time it was beginning to be considered a very dangerous vehicle, and pictures painted with it have cracked terribly. This would tend to prove that it cannot be the same mixture as the *oglio cotto* of the old Italians, which has stood well. Field reports that the *oglio cotto* is 'said to be' poppy oil digested upon litharge; but it is plain, from the word *cotto*, that this was not done without heat. We shall have to recur to this subject when we come to Italian practice.

The only vehicle he finds to be indispensable is spirits of turpentine, and even this is more used for cleaning the brushes than for painting. He generally prefers French colours to English, especially the French Naples yellow and light red, which he always gets from France.

The next point to be noted is of so much importance that we will give it a separate paragraph. Mr. Armitage never mixes tints on the palette, but has seen this done by old-fashioned French painters of the Gros and Girodet school with excellent results. It is remarkable how much this habit of mixing tints, once so general, and considered so essential a part of the technical work of painting, has been abandoned during the last thirty or forty years. The old-fashioned way of 'setting the palette' with the palette-knife does not seem to have been given up from disapproval of the results to which it led, for modern artists often highly appreciate those results, but they seem to have discovered that it was not an indispensable preparation for the day's work; so now the majority of artists (at least so far as we have been able to ascertain) mix the tints they require with the brush, just when they happen to be wanted, using the palette-knife occasionally when rather large quantities are required.

As Mr. Armitage works on the principles of Delaroche, he tries to come near the true colour at the first painting, and when altogether dissatisfied with a head or piece of drapery he scrapes it out; but when the work approximates to what the artist desires he leaves it to dry, and repaints upon it two or three weeks afterwards. He finds that work so done is generally more thorough and more satisfactory to himself, than that which is completed at one sitting. When the model happens to supply what is wanted, both in form and colour, the painter works from nature directly upon the picture, and does so invariably for heads; but for arms, legs, and the nude generally, he finds it better to make chalk studies, and copy from them. These studies are careful and correct, and would be worse than useless if they were not, for then they would even be misleading. Mr. Armitage thinks it well for an artist when he has got a good cast of drapery to make a careful black-and-white study of it, since if he paints it at once into the picture he cannot conveniently alter the colour without losing a good deal of the charm of truth; whereas with the guidance of a good black-and-white study, which may be referred to at any time for form and light and shade, he may paint it and scrape it out a dozen times.

For these black-and-white studies Mr. Armitage uses either the common *papier Ingres* or some rough tinted paper. He first draws and lays the shades in with charcoal, using a bit of blotting-paper rolled up as a stump. He then corrects the outline with chalk (Conté, No. 2), and uses the same material for working into the shades, mixing the chalk and charcoal together. A touch or two of white chalk, used very sparingly, complete the drawing. Mr. Armitage thinks it a bad plan to use hard and soft black chalk for the same drawing, and in his opinion No. 2 is all that is wanted.

The principal characteristics of Mr. Armitage's technical practice are simplicity and a distaste for trying experiments, inherited no doubt, in some degree, from his master Delaroche, who, as we have seen, had a simple method of work and adhered to it very steadily. Artists may be divided, like politicians, into two classes—those who hand down a tradition and those who try new ways of doing things. It does not follow, however, that because an artist is technically traditional and conservative he should not have new and original artistic ideas. The technical business of painting, although it happens to occupy us exclusively just at present, is but a part of art, and not its noblest or best part. Composition, invention, expression, are outside of it, whilst even the most striking originality in colouring is compatible with the use of the commonest and oldest colours and the simplest of mediums, such as linseed oil and turpentine. Fidelity to one system of work has the evident advantage that the artist gradually becomes more and more completely master of the system which he adopted long ago, whereas he who is continually changing his methods is not so likely to give himself the time necessary for the entire mastery of any one of them.

Sir Edwin was awarded the large gold medal at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855, and the medal for Fine Arts at the Vienna Exhibition for 1873. He died at his house in St. John's Wood, on the 1st of October, 1873, and his body was awarded the honour of a public funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. He died a bachelor, and left a large fortune behind him.

R. N. WORNUM.

BONNAT.

M. LÉON BONNAT was born at Bayonne in 1833, and belongs to Spain almost as much as he does to France. His youth was spent at Madrid, and the incomparable masterpieces possessed by the museum of that town early awakened his vocation. M. Frédéric Madrazo, one of the masters of the contemporary Spanish school, directed his first studies. M. Bonnat's progress in his studio was rapid, but as his French nationality excluded him from the advantages bestowed by the Spanish government upon its laureates, he left Madrid at twenty-one years of age and came to Paris, to place himself under M. Léon Cogniet's direction. At the end of three years he won the second *grand prix de Rome* at the École des Beaux-Arts, and as the first prize only is entitled to the honour of the Villa Medicis, he would have been obliged to enter into competition another time, had it not been for the liberality of his native town, which helped him to undertake the journey to Italy. He set off for Rome in 1858, and remained there four years.

The first pictures exhibited by M. Bonnat, in Paris, were sent from Rome. *Le bon Samaritain*, in the Salon of 1859, was not much noticed, but in the following year the picture of *Adam et Eve retrouvant le Corps d'Abel*, without making a great sensation with the public, attracted a considerable share of attention amongst artists. This picture, purchased by the public gallery of Lille, was somewhat hard in the modelling, but the masterly execution compensated for this deficiency. The brick-coloured tone of the flesh was also criticised, but the composition was happy, and Abel's figure full of grace and freedom. The mother of the human race, upon whose lap rests the lifeless head of her son, does not yet seem capable of understanding death, and her countenance wears a particularly striking expression, in which surprise holds an equal share with sorrow.

Le Saint André en Croix, in the Salon of 1863, had some robust qualities, which might have been more fully appreciated if the public had not that year crowded before another canvas by the same artist, whose talent revealed itself under quite a new aspect. It was a little Italian figure named *Pasqua Maria*, whose charming grace seduced everybody. The success was decisive, undisputed, and the young artist at once acquired a reputation which placed him amongst the most appreciated of our painters.

Transformed into a genre-painter, M. Bonnat showed, in a series of small pictures of Italian costumes, a keen sentiment for the picturesque, united to surprising skill in execution. *Les Pélerins aux pieds de la Statue de Saint Pierre, le jeune Mendiant Romain, la Mariuccia, les Paysans Napolitains devant le Palais Farnèse, le Ribera dessinant à la Porte de l'Ara Cœli à Rome*, made him more and more certain of public favour, with a kind of painting greatly in vogue now.

It is possible that the success previously achieved in Italian subjects by M. Hébert had some influence upon the direction now taken by M. Bonnat. But it must be acknowledged that the similarity between the two artists extends merely to costume; the composition as well as the execution of their pictures being totally different. The impression received by a painter from nature, and translated upon his canvas, is not so much the result of what his eyes show him, as the representation of the dream cherished in his intimate thoughts. The comparison that might be drawn between MM. Hébert and Bonnat, painting from memory subjects of the same

country, and probably from the same models, would be enough to demonstrate this. M. Hébert's melancholy disposition forbids him brilliant vibrations of light, lively and picturesque accents, bold and decisive touches. The painter of the *Malaria*, wrapped in his undefinable *rêverie*, sees everywhere soft and blended tints, and Italy appears to him under that aspect of sadness and suffering to which he owes the surname of 'Painter of fever.' If we are to believe M. Bonnat, Italy is not so unhealthy as M. Hébert's works might lead us to suppose. Fine girls may be found there, who certainly lack the bright roses of the northern races, but whose brown complexions are not indicative of disease. Lazily seated on the stairs of a palace, they warm themselves in the rays of a southern sun. With their richly coloured costumes and variegated aprons they smile upon happy children, and show their beautiful rows of white teeth. Nobody understands better than does M. Bonnat how to relieve sunburnt groups of figures against a wall thickly painted in imitation of rough-cast masonry. In contrast to M. Hébert, whose rather vitreous-looking painting is well adapted to convey melancholy impressions, M. Bonnat's touch is always precise, and marks distances distinctly without any degree of vagueness or indecision.

But if M. Bonnat is in love with sunshine and the picturesque, he also knows how to animate his genre-pictures with more tender sentiments, and the joys of maternity have sometimes inspired him with charming subjects. *Les premiers Pas de l'Enfance* and *La Tenerezza*, an engraving from which we give here, exhibit tenderness without affectation, and awaken emotion through their *naïveté*. In *La Tenerezza* especially, the little girl who smilingly caresses her mother is really charming in her candour and ingenuousness.

Although M. Bonnat has sometimes borrowed his subjects from the East, such as *la Femme Fellah* or the *Rue de Jérusalem*, it is always to Italy that he comes back, when he does not attempt high art. The popularity which he has now enjoyed for some years is chiefly owing to his small Italian pictures. But whatever may be the talent and thought spent upon cabinet pictures, an artist who has lived in Rome, and studied the great masters, can hardly remain satisfied with a kind of success so different from the dreams of his youth. M. Bonnat, in consequence, has simultaneously followed two directions, which seem opposed to each other, and the painter of the graceful little figures so hotly disputed by amateurs has never forgotten that he ought to be an historical painter.

The picture of *Antigone conduisant Œdipe aveugle*, exhibited in the Salon of 1865, was a subject somewhat austere and classical for a public so much taken up with mere prettiness; and, accordingly, only won a *succès d'estime* in a limited circle.

This indifference of the public for high art was nevertheless to be overcome by the efforts of the artist. Everybody joined the artists in applauding the *Saint Vincent de Paul prenant la place d'un Prisonnier*, which had been commissioned by the city of Paris. It is true that the subject was admirably adapted to the painter's temperament. There was science in the composition, and surprising power in the effect, where roughness of handling became a valuable quality in the rendering of a prison scene, in which energy of touch was a necessity.

L'Assomption, which won for its author the great medal of honour in 1869, showed qualities of the same order, but applied, perhaps, less felicitously to a subject requiring grace and lightness above everything. M. Bonnat's realistic tendencies served him for the figures of the Apostles placed at the bottom of the picture, but the aerial group of the Virgin carried by angels lacked elevation of style; and the energetic brush of the painter might have been more softened for an apparition whose celestial character should have formed a contrast with that of the figures on the earth below. The success of this work confirmed the painter in his aims, and he commenced a large picture of *Christ on the Cross*, which was much talked about before it was seen, and which, in the Salon of 1874, appeared as a revolutionary manifesto.

M. Bonnat has too much talent not to find partisans in any case; but along with the applause so liberally bestowed were now heard violent and pitiless criticisms. A serious dogmatic

question was raised; namely, whether, in the representation of a religious subject of such high order, the artist ought to conform to the traditions followed in their greatest works by the masters of the Italian school; or, whether he might without danger risk himself in the rough paths of contemporary realism. Is Christ on the Cross to be shown to us as the God who dies for the human race, or simply as a tortured man writhing in his last agony? To this last interpretation M. Bonnat adhered, and his point of view once admitted, it must be acknowledged that he has fully succeeded. The sufferer, in the midst of the most horrible pains, seems to strain in a last effort; his muscles contract, his veins swell, and the light, which brings all into pitiless relief, clearly defines each swollen limb, and makes the strangest and most striking *trompe-l'œil*. But if the passing from life to death is rendered with almost brutal reality, the emotion stirred by it is more repulsive than touching. It is not the Redeemer emaciated by fasts, nor the Son of God suffering but resigned; it is a vulgar man, who has lived a common life, and whose body undergoes tortures in which the soul does not share. Under the Roman Empire criminals were constantly crucified, and it is of them more than of Christ that we are reminded by M. Bonnat's picture. The horrible suffering of the victim obliges us to pity him; but the picture will not make us admire him, or help us to understand him. It was a commission for the Palais de Justice. The condemned culprits may, on seeing it, be reminded fearfully of death, but they will experience no other feeling. The moral meaning of the subject has assuredly not been understood by the artist, although he has produced a piece of painting sure to be always appreciated by *dilettanti*, in spite of the somewhat brazen appearance of the flesh, which has been criticised with some degree of reason.

One of the greatest sculptors of the Renaissance, Donatello, carved in his youth a Christ in wood, the too evident realism of which was the occasion of an incident naïvely related by Vasari. 'When the work was completed, believing himself to have produced an admirable thing, he showed it to Filippo de Ser Brunellesco, his most intimate friend, desiring to have his opinion of it. Filippo, who had expected, from the words of Donato, to see a much finer production, smiled somewhat as he regarded it; and Donato seeing this, entreated him, by the friendship existing between them, to say what he thought of it. Whereupon Filippo, who was exceedingly frank, replied that Donato appeared to him to have placed a clown on the cross, and not a figure resembling that of Jesus Christ, whose person was delicately beautiful, and in all its parts the most perfect form of man that had ever been born. Donato, hearing himself censured where he had expected praise, and more hurt than he was perhaps willing to admit, replied, 'If it were as easy to execute a work as to judge it, my figure would appear to thee to be Christ and not a boor; but take wood, and try to make one thyself.' Filippo, without saying anything more, returned home, and set to work on a crucifix, wherein he laboured to surpass Donato, that he might not be condemned by his own judgment: but he suffered no one to know what he was doing. At the end of some months the work was completed to the height of perfection, and this done, Filippo one morning invited Donato to dine with him, and the latter accepted the invitation. Thereupon, as they were proceeding together towards the house of Filippo, they passed by the Mercato Vecchio, where the latter purchased various articles, and giving them to Donato, said, 'Do thou go forward with these things to the house, and wait for me there: I'll be after thee in a moment.' Donato, therefore, having entered the house, had no sooner done so than he saw the crucifix, which Filippo had placed in a suitable light. Stopping short to examine the work, he found it so perfectly executed, that feeling himself conquered, full of astonishment, and, as it were, startled out of himself, he dropped the hands which were holding up his apron, wherein he had placed the purchases, when the whole fell to the ground, eggs, cheese, and other things, all broken to pieces and mingled together. But Donato, not recovering from his astonishment, remained still gazing in amazement, and like one out of his wits, when Filippo arrived, and inquired laughing, 'What hast thou been about, Donato? and what dost thou mean us to have for dinner, since thou hast overturned

everything?' 'I, for my part,' replied Donato, 'have had my share of dinner to-day; if thou must needs have thine, take it. But enough said: to thee it has been given to represent the Christ; to me, boors only.'

A library might be filled with the books written on the manner that art should adopt to represent Christ, but the artist's inspiration is wholly personal, and generally little influenced by theorists. The painter conveys his individuality into all his pictures, and if he does not always succeed in an equal degree, it is not because he spends less talent in one case than in another, but because his temperament is more or less adapted to his subject. Therefore we think that French criticism, which has been extremely severe upon the Christ of M. Bonnat, has gone too far in advising him to give up high art and confine himself to cabinet pictures. The *Saint Vincent de Paul* showed all the qualities required in a great picture, and M. Bonnat will succeed in the same manner whenever the subject is congenial to his mind, which leans more to earthly reality than it does towards religious mysticism. The charm of his small pictures is due to the facility with which he finds in nature elements appropriate to display to his skill in picturesque arrangement. His clever use of the brush has certainly a great deal to do with the result, but were it applied without discrimination it might become tiresome. This ingenious artist has the gift of exhibiting his skill in scenes which, if not very stirring, possess the singular merit of being always true without being repulsive.

René Ménard.

AN AUTUMN EFFECT.

(*Continued.*)

THE next morning was sunny overhead and damp underfoot, with a thrill in the air like a reminiscence of frost. I went up into the sloping garden behind the inn and smoked a pipe pleasantly enough, to the tune of my landlady's lamentations over sundry cabbages and cauliflowers that had been spoiled by caterpillars. She had been so much pleased in the summer time, she said, to see the garden all hovered over by white butterflies. And now, look at the end of it! She could nowise reconcile this with her moral sense. And, indeed, unless these butterflies are created with a side-look to the composition of improving apologues, it is not altogether easy, even for people who have read Hegel and Dr. M'Cosh, to decide intelligibly upon the issue raised. Then I fell into a long and abstruse calculation with my landlord; having for object to compare the distance driven by him during eight years' service on the box of the Wendover coach, with the girth of the round world itself. We tackled the question most conscientiously, made all necessary allowance for Sundays and leap years, and were just coming to a triumphant conclusion of our labours when we were stayed by a small lacuna in my information. I did not know the circumference of the earth. The landlord knew it, to be sure—plainly he had made the same calculation twice and once before,—but he wanted confidence in his own figures, and from the moment I showed myself so poor a second seemed to lose all interest in the result.

Wendover (which was my next stage) lies in the same valley with Great Missenden, but at the foot of it, where the hills trend off on either hand like a coast-line, and a great hemisphere of plain lies, like a sea, before one. I went up a chalky road, until I had a good outlook over the place. The vale, as it opened out into the plain, was shallow, and a little bare perhaps, but full of graceful convolutions. From the level to which I had now attained the fields were exposed before me like a map, and I could see all that bustle of autumn field-work which had been hid from me yesterday behind the hedge-rows, or shown to me only for a moment as I followed the foot-path. Wendover lay well down in the midst, with mountains of foliage about it. The great plain stretched away to the northward,

variegated near at hand with the quaint pattern of the fields, but growing even more and more indistinct, until it became a mere hurly-burly of trees and bright crescents of river and snatches of slanting road, and finally melted into the ambiguous cloudland over the horizon. The sky was an opal-gray, touched here and there with blue, and with certain faint russets that looked as if they were reflections of the colour of the autumnal woods below. I could hear the ploughmen shouting to their horses, the uninterrupted carol of larks innumerable overhead; and from a field where the shepherd was marshalling his flock, a sweet tumultuous tinkle of sheep-bells. All these noises came to me very thin and distinct in the clear air. There was a wonderful sentiment of distance and atmosphere about the day and the place.

I mounted the hill yet farther by a rough staircase of chalky footholds cut in the turf. The hills about Wendover and, as far as I could see, all the hills in Buckinghamshire, wear a sort of hood of beech-plantation; but in this particular case the hood had been suffered to extend itself into something more like a cloak, and hung down about the shoulders of the hill in wide folds, instead of lying flatly along the summit. The trees grew so close and their boughs were so matted together, that the whole wood looked as dense as a bush of heather. The prevailing colour was a dull, smouldering red, touched here and there with vivid yellow. But the autumn had scarce advanced beyond the outworks; it was still almost summer in the heart of the wood; and as soon as I had scrambled through the hedge, I found myself in a dim green forest atmosphere under eaves of virgin foliage. In places where the wood had itself for a background and the trees were massed together thickly, the colour became intensified and almost gem-like: a perfect fire of green, that seemed none the less green for a few specks of autumn gold. None of the trees were of any considerable age or stature; but they grew well together, I have said; and as the road turned and wound among them, they fell into pleasant groupings and broke the light up pleasantly. Sometimes there would be a colonnade of slim, straight tree-stems, with the light running down them as down the shafts of pillars, that looked as if it ought to lead to something and led only to a corner of sombre and intricate jungle. Sometimes a spray of delicate foliage would be thrown out flat, the light lying flatly along the top of it, so that against a dark background it seemed almost luminous. There was a great hush over the thicket (for, indeed, it was more of a thicket than a wood); and the vague rumours that went among the tree-tops, and the occasional rustling of big birds or hares among the undergrowth, had in them a note of almost treacherous stealthiness, that put the imagination on its guard and made me walk warily on the russet carpeting of last year's leaves. The spirit of the place seemed to be all attention; the wood listened as I went, and held its breath to number my footfalls. One could not help feeling that there ought to be some reason for this stillness; whether, as the bright old legend goes, Pan lay somewhere near in a siesta, or whether perhaps the heaven was meditating rain and the first drops would soon come pattering through the leaves. It was not unpleasant, in such an humour, to catch sight, ever and anon, of large spaces of the open plain. This happened only where the path lay much upon the slope, and there was a flaw in the solid leafy thatch of the wood at some distance below the level at which I chanced myself to be walking; then, indeed, little scraps of foreshortened distance, miniature fields, and Liliputian houses and hedgerow-trees, would appear for a moment in the aperture, and grow larger and smaller, and change, and melt one into another, as I continued to go forward and so shift my point of view.

For ten minutes, perhaps, I had heard from somewhere before me in the wood a strange, continuous noise, as of clucking, cooing, and gobbling, now and again interrupted by a harsh scream. As I advanced towards this noise, it began to grow lighter about me, and I caught sight, through the trees, of sundry gables and enclosure walls, and something like the tops of a rickyard. And sure enough, a rickyard it proved to be, and a neat little farm-steading,

with the beech-woods growing almost to the door of it. Just before me, however, as I came up the path, the trees drew back and let in a wide flood of daylight on to a circular lawn. It was here that the noises had their origin. More than a score of peacocks (there are altogether thirty at the farm), a proper contingent of peahens, and a great multitude that I could not number of more ordinary barn-door fowls, were all feeding together on this little open lawn among the beeches. They fed in a dense crowd, which swayed to and fro and came hither and thither as by a sort of tide, and of which the surface was agitated like the surface of a sea as each bird guzzled his head along the ground after the scattered corn. The clucking, cooing noise that had led me thither, was formed by the blending together of countless expressions of individual contentment into one collective expression of contentment, or general grace during meat. Every now and again, a big peacock would separate himself from the mob and take a stately turn or two about the lawn, or perhaps mount for a moment upon the rail, and there shrilly publish to the world his satisfaction with himself and what he had to eat. It happened, for my sins, that none of these admirable birds had anything beyond the merest rudiment of a tail. Tails, it seemed, were out of season just then. But they had their necks for all that; and by their necks alone they do as much surpass all the other birds of our gray climate, as they fall in quality of song below the blackbird or the lark. Surely the peacock, with its incomparable parade of glorious colour and the scrannel voice of it issuing forth, as in mockery, from its painted throat, must, like my landlady's butterflies at Great Missenden, have been invented by some skilful fabulist for the consolation and support of homely virtue: or rather, perhaps, by a fabulist not quite so skilful, who made points for the moment without having a studious enough eye to the complete effect; for I thought these melting greens and blues so beautiful that afternoon, that I would have given them my vote just then before the sweetest pipe in all the spring woods. I spoke of greens and blues. Now the reader must recollect a time, and not so long ago, when he was told—nay, even believed, after a dim, uncertain fashion—that green and blue were colours altogether incompatible and discordant. Perhaps people in those days had a knack of choosing blues and greens to bear their theory out: but what I want to know is, whether none of us, during all those deluded years, ever looked by any chance upon a peacock's neck; and, if we did, how we contrived to reconcile this wonder of perfect colouring with our obnoxious preconceptions? For indeed there is no piece of colour of the same extent in nature, that will so flatter and satisfy the lust of a man's eyes; and to come upon so many of them after these acres of stone-coloured heavens and russet woods and gray-brown ploughlands and white roads, was like going three whole days' journey to the southward, or a month back into the summer.

I was sorry to leave *Peacock Farm*—for so the place is called, after the name of its splendid pensioners—and go forward again in the quiet woods. It began to grow both damp and dusk under the beeches; and as the day declined the colour faded out of the foliage; and shadow, without form and void, took the place of all the fine tracery of leaves and delicate gradations of living green that had before accompanied my walk. I had been sorry to leave *Peacock Farm*, but I was not sorry to find myself once more in the open road under a pale and somewhat troubled-looking evening sky, and put my best foot foremost for the inn at Wendover.

Wendover, in itself, is a straggling, purposeless sort of place. Everybody seems to have had his own opinion as to how the street should go; or rather, every now and then a man seems to have arisen with a new idea on the subject, and led away a little sect of neighbours to join him in his heresy. It would have somewhat the look of an abortive watering-place, such as we may now see them here and there along the coast, but for the age of the houses, the comely quiet design of some of them, and the look of long habitation, of a life that is settled and rooted, and makes it worth while to train flowers about the windows and otherwise shape the dwelling to the humour of the inhabitant. The church, which might perhaps have

served as rallying-point for these loose houses and pulled the township into something like intelligible unity, stands some distance off among great trees; but the inn (to take the public buildings in order of importance) is in what I understand to be the principal street: a pleasant old house, with bay windows, and three peaked gables, and many swallows' nests plastered about the eaves.

The interior of the inn was answerable to the outside: indeed I never saw any room much more to be admired than the low wainscoated parlour in which I spent the remainder of the evening. It was a short oblong in shape, save that the fire-place was built across one of the angles so as to cut it partially off, and the opposite angle was similarly truncated by a corner cupboard. The wainscoat was white; and there was a Turkey carpet on the floor, so old that it might have been imported by Walter Shandy before he retired, worn almost through in some places, but in others making a good show of blues and oranges, none the less harmonious for being somewhat faded. The corner cupboard was agreeable in design; and there were just the right things upon the shelves—decanters and tumblers, and blue plates, and one red rose in a glass of water. The furniture was old-fashioned and stiff. Everything was in keeping down to the ponderous leaden inkstand on the round table. And you may fancy how pleasant it looked, all flushed and flickered over by the light of a brisk companionable fire, and seen, in a strange, tilted sort of perspective, in the three compartments of the old mirror above the chimney. As I sat reading in the great arm-chair, I kept looking round with the tail of my eye at the quaint bright picture that was about me, and could not help some pleasure and a certain childish pride in forming part of it. The book I read was about Italy in the early Renaissance, the pageantries and the light loves of princes, the passion of men for learning and poetry and art; but it was written, by good luck, after a solid prosaic fashion, that suited the room infinitely more nearly than the matter; and the result was, that I thought less, perhaps, of Lippo Lippi, or Lorenzo, or Politian, than of the good Englishman who had written in that volume what he knew of them, and taken so much pleasure in his solemn polysyllables.

I was not left without society. My landlord had a very pretty little daughter, whom we shall call Lizzie. If I had made any notes at the time, I might be able to tell you something definite of her appearance. But faces have a trick of growing more and more spiritualised and abstract in the memory, until nothing remains of them but a look, a haunting expression; just that secret quality in a face that is apt to slip out somehow under the cunningest painter's touch, and leave the portrait dead for the lack of it. And if it is hard to catch with the finest of camel's-hair pencils, you may think how hopeless it must be to pursue after it with clumsy words. If I say, for instance, that this look, which I remember as Lizzie, was something wistful that seemed partly to come of slyness and in part of simplicity, and that I am inclined to imagine it had something to do with the daintiest suspicion of a cast in one of her large eyes, I shall have said all that I can, and the reader will not be much advanced towards comprehension. I had struck up an acquaintance with this little damsel in the morning, and professed much interest in her dolls and an impatient eagerness to see the large one which was kept locked away somewhere for great occasions. And so, I had not been very long in the parlour before the door opened, and in came Miss Lizzie with two dolls tucked clumsily under her arm. She was followed by her brother John, a year or so younger than herself, not simply to play propriety at our interview, but to show his own two whips in emulation of his sister's dolls. I did my best to make myself agreeable to my visitors; showing much admiration for the dolls and the dolls' dresses, and, with a very serious demeanour, asking many questions about their age and character. I do not think that Lizzie distrusted my sincerity, but it was evident that she was both bewildered and a little contemptuous. Although she was ready herself to treat her dolls as if they were alive, she seemed to think rather poorly of any grown person who could fall heartily into the spirit of the fiction. Sometimes she would look at me with gravity and a sort of disquietude, as though she really feared I

must be out of my wits. Sometimes, as when I inquired too particularly into the question of their names, she laughed at me so long and heartily that I began to feel almost embarrassed. But when, in an evil moment, I asked to be allowed to kiss one of them, she could keep herself no longer to herself. Clambering down from the chair on which she sat perched to show me, Cornelia-like, her jewels, she ran straight out of the room and into the bar—it was just across the passage—and I could hear her telling her mother in loud tones, but apparently more in sorrow than in merriment, that *the gentleman in the parlour wanted to kiss Dolly.* I fancy she was determined to save me from this humiliating action even in spite of myself, for she never gave me the desired permission. She reminded me of an old dog I once knew, who would never suffer the master of the house to dance, out of an exaggerated sense of the dignity of that master's place and carriage.

After the young people were gone there was but one more incident ere I went to bed. I heard a party of children go up and down the dark street for a while, singing together sweetly. And the mystery of this little incident was so pleasant to me that I purposely refrained from asking who they were and wherefore they went singing at so late an hour. One can rarely be in a pleasant place without meeting with some pleasant accident. I have a conviction that these children would not have gone singing before the inn, unless the inn-parlour had been the delightful place it was. At least, if I had been in the customary public-room of the modern hotel, with all its disproportions and discomforts, my ears would have been dull, and there would have been some ugly temper or other uppermost in my spirit, and so they would have wasted their sweet songs upon an unworthy hearer.

Next morning early I went along to visit the church. It is a long-backed, red-and-white building, very much restored, and stands in a pleasant graveyard among those great trees of which I have spoken already. The sky was drowned in mist. Now and again pulses of cold wind went about the enclosure, and set the branches busy overhead, and the dead leaves scurrying into the angles of the church buttresses. Now and again, also, I could hear the dull sudden fall of a chestnut among the grass—the dog would bark before the Rectory door—or there would come a clinking of pails from the stable-yard behind. But in spite of these occasional interruptions, in spite, also, of the continuous autumn twittering that filled the trees, the chief impression somehow was one as of utter silence, insomuch that the little greenish bell that peeped out of a window in the tower disquieted me with a sense of some possible and more inharmonious disturbance. The grass was wet, as if with a hoar-frost that had just been melted. I do not know that ever I saw a morning more autumnal. As I went to and fro among the graves, I saw some flowers set reverently before a recently erected tomb, and, drawing near, was almost startled to find they lay on the grave of a man seventy-two years old when he died. We are accustomed to strew flowers only over the young, where love has been cut short untimely, and great possibilities have been restrained by death. We strew them there in token that these possibilities, in some deeper sense, shall yet be realised, and the touch of our dead loves remain with us and guide us to the end. And yet there was more significance, perhaps, and perhaps a greater consolation, in this little nosegay on the grave of one who had died old. We are apt to make so much of the tragedy of death, and think so little of the enduring tragedy of some men's lives, that we see more to lament for in a life cut off in the midst of usefulness and love, than in one that miserably survives all love and usefulness, and goes about the world the phantom of itself, without hope or joy or any consolation. These flowers seemed not so much the token of love that survived death, as of something yet more beautiful—of love that had lived a man's life out to an end with him, and been faithful and companionable, and not weary of loving, throughout all these years.

The morning cleared a little, and the sky was once more the old stone-coloured vault over the sallow meadows and the russet woods, as I set forth on a dog-cart from Wendover to Tring. The road lay for a good distance along the side of the hills, with the great plain below on one hand, and the beechwoods above upon the other. The fields

were busy with people ploughing and sowing: every here and there a jug of ale stood in the angle of the hedge, and I could see many a team wait smoking in the furrow as ploughman or sower stepped aside for a moment to take a draught. Over all the brown ploughlands, and under all the leafless hedgerows, there was a stout spirit of labour abroad, and, as it were a spirit of pic-nic. The horses smoked and the men laboured and shouted and drank in the sharp autumn morning; so that one had a strong effect of large, open-air existence. The fellow who drove me was something of a humourist; and his conversation was all in praise of an agricultural labourer's way of life. It was he who called my attention to these jugs of ale by the hedgerow; he could not sufficiently express the liberality of these men's wages; he told me how sharp an appetite was given by breaking up the earth in the morning air, whether with plough or spade, and cordially admired this provision of nature. He sang *O fortunatos agricolas!* indeed, in every possible key, and with many cunning inflections; till I began to wonder what was the use of such people as Mr. Arch, and to sing the same air myself in a more diffident manner.

Tring was reached, and then Tring railway station; for the two are not very near, the good people of Tring having held the railway, of old days, in extreme apprehension, lest some day it should break loose in the town and work mischief. I had a last walk, among russet beeches as usual, and the air filled, as usual, with the carolling of larks; I heard shots fired in the distance, and saw, as a new sign of the fulfilled autumn, two horsemen exercising a pack of fox-hounds. And then the train came and carried me back to London.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LE PETIT MONDE.

M. LALAUZE has just published a set of ten etchings of children under the above title,* which are greatly superior to ordinary attempts in the same class of subject. Nothing is more difficult to deal with than the attitudes and expressions of a group of children, for nothing is at the same time so fugitive in nature, and so dependent upon the utmost delicacy and accuracy of drawing for its realisation in art. It may be doubted whether an artist could ever know all that is needed for the representation of the 'little world,' without being a papa himself, and so adding the insight of affection to the colder observation of the artist. We learn from the letter by M. Montrosier, which serves as preface or introduction to this little series, that M. Lalauze is really, as we should have suspected, a papa, and that these are his own children, who have posed before him hundreds or thousands of times without knowing it, when they came as intruders into his painting-room. Leslie used to call his own children 'trudies,' which was his abbreviation for intruders; but an artist can take vengeance on a trudy by simply drawing him, and so handing down his *faits et gestes* to the admiration of posterity. As a subject of study and observation child-life is infinite, and full of mysteries. To begin with, there are endless varieties of character amongst children, and then endless varieties of situation. 'Vous me demandez,' says M. Montrosier, 'd'introduire le public dans le "Petit Monde" de M. Lalauze. Hélas! Quel Christoph Colomb peut se vanter d'y avoir mis le pied et planté le drapeau des conquérants! Quand on croit avoir découvert sa latitude, pénétré ses secrets, relevé ses gisements, sondé ses abîmes, éparpillé ses trésors, encore et toujours il échappe aux investigations du savant et du philosophe, par quelque caprice, par quelque coup de tête, par quelque rébellion mutine qui déroutent les explorateurs les plus sagaces.'

These etchings before us do not pretend to exhaust an inexhaustible subject, but they give

* Le Petit Monde. 10 Eaux-fortes par A. Lalauze. Publié par A. Cadart, 56 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris. 1875.

a true insight into a small portion of it. The titles of the plates will convey an idea of their subjects,* but not of the delicate skill with which they are treated. The *dramatis personæ* are two little girls of different ages, a baby, a little dog, and a doll. The incidents are the common incidents of the nursery, including maternal cares for the living baby and the wooden one, semi-maternal solicitude for the little dog, a solemn attempt at cookery, and moments of serious application to the arts of music and drawing. The refinement and true accomplishment of the etcher are as conspicuous in the artistic skill with which the motives are treated, as in the observation of child character, and he has lavished all the resources of a high artistic culture on the representation of subjects which are often left to far inferior artists. In the one quality of texture, for example, it would not be easy to find anything superior to these etchings. Their brilliant truth of texture strikes at the first glance. In this etching of the *Drawing Lesson* look at the hair of the nearest little girl, and at her black velvet sleeve, then at the chair she is working upon, and at the inlaid floor. After that, look suddenly at the picture-frames, and observe how perfectly, and with what simple means, the splendour of gilding is suggested. Some of the other plates are not less remarkable in this respect. *Il est bien sage Bébé* is as brilliant as a picture by Millais just when it leaves his studio. It is faultless throughout, not in texture only, but in tone too, and is very beautifully composed. The figures are life itself, and the rich background of tapestry is almost as good in quality as if it had been painted in oil; so is the arm-chair. *La Soupe à Bébé* is another admirable piece of texture. Not only the little figures, but the furniture and the polished *parquet* are rendered with that consummate skill which makes things look strikingly real without being in the least obtrusive. But even their reality is not a vulgar reality; it is the result of a kind of study and observation, of which only the most highly educated eyes are ever capable. Notwithstanding all this art, these plates are perfectly intelligible by children, who delight in them; and there is really no reason why children should not be accustomed from the beginning to the sight of good art, which would form their taste at the same time that it pleased their fancy. I do not mean that children should be set to study high art or great art, which would probably often appear dull and incomprehensible to them (though I have seen children delighted with baby-groups by Leonardo da Vinci and Sir Joshua Reynolds), but there really is no reason why the black-and-white art which is put in their way should not be at least up to the level of good modern genre-painting. A child might be brought up in the sight of good drawing as in the hearing of a correct pronunciation, and in after-life, without much consciousness of knowledge, he would possess what is better than knowledge, a sound taste founded upon habit.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE APPARENT SIZE OF OBJECTS.

ONE of the most curious results of the education of the eye is to create a radical difference of opinion between the educated and the uneducated about the apparent size of objects; and it would be in the highest degree imprudent in the former to open any discussion whatever upon such a subject if they had not at hand the means of positive, irrefragable proof. It is proverbially useless to dispute concerning colours and tastes; and if any lady says, as I remember hearing one say at a dinner-table, that Clos Vougeot tastes like red ink, or if any gentleman is of opinion, as M. Taine seems to be, that no Englishman can colour, it is a waste of time to try to persuade either one or the other; for taste and colour are merely personal sensations, not positive facts outside of us. But when we come to such a question as the apparent size of

* 1. La Petite Mère. 2. Bon Soir, petit Frère. 3. La Soupe à Bébé. 4. La Toilette de Marquis. 5. Cache-cache. 6. Les Petites Cuisinières. 7. La Leçon de Dessin. 8. La Leçon de Musique. 9. Il est bien sage Bébé. 10. La fête à Maman.

objects it is different. Here we can prove mathematically to any one who understands mathematics, and experimentally to those who do not. They will be rather obstinate at first, perhaps; they will say, 'If it seems to me that the church-clock appears such a size, you cannot prove that it appears to me smaller or larger than I think;' but we have proofs at hand, if only we can get these obdurate people to listen to us.

It is well, however, to establish an important distinction at the beginning of the discussion, or else it will certainly degenerate into one of those disputes when people quarrel, because A is thinking of one thing and B of another, whilst A and B both believe that they are thinking of the same. When we say the apparent size of objects, we do not mean the imaginary apparent size, but the real apparent size; we do not mean the mental, but the ocular impression; and it is the purpose of such experiments as those we are about to describe to establish the distinction which exists between imaginary appearances and real appearances.

In the year 1869 a foreign magazine contained an article by a man of science, who, from his scientific point of view, had been led to make experiments which I have often made from the artistic, and the results were curiously the same. I was first led to these investigations by an incident at a London dinner-table in 1862. I happened to say something about the apparent size of some very distant object, and immediately every one exclaimed how much I had understated it; whereas, in fact, I had *over*-stated it, as a subsequent experiment proved. There were no artists present, nor was there any one interested in optics; so the whole public opinion of the company was against me, and I was left in a minority of one, with an audience that would not listen to any artistic or scientific evidence. The foreigner who wrote the article in 1869 had probably been in some similar position; for he had got a habit of asking people how big the moon looked to them. The answer in almost every case was, 'As big as a plate.' I have heard an Englishman say, 'As big as a Cheshire cheese.' A lady answered, 'As big as a Dutch cheese;' another said, 'Bigger than that. I should say the moon appears like one of those globe mirrors that are put in gardens.' Here occurs a little difficulty. All these objects—plates, Cheshire cheeses, Dutch cheeses, and globe mirrors—appear larger or smaller in proportion to their distance from the eye, a fact of which nobody who has not studied drawing seems to have any distinct idea. People think that a plate two yards from them, and a plate the same size at three yards, have the same apparent dimensions. The distance, therefore, must be fixed. When you try to fix it, a general audience will agree very readily to the proposition that the plate shall be a person's own plate at a dinner-table. For a very tall man, sitting very straight, this distance is twenty-two inches; but it is much less for little men and ladies. However, you will find any quantity of people who will readily assent to the proposition that the apparent size of the moon is that of a plate at less than twenty-two inches.

There are several ways of proving what the apparent size of the moon, or any other distant object, really is. The scientific method will be most satisfactory to some minds; but it is dangerous to use such an argument in general society, as it irritates people, and makes them think you a didactic bore; whilst, instead of paying attention to the argument, they will give the whole force of their minds to a strong disapproval of your disagreeableness. But if you are arguing with a man who knows a little mathematics, he will feel rather flattered by an appeal to his superior knowledge, and listen better than he would to a more popular kind of proof. He already knows what minutes and degrees are. Well, the apparent diameter of the moon is thirty-one minutes, which, in a circle with a radius of twenty-two inches, gives a diameter of one-fifth of an inch; so that a circle with a diameter of one-fifth of an inch, seen at a distance of twenty-two inches, represents the apparent diameter of the moon as seen from the earth. But the diameter of an ordinary dinner-plate is over nine inches. The difference between the two in superficial measure is something considerable. The account stands thus in superficial tenths of an inch: apparent area of the moon, 3·14; area of the plate, 6361·74. In other words, the popular belief that the apparent diameter of the moon equals that of a dinner-plate is an exaggeration by more than two thousand times, or we may say that it would take two

thousand such discs as our moon presents to form a disc as large as that which popular imagination sees. The other exaggeration, which compares the moon to a Cheshire cheese, is, of course, much more prodigious.

In arguing with people who are inaccessible to mathematical demonstrations we have other resources. We can say, 'The moon does not appear as large as a plate held in the hand; it is only as big as a pea held in the hand. Try the experiment. Put a good-sized pea on a needle's point, and hold it between you and the full moon, at a distance of twenty-two inches. The pea will eclipse the planet.' Or else we may say, 'Go to the window, and having provided yourself with a little opaque colour in a small brush, put your eye at a distance of twenty-two inches from the pane of glass, when the moon is on the other side of it, and make a disc on the glass of the same size as her disc. You will find its diameter to be about one-fifth of an inch.'

The same illusion which exists with respect to the moon exists with reference to all distant objects whatever, but in minor degrees. Here is an example, which any one living in a town may verify for himself at once. What is the apparent width of a window—a good drawing-room window, let us say—on the opposite side of the street? It is understood that the window is to be compared with a thing held in the hand. Does it look as wide as a folio volume? Does it look as wide as a quarto like the PORTFOLIO? Most people will answer at once, 'Yes, certainly; or, rather, it looks much wider.' Now, the real apparent width of a handsome window, seen across a good London street, is about the width of a fourpenny-piece held in the hand, as any one may easily verify by holding the coin between his finger and thumb. It will eclipse the window as to its diameter. In a narrower street the windows opposite may have the apparent diameter of sixpences.

Now, if we apply the experience thus acquired to something that we have never measured, we may guess pretty accurately what its apparent size will be. What, for example, will be the apparent size of the Victoria Tower and the Clock Tower at Westminster, seen from Lambeth Palace? I have never measured them, but will hazard a guess, which the reader may verify for himself when the opportunity offers. It seems to me very probable that the Victoria Tower will be about the apparent size of the spectator's thumb, and the Clock Tower about the size of his little finger, supposing the spectator to be a man of ordinary stature and strength.

When the reader has accustomed himself to recognise the extreme apparent smallness of distant objects, he will be prepared to enter into the consideration of another very curious question, What is the size of life? We are sometimes told that in a picture the figures are life-size. What is meant by this?

I understand quite clearly what is meant by saying that a statue is life-size. People mean that if the man's body is six feet long altogether, and the girth of the chest forty inches, the same measurements apply to the statue. But about life-size in painting and drawing there are some questions to ask which have always seemed to me exceedingly embarrassing.

First, is the painting to have any perspective? Let us, to begin with, take the portrait of a man seen in front. If the nose is life-size, are the ears? They will be less in proportion than the nose, being more distant, so that either the nose must be bigger than the size of life or else the ears must be less. If the face is what is called a three-quarters face, then the eye farthest from the spectator will be less than life, or else that nearer to him will be larger. So with the two hands, &c. And now suppose that you have several figures, some more remote than others; are the figures in the background life-size also?

If the true answer to these questions is that life-size means the exact apparent size of objects, as they would be projected naturally on the plane of the picture, then we shall be driven to some very new conclusions, which I propose to indicate briefly in this place.

A distinguished Royal Academician asked me to see a portrait of himself by another eminent Academician. What did I think of the portrait? 'That it was a good likeness,' I

answered, 'and a good picture; but why had the artist painted it so much larger than life?' On this the original of the portrait invited me to measure his head, and the measurements of the features turned out to be exactly identical with the measurements of the painted face; but I still maintained that the portrait was larger than life, and with good reason. Every one who is acquainted with drawing knows what is meant by the plane of the picture. Suppose a sheet of plate-glass erected at a certain distance from the spectator, the objects to be delineated being at the other side of the plate-glass, and, of course, not touching it; then, if their outlines were drawn upon the glass, just where they appear through it, you have, in a roughly accurate way, the objects on the plane of the picture. The picture-frame answers to the frame of the imaginary plate-glass, and a true life-size portrait of a man is a portrait representing him as he would appear if seated behind the empty picture-frame and seen through it in place of the picture. In other words, a life-size portrait is not one of the man's actual size, but of his *apparent* size, as he appears when placed at a convenient distance for being seen.

It is impossible to escape this conclusion without eliminating perspective altogether, and without perspective, or with what engineers call 'isometric perspective,' there could be no likeness. Then a distance of some sort must be fixed. It must be a sufficient distance for the whole man to be seen without what is called 'exaggerated perspective.' For example, as a *reductio ad absurdum*, I may say that a distance of one inch from the man's face would be insufficient: then, if so, what is the sufficient distance? It is generally accepted as the distance which allows of the sitter's easy arrangement of his person behind the plane of the picture. Hence, if the painted forehead has the same measurement as the real head of the sitter, it represents a larger head than his.

But if once, in painting, we admit, as I think we are compelled to do, that life-size, critically understood, must signify the apparent size of the actual object at the distance represented, then a drawing of the moon in which the planet is represented with a disc one-fifth of an inch in diameter is a life-size representation of the planet. If this is so, it must follow that most landscape-painters represent the moon on a scale that is simply colossal. Even in such small engravings as Turner's series of the Rivers of France the moon has several times the area of her apparent size in nature.

The general illusion concerning the size of distant objects is shared to some extent by artists also, and most excusably, as their business is not to give scientific facts, but only impressions. This illusion is a part of human life due to daily experience, which instead of destroying the illusion has a strong tendency to confirm it. An object seems to us the same size a yard off and ten yards off, because we at once know what the *actual* size is, and our mind refers to that. People only feel diminution by distance under extraordinary circumstances. For example: nobody ever exclaims on seeing a man a hundred and fifty yards off, 'How very small he looks!' but take any one to the top of St. Paul's, and he will be sure to exclaim how little the people appear in the street below him. So in 'King Lear' (Act iv. Scene vi.), where Edgar encourages Gloucester to leap from the imaginary precipice, the speaker insists upon the apparent smallness of objects, though no character in Shakespeare ever speaks in any surprise of apparent diminution by the same short distance on a level.

> 'The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark
> Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight.'

In Mr. Rossetti's poem of 'The Blessed Damozel,' she looks *down* from heaven, and the moon appears little to her because she is looking down,—

> 'The sun was gone now; the curled moon
> Was like a little feather
> Fluttering far down the gulf.'

The truth is, that in looking down from balconies and high places we recover, in a great measure, the accurate appreciation of the apparent size of objects; and if we could see the moon 240,000 miles below us it is probable enough that we should be much surprised by her smallness.

The practical bearing of these investigations upon painting and drawing is to reduce the tendency to needless exaggeration, and yet to make us indulgent to the exaggeration which is necessary to truth of impression. The finest landscape draughtsmen make distant objects smaller than the more vulgar designers, as the student will observe in the minute and loving work of many exquisite bits of distance by great men; but on the other hand there is an exaggeration common to all artists, even the best, which is quite permissible and right in the fine arts. It would be foolish and unpractical to paint the moon's disc the size of a pea, and it would be equally foolish for an architectural painter to consider himself bound down to the *apparent* size of the towers he may choose to represent. I have spoken elsewhere about exaggeration in the drawing of mountains, and it is needless to say anything about them specially here, because they create just the same illusions as other distant objects; but the popular errors about the apparent shapes of mountains teach us one thing that is interesting, namely, that the mind exaggerates height more readily than breadth. Every mountain is believed to look higher than its true apparent form would warrant, and all its lines are believed to be steeper than a strictly accurate drawing would show them to be. Here again artists are excusable in sharing, to some extent, the general illusion, and in acting upon it; but when by chance an artist sees more accurately than his rivals, it is well that his critics should know the truth about these matters, and defend him for his conformity to the truth, at least by the simple acknowledgment that he has not worked in ignorance.

P. G. Hamerton.

with painting upon his own pictures but sometimes daubed over the works of other artists. Then there were bursts of indignation, but the saucy monkey always contrived to get forgiven on account of his thousand tricks and farces, and to get the laugh on his own side.

There were several studios for painters in the same house, which, moreover, was near the Luxembourg, a quarter where artists congregate in great numbers. As groups of painters are always formed by a sympathy in tendencies, the friends of M. Gérôme were generally little inclined towards realistic innovations. There had been some noise made about some large pictures by M. Gustave Courbet, which, not without merit, somewhat resembled caricatures, and certain theorists exalted very loudly the manner of the painter. Naturally, a different opinion prevailed amongst M. Gérôme's friends, and this led to the representation of a parody *de circonstance* acted in the studio, and in which a certain *Realista* exposes his doctrine in these words :—

'Faire vrai, ce n'est rien pour être réaliste :
C'est faire laid qu'il faut ! or, Monsieur, s'il vous plait,
Tout ce que je dessine est horriblement laid !
Ma peinture est affreuse, et pour qu'elle soit vraie,
J'en arrache le beau comme on fait de l'ivraie !
J'aime les teints terreux et les nez de carton,
Les fillettes avec de la barbe au menton,
Les trognes de tarasque et de coquesigrues,
Les durillons, les cors aux pieds et les verrues !
Voilà le vrai.'

This criticism of realistic doctrines might be somewhat sharp, but it was an answer to the sarcasms continually thrown from the opposite camp upon the artists who habitually drew their subjects from antiquity. And then M. Gérôme has not always painted the ancients, and the scenes of modern history have also found in him an interpreter. As usual, he does not care much for general facts, and seeks after episodes rather than events. If he deals with the middle ages, he will show Louis XI. visiting Cardinal de la Balue in the iron cage, where he remained for eleven years. The dramatic *mise en scène* adopted by the painter recalls the learned arrangements of his master, Paul Delaroche. The place is awful with its damp and chilly vault, its massive stairs, under which is placed the heavy cage confining the prisoner, to whom the King of France pays his mocking visit.

In the seventeenth century, M. Gérôme is particularly attracted by the physiognomy of courtiers. He shows their astonishment when Louis XIV. invites to his table the actor Molière; a signal distinction that they had dreamed of obtaining for themselves, as the reward of their adulation. When he paints *l'Eminence grise* slowly descending the palace stairs, it is the humility of the courtiers which strikes him. He delights to render all the shades of obsequiousness in these exalted personages of the French court who are attempting, by their salutations, to draw upon themselves the eyes of the simple priest who passes by, indifferent and reading his breviary; but this priest possesses the confidence of the terrible and all-powerful Cardinal de Richelieu. It has been said of this picture that it bordered on caricature, and it is true that the artist saw the scene on its burlesque side; but the subject lent itself to this kind of interpretation, and M. Gérôme has given sufficient proof of his dramatic talent to be allowed to indulge in an occasional comic note. He did the same thing in his *Frédéric le Grand:* it is not the clever politician or the founder of the Prussian monarchy that he wishes to represent. He has ransacked the familiar side of private life, and has shown the hero's little weaknesses. It is well known that Frederick made pretension to musical talent. The artist takes him as he comes back from hunting, and, covered with mud, begins performing upon the flute, without wasting time in changing his clothes. His dogs, still breathless, surround him, whilst a bust of Voltaire seems to look upon the scene with a sarcastic smile.

M. Gérôme has no prejudices, and, when it is necessary, renders modern costume without being repulsed by its anti-picturesqueness. In *La Mort du Maréchal Ney*, whose body, stretched

in the mud under a wall, is left there by the platoon of soldiers who have just shot him, the hat which has rolled away adds to the dreadful impression of the scene by the reality and actuality it gives to the subject. It was the artist's intention to paint, as a pendant to this picture, *La Mort du Duc d'Enghien*, and it is to be regretted that this project was not realised; it would have deprived the first picture of the political meaning assigned to it by a portion of the French press.

Of all the pictures of contemporary life painted by the artist, none is so popular as *Le Duel au sortir d'un Bal masqué.* The drama is pathetic, the composition easy to understand, and these are qualities always appreciated by the public. A quarrel has occurred during the ball, and, without taking time to change their costumes, the dancers have come on the ground. *Pierrot* has received a death-wound and falls into *Crispin's* arms. Whilst the *Chinois* and *Domino* come to the aid of their unlucky friend, *l'Osage*, who has killed *Pierrot*, throws away his rapier, and one of his seconds hurries him towards the carriages. Snow has fallen during the night, and the trees of the wood, all bare and leafless, present a mournful aspect in perfect harmony with the subject. This picture has been the more noticed on account of the scarcity of scenes taken from French or contemporary life to be found in the works of the painter.

It is not only with the help of his library or of his great archæological knowledge that M. Gérôme composes his pictures. He is essentially a traveller, and, it might be said, a cosmopolitan. His Italian pifferaro and his Russian musicians—the latter painted after a voyage on the Danube—show the versatility of his talent. 'His musicians,' M. About says, 'are of exquisite ugliness. Their big clumsy heads would do honour to an animal painter; their backs, familiar with the knout, bend submissively under the grey cloaks; they blow, they scrape, they sing, as if they had nothing to do with art, or glory, or anything in this world—their only care is not to produce the false note which would bring on them a shower of blows. The muse who inspires them is a band-corporal, walking at a little distance with a loaded whip in his hand.' This squad of Russian soldiers amusing themselves *par ordre* is certainly one of the happiest compositions of the painter. Their Tartar-type is very characteristic; the barrenness of the soil, the dreariness of the sky, and the uniform grey colour of the cloaks, combine in producing the striking impression left by this picture.

It is from Egypt that M. Gérôme has drawn the greater part of his picturesque inspirations. Sometimes attractive, sometimes repulsive, but always instructive, he shows the East under all its different aspects. 'Look at this boat slowly gliding on the Nile: the weather is fine, the sky pure, the water calm, and everything in nature invites to soft dreaming. Still in this boat, rowed in cadence by two vigorous Africans, a drama is being acted. A man is there laid athwart with his feet and hands closely tied: it is *le Prisonnier*; some village mayor who has not paid the taxes, and who is going to be beaten to death unless he is ready to pay twenty times over what he owes.' And whilst the wretch is thinking of what awaits him, a mocking and pitiless Arnaut bends towards him and sings some ironical couplets, accompanied by the Oriental guitar.

The artist is fond of these contrasts: in the *Porte d'une Mosquée* at the Universal Exhibition of 1867, the total unconcern of the soldier guarding the human heads heaped up by Turkish cruelty is certainly hideous; those Beys who have just been beheaded through some caprice of their master do not disturb him in the least, and he keeps his guard with the sinister tranquillity of one accustomed to such sights. Although M. Gérôme has a great taste for dramatic subjects, the East has revealed to him other things besides capital executions. Nothing escapes him in the customs of the country that he studies. Let us take a walk in the streets of Cairo: here is a *marchand ambulant*, carrying a long Arab gun, an old Moorish helmet, and rags of all colours, and loudly advertising his goods in a narrow street, encumbered by lazy groups of people and dogs in quest of something to eat. If the old clothes do not tempt you, you will find in M. Gérôme's pictures another sort of merchandize, and he will exhibit before you his *Marché d'Esclaves*. You will see there some young girls to be sold; and it

appears that cheating is possible even in this kind of business, since the merchant thinks it necessary to prove the good qualities of his merchandize by allowing an old sheik to examine it at leisure, and to inspect the teeth with as much gravity as if it were a valuable horse.

Do you wish now to learn how they recruit these undisciplined troops, so useless on the fields of battle, but so picturesque as to be always the delight of artists? These bronzed Africans, whose hands are held in a piece of wood which keeps two of them together, have been taken away from their fields, and the precautions against their escape prove that more reliance is placed upon violence than upon patriotism to turn them into soldiers. Still it is likely that they will get accustomed to the new profession imposed upon them, for in another picture we see two Arnauts whose game seems to interest them deeply.

Are you curious to learn what are the agricultural processes employed in the land of the Pharaohs? M. Gérôme will show us *Le Hache-paille Egyptien:* under a blinding sun, a rough cart with metal wheels, and drawn by buffaloes, is driven round upon a circle of golden sheaves. The driver, gravely seated on the cart, has all the hieratic grandeur of an ancient Theban picture. His method is no doubt the same as that used in the time of Sesostris, and, like his mummy-ancestors, he is unconscious of the march of centuries and of the transformations they have wrought in everything.

M. Gérôme has visited Egypt several times, and has even penetrated as far as Arabia Petræa: the East is familiar to him, and he renders the types of the country with peculiar skill, as may be seen from our engraving, which is taken from a picture entirely unknown at present, as it has not yet been exhibited, or reproduced in any way. It represents a young Egyptian walking in a garden of exotic plants. Some richly-ornamented arms are visible in his broad belt, and he is as proud of them as of the superb dogs which surround him; his African features, broad lips, and dark complexion, rendered still darker by the white cloth around his head: the cactuses and strange vegetation, the palms to which he is going for a little coolness, all contribute to give to the picture a curious and truthful expression.

M. Gérôme has attempted heroic painting with his *Apothéose d'Auguste,* in the Universal Exhibition of 1855, but this immense picture did not meet with the degree of success anticipated by the artist. He has also decorated some chapels for the Church of St. Séverin, in Paris; still, amongst his decorative works, the best because it was the one most in sympathy with his artistic temperament, is the frieze which was designed by him, and reproduced upon a vase commemorative of the London Exhibition. This composition, specially executed for Sèvres, shows another side of M. Gérôme's talent. Here is no drama, no ingeniously-developed incident to move the spectator: it is simply a decoration, and the qualities which distinguish it belong to the very essence of painting. Concord, having by her side Abundance and Justice, occupies the centre of the composition, and each figure is personified by her attributes. To the right and left the invited nations bring their different products. On one side are England, Russia, the United States, and China; on the other, France, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Turkey. Each people is represented by a group of figures bearing the emblems of their ideas or of their industry; as, for instance, in the United States, a colonist with a gun slung upon his shoulder and a hatchet in his hand represents the clearing of ground for cultivation, &c.

Criticism, sometimes harsh when it deals with M. Gérôme, reproaches him with the frequently metallic quality of his flesh-tints and the crudity of tone which spoils the harmony of his pictures. But if the public welcomes his works with such marked sympathy, in spite of the strictures of the press, it is because it sees in them qualities essentially French: clearness in composition, ingenuity in arrangement, taste in costume, and precision in workmanship. It has been said of M. Gérôme, 'Ce n'est pas un peintre, c'est un homme d'esprit qui peint.' It would be more just to say, he is an intelligent, fertile, and versatile painter, in whom the faculty of invention takes precedence of all his other qualities.

RENÉ MÉNARD.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

WILLIAM WYLD.*—Mr. Wyld has worked much, both in oil and water-colour, and his practice is one of the most perfect examples, amongst the work of modern artists, of what may be called a tentative method of painting. Some readers may remember a striking sentence by Samuel Palmer about Claude's execution, which was quoted with approbation in 'Etching and Etchers:'—'His execution is of that highest kind which has no independent essence, but lingers and hesitates with the thought, and is lost and found in a bewilderment of intricate beauty.' The best execution, according to this view, is tentative, and submissively waits whilst the mind seeks, always humbly following and endeavouring to obey, never hurrying the executive processes till they get ahead of the perceptive and inventive processes. It is not, however, any part of our present plan to weigh the relative merits of different orders of execution, but simply to describe them faithfully, and show in what they differ from each other. Each is best for the artist who practises it successfully, and the variety of means employed, and of qualities aimed at, so far from being a deplorable kind of anarchy, as some have wrongly thought, is in fact one of the great causes which make the fine arts interesting. If all artists painted exactly in the same way, a gallery of pictures would be most monotonous.

Believing, then, that this variety is in itself a good thing, we shall not hesitate to point out the most striking differences in the practice of painters whose methods are well known to us. We have mentioned with warm approbation Mr. Calderon's method of work, one of the most decided amongst the modern schools. Mr. Wyld's method is strongly opposed to Mr. Calderon's, and yet the results are indisputably valuable in both cases. The great technical aim of the English Academician is freshness of touch, and in order to preserve this he is most careful not to disturb the brushwork which is to remain visible. Mr. Wyld, on the other hand, seems to care much less for freshness of touch than for certain other qualities, so that he hardly ever leaves brushwork undisturbed, but blends it on, labours upon it in various ways to attain texture, and in his work you hardly ever see the last painting only, but you see at the same time the mingled effects of previous paintings, perhaps of eight or nine previous paintings, all of which are conducive to the rich and various texture presented by the completed work.

Mr. Wyld likes to have a rather thinly-primed canvas, with the texture sufficiently coarse for a good grip of the colour; and of late years, as a precautionary measure, he has always laid a good coat of pure flake-white all over the sky, and let it dry well before he began to paint in colour. By this means he insures the luminous quality of the future sky, and satisfies himself that it will not turn dark, at least from the effect of the ground, which, as we have already had occasion to observe, always shows through more and more as time goes on. Mr. Wyld's palette is extensive, and he is always ready to admit any colour that may prove useful, provided only that he is satisfied it will do no harm to the others. In his opinion, the fancy for painting with few pigments is a mistake, because it adds needlessly to the difficulties by curtailing the resources of the artist. He uses hardly any vehicle at all, painting with the colours simply as they come out of the tube; but, when '*absolutely* necessary,' he will take the smallest possible quantity of clarified linseed oil, or (in darks) of copal-oil varnish. Mr. Wyld believes all vehicles to be dangerous, either from their tendency to blacken or their liability to crack.

In water-colours he uses Chinese White, and of late years has mixed a little of it

* Though of English birth, Mr. Wyld belongs to the French school, having always exhibited with it, except a small proportion of his works in water-colour, which have appeared in the gallery of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, of which he is a member. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon III. after the Universal Exhibition of 1855, and has also been elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam.

with most of his tones, to neutralize them slightly and give air. This, however, is done in great moderation, and although the quality thus aimed at is in some degree like the quality of body-colour, it is so in a very limited degree; indeed, the presence of the Chinese White would scarcely be suspected, although its influence in atmosphere is felt. It is especially useful with Cobalt. Mr. Wyld mixes all his tints as they come easiest to hand, and with the brush, never troubling himself about any methodical arrangement, and working in perfect unconsciousness of *how* the tone is got, or with what materials. The only colours which he keeps apart whilst working in a state of purity are yellow ochre and cobalt, 'two contending principles, and modifications of red and green, which the *slightest* addition will change them to;' all the rest of the box and palette is always in a dim grey-russet muddle (the word seems irreverential, but is the artist's own), and out of this general muddle or confusion of tertiary tints Mr. Wyld gets all his most delicate greys and finest neutral masses. The tints, which are quite really and truly dirt upon the palette, and unworthy of any higher title, become pure and powerful colour when set in their places in the picture: such is the magical effect of neighbourhood upon hues.

Mr. Wyld finds cobalt indispensable in his own practice, but as for French Ultramarine, he does not simply dislike it—he 'loathes it.' He uses Prussian Blue in greens, and indigo also. He finds Indian Yellow quite sound—at least, that it has stood forty years in his own drawings without giving way, and 'nothing replaces its brilliancy.' He uses the Siennas; but a pigment which he values very particularly is Ultramarine Ash, for atmospheric greys.

Whether in water-colour or oil, Mr. Wyld disturbs the surface of his colour a great deal, principally with the rag. In oil he scrapes much with the razor, and paints into the surface so obtained, sometimes concealing it beneath massive impasto, but more frequently allowing the work already done to have a visible effect as part of the general variety. When a picture is considerably advanced he paints a good deal in thin opaque tints (scumbles), but does not glaze much with perfectly transparent tints. His tentative manner of work almost excludes everything of the nature of definition and finality until the very last. The picture comes gradually into definition out of a chaos of mystery, and through numberless changes. The artist's imagination plays with every portion of the material, but always with reference to every other portion; and as nothing is fixed or decided till all is complete, it is an incessant process of correction, substitution, development, through which the artist passes almost unconsciously, and certainly without anything like a programme, until at last the sought-for unity is found and the picture exists. He proceeds always from mass to detail, never beginning by a detail; and from larger masses to smaller ones. He maintains that the most beautiful and graceful forms are to be got by refining upon masses, and eliminating from them what is not essential.

Mr. Wyld has a great liking for material substance in oil-painting, and a corresponding dislike to thin and meagre painting. He enjoys the *pleine pâte* of the modern French school, and works in it very willingly.

DECAMPS and TROYON.—With reference to these artists, Mr. Wyld communicates a note which we are glad to publish:—

'I believe that neither of those two had any fixed plan, any preconceived intention, of *how* he should work out a picture. I have seen works of theirs in all their stages, from a first outline to the last touches, and no two have ever appeared to me to be begun in the same way, or worked out by similar means. Some are begun by a thick impasto, as if laid on with a trowel, others by a slight glazing—seeking for an effect by merely transparent colour—the canvas acting as white. They varied in this way their processes *ad infinitum*.'

DAVID COX.—The following scrap about Cox is also well worth preserving:—

'He used to say, "Play with cobalt and light red;" and I believe those elements, combined with Indian ink and gamboge, made his most delicate greys.'

WILLY LOTT'S HOUSE.

THIS etching by Mr. Chattock is taken from a very characteristic sketch in colour by Constable. Mr. Chattock's task would not have been more difficult had the original sketch been definite in drawing, but much easier. His endeavour has been to render the spirit of the original sketch, without adding anything to such form as he found in it, which, as the reader will perceive, is not much. West gave Constable a piece of advice in his youth, which was ever after remembered and acted upon: 'Always remember, Sir, that light and shadow *never stand still.*' It thus became one of Constable's main purposes to make people feel the motion of cloud-shadows and gleams of light stealing upon objects and brightening before we are quite aware of it. This sketch appears to have been made with no other intention. Leslie thus describes the subject of it:—

'The little farm-house, which in the last letter is called *Willy Lott's House*, is situated on the edge of the river, close to Flatford Mill. It is a principal object in many of Constable's pictures, but the most exact view of it occurs in the one engraved for "The English Landscape," with the title of *A Mill Stream*, and is taken from the front of the mill, the wheel of which occasions the ripple seen on the surface of the water. Willy Lott, its possessor, was born in it, and, it is said, has passed more than eighty years without having spent four whole days away from it.'

ETTY.

THE reader, in this age of communication, has probably visited the dignified old capital of Yorkshire, made the curious and interesting circuit of the mediæval walls, passed under the great 'bars' or gates, and admired the famous Minster; but did the reader ever, whilst studying these remains of the second mediæval city in the kingdom, give a thought to a child that was born there in quite recent times, and who returned there in mature manhood to die, after having become a famous painter in the capital? I humbly confess, that during several visits to York I never once thought of William Etty; and yet he loved the city with a proud, affectionate sense of citizenship, which never left him. There must be a reason for this, of course, as there is for everything. Nobody could go to Melrose without thinking of Scott, to Rydal without thinking of Wordsworth, to Weimar without thinking of Goethe; and even in the case of much less celebrated people the sight of the place where they were born and died has a decided tendency to refresh our memory about them, and induce us to learn more than we knew before. In these cases there is, however, some stronger association of ideas than the mere facts of death and birth. The local hero has belonged to the locality by his life and work, as well as by the accident of being born there. It is very possible that a cultivated Englishman might not think of Gibbon at Putney, where he was born; but it is impossible for him to forget Gibbon at Lausanne, where he pursued his most profitable studies and wrote his most important work. The artistic connexion between Etty and York is untraceable. He had a passionate admiration for York Minster, but its architecture had no influence on his painting, nor was there any visible influence of the surrounding landscape upon his art. We may go even farther than that, and say that although Etty was a figure-painter, the life of the men and women he had known in Yorkshire does not appear to have interested him in any picturesque aspect. Thus there is no land of Etty as there is a land of Scott, a land of Burns, or, as in connexion with painting, there is a land of Constable; and there is no special reason why we should be more reminded of him at

York than at Manchester: indeed we are more likely to think of him at the Lancashire town, on account of the large picture possessed by the Royal Institution there.

William Etty was born in York on the 10th of March, 1787, the house being No. 20 Feasegate. This house was still standing in 1855, but I do not know whether it has been preserved since then, and (having always forgotten all about Etty when in York) am not able to describe it. All we know is, that Etty's birthplace was not one of the now rare mediæval houses; it belonged to the eighteenth century, like his father and mother. During the painter's infancy Feasegate was a good street for business, and his parents carried on an active trade in gingerbread. His father was a miller, and his mother managed the shop-keeping part of their trade. She worked hard, taking her full share of those labours and duties which are laid upon a poor couple with a large family. There is a little romance about her history, which may be told even in a brief biography of this kind. Her father, William Calverley, was a ropemaker at the village of Hayton, near York, but he was a distant relative of the lady of the place, Mrs. Cutler, a widow, and daughter of a baronet, Sir Thomas Rudstone. Having quarrelled with her nephew, who was to have inherited the Hayton property, this lady looked out for another heir, and adopted the ropemaker's son, Etty's uncle, then a boy, who had been prudently christened Rudstone Calverley. Thus it came to pass that, although the artist was the son of a miller and dealer in gingerbread, he was the nephew of the Squire of Hayton; but this near relationship to gentility was never of the least use to him in life. His mother offended the Squire of Hayton by her plebeian marriage, for he judged things from the point of view of his present rather than his original rank in life; he had taken the surname of Rudstone after his own; was now Rudstone Calverley Rudstone; had had time to get accustomed to his new position, and was not unnaturally angry that his sister, instead of helping him by some social ambition of her own, should be a hindrance to him by the choice of a much lower condition. In these cases the feeling of biographers and their readers is almost always against the aristocrat, but it is only fair to consider that he incurs a definite injury when a near relation chooses to make a marriage which, in a worldly sense, is degrading, and that he may fairly be allowed to defend himself, so far as circumstances will permit, by the negative measure of refusing to receive the relations which the objectionable marriage entails upon him against his will. Mr. Rudstone went rather too far in dismissing his sister's husband from the mill which he occupied under him, as a punishment for his marriage, but he had a fair right to decide for himself whether he would invite the miller to his own house or not. In some respects, perhaps, it may have been unfortunate for Etty that his relationship with the Squire should not have been acknowledged; it might have been a help to him in his artistic career, but it might also, very possibly, have been a hindrance. The intense prejudice against the pursuit of fine art which existed at that time in the aristocracy would probably be shared to the full by one newly admitted into the class, so that Etty might have been dissuaded from adopting art as a profession. However this might have turned out, the aristocratic connexion was for Etty exactly as if it had never existed; and always remained so, for neither he nor his brothers ever claimed relationship with their genteel cousins. He made his way in life, not by unaided effort, but by efforts which, as we shall see, were quite independent of any assistance from the Hayton family.

Etty's mother had ten children, five of whom died in infancy. His uncle William had a talent for drawing in pen and ink, and Etty believed that he would have become an excellent engraver had he passed through the necessary course of study. Our hero himself showed the usual early tendency to draw—not that this proves much, for all boys draw for their amusement: the question is, Will their love of drawing resist the irksomeness of real study? Etty did not receive much literary education, and this was certainly a misfortune for him, even as an artist, for a more cultivated mind would have directed his artistic energies to better purposes. He was a shy boy, and not good-looking, and the little education he

got was ended before he was twelve years old. For two years he was a boarder at Pocklington, near Hayton, and after that was sent to Hull, as apprentice to a printer, where for seven years he led a life of perfect slavery, not having even the Sundays for rest.

This Hull apprenticeship is one of the most important times in Etty's experience of life. It is sharply severed from the two other happier times of childhood and manhood, and divides them as the night divides day from day. In thinking of this career, in some respects (as I have already hinted) an unsatisfying career, we must always remember that during those very years when he ought to have been acquiring culture, and when he could have assimilated it with least effort had he been better situated, the future artist was kept from morning till night to the drudgery of putting types together for the 'Hull Packet,' or to more servile work in the house. It was perhaps rather in Etty's favour that his trade induced him to read, whatever may have been his choice of literature, for during his apprenticeship he spent his rare hours of leisure in reading and drawing. It is even possible that the printing may have led more directly to painting than another occupation would have done. He became aware that there was such an art as painting, and that there were men living who pursued it. Very likely all printers' compositors know this, for the work they have to do is sure to reveal to them the existence of art and artists, even if they labour on the humblest provincial newspaper. Etty might therefore have been less favourably, as he might have been more favourably, situated. He might have been employed on some farm near Hayton, or even within a mile or two of York, and have remained in the condition of the agricultural population, to whom the world of art is as much unknown as the inhabitants of another planet. At Hull he read about painters and saw prints in the shop-windows, already a beginning of artistic education; and besides this, he made rude attempts of his own. Yet so small was his natural faculty for enjoying paintable things round about him, that his residence at Hull seems to have left no artistic impression derived from surrounding objects. In later life he spoke of Hull as a place 'memorable for mud and train-oil.' Certainly the town itself is not beautiful, but the expanse of the Humber, and the various kinds of shipping to be seen upon it, offer in themselves quite as good an artistic education as that enjoyed by the most eminent Dutch marine-painters; whilst within a very few miles of Hull, at such places as Welton, for example, there is most lovely scenery of rather a quiet kind, scenery which would in itself have supplied ample material for the education of a great English landscape-painter.

His apprenticeship ended in October, 1805, and ever afterwards he kept the day, the twenty-third of the month, as the 'anniversary of emancipation from slavery.' An apprentice bound to a trade which he does not intend to pursue in after life can never be happy, and must always look to the day of his deliverance as the day of emancipation; but few such apprentices have looked forward to that day with such intensity of longing as Etty did, and perhaps there never was another who kept the sensation of deliverance so fresh and ever present in his memory. There is often compensation where it is least observed by the ordinary looker-on; there are even compensations of which those who benefit by them are scarcely conscious. Etty had a hard time of it as an apprentice, but those years of 'slavery' gave him a sense of liberty in after life which is very rarely felt by mature men, whether they have to earn a living, in which case they feel the bondage, or are independent in fortune, when they are too much accustomed to liberty to feel the delight of it. Once rid of his compositor's apron, which he would not take with him to London, Etty went through life with the feelings of a schoolboy in the first fortnight of the holidays—a happiness well worth paying for, especially as the payment had been made *before* the pleasure, and therefore could not spoil it by the apprehension of a penalty to be exacted afterwards. He had also a certain severe and noble satisfaction in looking back upon the hard years of his apprenticeship; he could think with self-respect, and did so quite consciously all his life, that those years had been endured without the slightest breach of duty on his part: he had borne the burden,

heavy as it was, with fortitude and patience. Etty had an honourable pride in the performance of duty, and always preserved his master's testimonial along with his diplomas.

The future artist's father had a brother in London, a gold-lace merchant, to whom he wrote with requests for help in the pursuit of painting. It is worth noting that Etty worked at his first profession for three weeks as a journeyman, whilst awaiting an answer to his letters. The answer came at last, inviting him to his uncle's house to stay a few months as a visitor. Then began the long and beautiful history of Etty's dependence upon friends and relations. It would be difficult to find in the lives of those who have at any time been dependent upon others a more charming example of steady and persistent giving of help, united to quiet dignity in its acceptance. He had now three friends willing and able to assist him, both with money and the encouragement of unfailing kindness—his uncle Etty, the gold-lace merchant; his uncle's partner, Mr. Bodley; and his brother Walter. These three protected him, gave him peace and affection, enabled him to live in London and pursue his studies. Neither the Squire of Hayton nor the King of England could have done anything better for him just then.

Etty's artistic education is of course an especially interesting subject to us who care for art. He began alone, drawing from prints or objects, including plaster-casts, which he went to copy in a shop kept by an Italian, Gianelli. Towards the end of the year 1806 he made a drawing of Cupid and Psyche from the antique, which was shown to Opie. Opie sent Etty to Fuseli, who admitted him as an Academy student. The young artist's career as a student began in the middle of January, 1807, and may be quite truly said to have ended only with the decline of his health at the close of his artistic life. The history of English art does not offer another example of such persistent studentship. On the second of July in the same year occurred another event of considerable importance in the artist's history. His uncle, the gold-lace merchant, paid Sir Thomas Lawrence a hundred guineas to take Etty as a pupil for one year. The pupil had liberty to work in his master's house, copy his pictures, and ask advice. Nothing could have been more kindly intended than this arrangement on the part of Etty's uncle, who had gone to the most famous painter of the day as he would have taken a beloved patient to the most famous physician of the day: but the more fashionable a professional man is, the less time will he probably be able to bestow on either patient or pupil; and in art there is another thing to be considered, which is most difficult to discover beforehand—the natural sympathy of the pupil with his master's execution. Does such a sympathy exist, or does it not exist? If not, the apprenticeship will be of little use. If the execution of the master is of a kind which expresses an idiosyncrasy quite different from that of the pupil, the latter will have to do one of two things inevitably—either he must put on an execution which does not naturally belong to him, which does not express his ideas, or else he must resist and reject the master's influence, which is an increase of toil instead of an alleviation of it. The style of Lawrence could never, as we all easily see now, express the mind of Etty. Lawrence was a most skilful artist, manually; and his skill was just of the very kind which a young beginner cannot profitably emulate. Lawrence had the kind of light, free touch, which comes to clever artists after a very great deal of practice, but which nobody can ever really possess without the same practice which they have given. The attempt to get his results by copying, without going through his experience, would be sure to discourage a young artist, and Etty was profoundly discouraged; so profoundly, indeed, that he speaks of 'despondency' and 'despair.' He held on, however, with the determination which was a part of his character, strengthened, no doubt, in the present difficulty by a feeling of duty towards his uncle, and finally came to produce fairly accurate copies from Lawrence. The result of this part of his education was an increased technical facility, but nothing more; but it got him some employment in copies after his year's pupilage was over. Etty returned to his studies from the old masters and from nature, pursuing his education henceforth in his own way, and enjoying his recovered liberty.

P. G. Hamerton.

DRAWINGS BY ALBRECHT DÜRER IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE comparison of German and Italian art has an endless fascination for the student of style. The elements of contrast, and even of antagonism, are so many and so deep that we are left in wonder at the compass of a craft which can permit such varied and splendid achievement, and never is this wonder greater than in the presence of the work of Albrecht Dürer. If it had not been for Dürer, German art must have taken necessarily an inferior rank. The tremendous intellectual significance of his design seems suddenly to enlarge the limits of a style that otherwise could not compete with the more sublime system of Italy, and takes us at once to the consideration of the sources of an imaginative power, that cannot be doubted or denied.

It is remarkable that certain of Dürer's designs have come to rank among the established puzzles of art. The precise meaning of the artist has been found unfathomable, and no interpretation that has been offered has seemed quite to reach to the depth of the artist's purpose. Everything is imaged with faultless precision and unmistakable fidelity, and yet the work as a whole remains, and is likely to remain, mysterious. And one reason, at least, why the problem rests always larger than any suggested solution is that Dürer's art is altogether mysterious. When his intention is openly displayed, no less than when the thought is bound up in some secret way, there yet remains much that goes beyond the interpretation of the chosen subject. His touch of natural things has some strange influence, that gives them at once a new significance. Their reality perfectly and exactly reproduced in his art, takes, nevertheless, some added quality, that removes it from the reach of common experience. The ordinary world of grass and flowers grows strange and remote as it passes into the world of his art, and though no man's expressional power was ever more masterly or minute, no art was ever less like a mere copy of actual nature. And the strongest witness to this quality in Dürer's design is afforded by his drawings. Many of his engraved plates either illustrate themes of strong ideal influence or are enriched with deliberate symbolism, but the drawings that survive to us are often no more than simple studies of figure or landscape. They have not been executed with any conscious imaginative purpose, and yet we feel in the presence of very many of them that here, too, is something of the strange fascination that attracts us to the study of the *Melancolia*, or the *Knight and Death*.

In the Print Room at the British Museum is a large folio volume, marked on the outside with Dürer's monogram, and bearing the date 1637. It formed a part of the Sloane, and, earlier, of the Arundel, Collection, and is supposed, on imperfect authority, to have been at one time the property of one of Dürer's friends. Its interest for us now lies in the fact that it contains a highly valuable, but little known, series of Dürer's drawings. Next to the collection at the Albertina Gallery in Vienna this must take rank as the most important set of Dürer's drawings in existence, and it is only surprising that the biographers of the painter have not made greater use of its contents. Mr. W. B. Scott, in his 'Life

of Dürer,' enters into some examination of the volume, but it is deserving of more complete and systematic study. No one, I think, who has looked over all of the drawings, would venture to assert that all were by Dürer: there are several that bear the unmistakable impress of an Italian origin, and which belong to a later date; others, again, can only have been the work of pupils or imitators of the master's style, and their imitation has been often blundering and unskilful. But, putting aside examples of both kinds, we have left to us a very large number of drawings that bear the stamp of Dürer's genius. I do not propose here to attempt anything like a complete examination of these drawings, many of them of surpassing beauty and power, but merely to choose here and there examples that serve best to illustrate the dominant qualities of his work, or to mark its less familiar phases.

One of the most interesting parts of Dürer's art in its relation with the work of modern artists is his system of landscape. There are in this volume several very beautiful studies from nature, executed both in colour and with the pen. One of these studies is of the scene which the artist has introduced into his engraved design of the *Virgin with the Monkey*, but here it has the added grace and interest of colour. The artist has painted every part of the scene with the utmost finish and perfection, and has left a landscape that is minutely faithful in its imitation of the truth of nature, and at the same time profoundly impressive as a work in which the imagination has been constantly present. In studying its beauty, and in marking its absolute precision of workmanship, we encounter again the two qualities whose union gives to Dürer's art its extraordinary control over our spirits. In this simple scene, made up of commonest materials, all is familiar, and yet, by some magic of art, the familiar things seem distant and remote. By a thousand signs of patient labour we may know that the contact with nature is close and absolute; every minutest fact is stamped with individual existence; all the parts of the landscape—the wide expanse of idle water, the narrow house against the sunset sky, the rough banks with their image mirrored in the stream, and the old boat moored to the side—are revealed with the vivid and literal exactness only to be given by a witness keen to perceive all the delicate details of his subject, and strong to reproduce them in his work. Nevertheless, all these minute realities seem here to inhabit an ideal and distant world. They are brought near to us as the shape of a dream, but they escape all common touch and refuse all common sympathy. It is impossible to deny, it is impossible quite to explain, the source of the profound ideal significance of such a design. Here, no less than in the most difficult of his compositions, is hidden the secret of Dürer's power over nature, as well as of his dominion over our minds. Nothing is exaggerated or deliberately forced for an effect, and from one point of view the drawing seems no more than a literal copy of the materials spread out before the artist. But as we gaze longer, and look deeper, it takes a grandeur and solemnity of effect that is beyond the reach of mere literal imitation. Though no individual fact of nature is lost or changed, there is about the whole picture a profound sadness and desolation. The silent distance of quiet water looks as if it had never served any purpose but to mirror the sky above; the tufts of grass growing on the low, barren shores, with each blade sharply outlined, have the appearance of things not merely seen but stamped eternally in remembrance; and the few signs of human life, the lonely house and the deserted boat that lies upon its shadow in the stream, only strengthen the impression of remoteness and sadness, the look as of something seen long ago and minutely remembered.

It is pardonable to dwell here upon the spiritual effect of these landscape-paintings, because the element of splendid portraiture that is in them, the mere power of painting things as they are, and with a searching fidelity that nothing escapes, has been long ago an admitted quality of Dürer's art, and because the whole interest of the performance in a higher sense lies in the artist's ability to add something more to this strict record of fact. And further it is to be borne in mind, that the principles that give passion and beauty to this realistic landscape have a special

significance for us at the present time, when there is a new desire to paint the facts of scenery with exactness and truth. Our painters are once more striving for the intense vision of nature which is not content with the mere imitation of the dramatic movement of weather. They have begun to perceive that if landscape-painting is to have control over the imagination, the system of interpretation must go much deeper, and the painter must show to us not only the special colour and tone of a momentary effect of light or cloud, but also reveal to us the unchanging character of the scene that endures beneath these shifting changes of atmosphere. To accomplish this, and still to give room for the spiritual control of the painter, is the problem of greatest difficulty in landscape art. How the two things were secured by Dürer through the resources

of light and shade is familiar to all students of his engravings, and it is interesting to find the same relation maintained under the more trying conditions of colour. The technical method of the artist in the use of water-colour is to be seen to better advantage in a second unfinished sketch. This is a study of fir-trees surrounding a pool of stagnant water, that is darkened by the reflected colours of the sky. The foreground alone is complete as regards execution, and here we may trace the painter's delicate system of workmanship. Upon a ground of green the forms of the blades of grass are picked out in body-colour, and we note the same laborious process carried into the precise painting of the reeds that grow out of the water. Other parts of the drawing—the foliage of the fir-trees, and the mound of earth out of which they spring, are only filled in with even surfaces of colour; but both here, as well as in the treatment of the evening clouds, we may see how perfect was Dürer's instinct for the harmonious colouring of landscape. There are other landscape studies in the volume, and among them one, of the broken face of a cliff with sparse growth of vegetation on its crest, is specially remarkable for the fullness and patience of the execution. Each most subtle variety of tint in the different strata of the rock is repeated in Dürer's drawing.

It would be interesting to institute a comparison between Dürer's system of landscape and that of the Italian painter's, to contrast the German's unflinching realization of the whole of a scene with the Southern artist's liberty of selection, and to show how both by a sense of formal beauty gave to landscape a decorative value—to show also how Dürer gave something more. The modern feeling for nature as it appears later in Titian's work, with its more striking realization of atmospheric effect, is of a different kind to Dürer's profound and penetrating insight into natural beauty: new truths had been embraced and some older and deeper truths abandoned. All things considered, then, Dürer's was the most impressive landscape that had yet appeared; formal, yet not without spirit, and combining in the most potent way the minute record of actual fact with a sense of the imaginative influence of the particular scene, and even of the particular hour. But I must pass now to another side of Dürer's genius, amply illustrated by his drawings, and wherein the contrast with the contemporary art of Italy is even more striking and instructive.

In the Albertina Gallery at Vienna are two drawings by Dürer, which prove that so early as the year 1494 the German artist was not insensible to the movement in Italy which had

for its object the recovery of classic grace and harmony in design. These two drawings are, in fact, faithful copies of two of Andrea Mantegna's prints; the one a Bacchanalian scene, the other the grandly decorative composition of the fight between sea monsters. In these copies of the Italian painter's design we are able to recognise both the peculiar force and the special limitations of Dürer's power. In certain qualities the two artists were not wholly dissimilar. Mantegna, like Dürer, was a close and uncompromising student of nature, and in the spirit of his work there is just so much want of tenderness and softness as to suggest affinity with northern sentiment. But the distinguishing quality of Mantegna's design, the quality that separates it not only from that of Dürer but from much else in Italy itself, was the artist's perception of the grander tendencies that were making themselves felt in art, and which were finally to culminate in the achievement of Michael Angelo. Mantegna, without sacrificing the impression of reality, could deal with human form so as to give to all its gesture an abstract beauty and value. He could so treat a dramatic composition as to render the dignity and grace of the actors in it of more account than the mere exhibition of the passions immediately involved, and he could so treat each individual face and figure as to give it more than individual significance. These higher qualities are expressed in the very designs that Dürer set himself to copy, but in the copy itself they are no longer to be found. The individuality, the force of portraiture in the faces, is increased under Dürer's hand; but with the increasing sense of portraiture comes the failure of the wider significance of the scene. I have mentioned these two drawings by Dürer at Vienna, because in the book of drawings in the British Museum are several examples that show a similar influence. One of these is a study of a half-length nude male form. The face is of a type to be found in Mantegna's design, with long curling locks falling down to the neck; and the method of execution by means of slanting lines, such as Mantegna constantly employed, shows not less decisively the Italian influence in the work. But what is most remarkable is the slight loss of order and proportion in Dürer's drawing, and the corresponding increase of individuality in the countenance. The inevitable tendency towards portraiture victoriously asserts itself. We are forced to admit here, as indeed everywhere in Dürer's work, that whatever large poetic significance his design may possess, is not dependent upon his power of refining upon individual qualities of form or face, but upon some other resource special to the character of his own art.

Here, again, as in the case of his landscape, we are led to inquire, what are the qualities that give to Dürer's designs so strong an intellectual fascination? It is easy to appreciate their directness, their strong hold upon nature; to acknowledge, in a word, their relentless force of portraiture: this, indeed, is the basis of all German art, and is only more remarkable in his case because of his greater technical mastery. But there is something more, which endows his designs with a profound ideal character, and stamps each composition as a thing of wide poetic meaning. In the volume before us we can only trace the progress of the labour that finally produced this result. We are able to see with what patience and study Dürer gradually perfected each one of his compositions, and we even recognise in some of these studies the same powerful imaginative quality that appears again, and with greater effect, in the completed work. Among the drawings of highest interest are several sketches and studies for parts of some of his most celebrated copper-plates. Here, for instance, are materials out of which the artist formed his print that bears the title of the *Great Fortune*. Nothing could well be more instructive as to Dürer's method of proceeding, certainly nothing is better calculated to establish his unwearying conscientiousness, than the record we find of the various stages in the progress of this design. On one sheet of paper is an exquisite painting of a bird's wing. The painter has set his subject on a black ground, and has worked upon it with the utmost minuteness, both as regards delicate gradations of tint and accurate draughtsmanship. All the details of form in the feathers are drawn with the point of the brush; all the most subtle qualities of its colouring lovingly interpreted. In another place we find the study for the principal figure. She is already provided with wings, but they are of a conventional type, and are not such as the artist afterwards adopted in his engraved design. On the same piece of

paper is a repetition, in pen and ink, of the natural form of wing already studied in colour, and this natural form was finally incorporated in the design. Nothing could better illustrate the thoroughness of Dürer's system of study, or the determined bent of his mind for the employment of the simplest realities, even in an ideal composition. The bird's wing was the thing known to his experience and within reach of exact definition, and although it was not for a bird the wing was wanted, the artist instinctively preferred to accept only those materials which he could completely realise. Another very interesting series of drawings are those in preparation for the engraved design of *Adam and Eve.* It would seem that the general scheme of this composition was the subject of some experiment. In a drawing at Vienna the two figures are represented with arms intertwined, and the hands of both meet upon the fatal fruit. In the shadow of the trees an antlered stag and a tiger crouch in ominous stillness. But the drawings at the Museum present only a series of preparatory studies for the different parts of the design as we know it in the print. Upon one sheet of paper are five different drawings of the hand of Adam, showing trials of different attitudes. Among them is the one at last chosen by the artist, and on the same paper is a part of the landscape for the background—a study of rock partly overgrown with vegetation. Another sheet of paper displays three studies with the pen for the figure of Eve, curiously differing from one another in stature. The figure introduced into the design is of stouter build than the other two, and yet, so far as the face is concerned, all would seem to have been taken from the same model.

It would be impossible, by mere enumeration or description, to give any idea of the varied power of portraiture exhibited in the studies of heads—old and young, male and female—with which the volume is full. Some of the most beautiful are of the heads of young children; and these, too, are further interesting as showing how perfectly Dürer appreciated the slightly-marked elements of individual character, even in the inexperienced faces of infancy. So searching was his power of analysis, and so subtle his appreciation of the most delicate points of distinction, that every face is a portrait, even where it is only the face of a cherub. And the book is interesting, as exhibiting Dürer's technical power no less than in bearing witness to his grasp of character. One of the most highly-finished drawings — highly finished, that is to say, as far as the work has proceeded—is a pen-and-ink study for the engraved plate of the *Prodigal Son.* The sense of texture in the treatment of the heads of the hogs struggling round the trough is most forcibly expressed, and although the farm-buildings in the background are still incomplete, all the outlines are precisely marked, so as to give the scheme of the work as it appears in the engraving.

J. W. Comyns Carr.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. XIX.—John Crome. (1769-1821.)

Chapel Fields, Norwich.

ETCHED BY R. S. CHATTOCK.

JOHN CROME, or 'Old Crome,' as he is often called, was born at Norwich on the 21st of December, 1769, a year in which several English masters of eminence of the last generation first saw the light; as Lawrence, Howard, Barker, and James Ward: Turner, too, is reported to have selected that as the date of his birth also, as the natal year of the two great captains, Napoleon and Wellington; but he was born six years later.

Crome's father kept a public-house at Norwich, and John was originally apprenticed to a coach-painter; but he soon turned his attention to painting as a fine art, and tried to earn his living as a drawing-master, devoting such leisure time as he had to sketching in the neighbourhood of Norwich all the remarkable spots of interest, and generally in oil-colours. So he gradually produced many excellent pictures, and gained a considerable local reputation: his present extensive repute, however, has been of very slow growth.

Crome was rather a topographical and realistic painter: many of his pictures are simply honest reproductions of views or objects in his neighbourhood, as seen in nature in their ordinary aspect, such as Turner himself was in the habit of painting in his earlier career.

Crome never lost that natural modesty which made him ever turn to his model as a student; he was a gleaner, he did not try to create or to improve. He assumed, of course agreeably to his own liking, that an honest view of nature's beauties unimproved would be a far more acceptable offering than any poetical vagary of his own fancy, based upon what he might be pleased to call or to consider nature; though it is quite possible that the vagaries of some painters may be more valuable works of art than their attempts at natural fidelity might turn out to be: some painters fail to see what they look at.

As a specimen of the extreme simplicity yet powerful effect of Crome's art, may be taken his view of *Mousehold Heath*, in the National Gallery, an extensive view of undulating moorland with an unbroken horizon, and a man with a dog and a few weeds in the foreground.

The materials of Crome's pictures are nearly always extremely simple, more what are commonly called studies than pictures; but they make delightful pictures nevertheless. He rarely exhibited at the Royal Academy; he was probably not much driven by his ambition. He sometimes departed from the sphere of landscape, though not often; his contributions altogether to the Academy, from 1807 to 1818 both inclusive, were only twelve; and one of these, exhibited in 1809, was *A Blacksmith's Shop*. Turner had exhibited a *Blacksmith's Shop* just two years before.

This view of *Chapel Fields, near Norwich*, is more free than Crome's general work, and is probably a late production. It represents seemingly the end of an avenue; on the spectator's left is a wall and a paling, and under the wall is seated an old woman, with what may be a

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fruit-stall, or even a vegetable-stall, if this were the place for anything of the kind: the details are too small to be distinguished. Another woman and two children seem to be customers at the stall; the children suggest a stall of 'sweets.' There is a little piece of picturesque paling also on the right. The chief feature of the composition is, however, the row of trees constituting one side of the avenue, rather in close proximity together, and rich with autumn foliage. In the centre and approaching the foreground is a horseman, with his dog, driving a few cows before him; and behind are two or three other groups, especially good are two retiring figures; and these groups, by their gradually diminishing forms, give extent to the path or avenue.

The cattle are particularly well executed: Crome is said to have been assisted by Shayer in this part of his pictures. The landscape is very slightly, but very effectively put in, and the whole constitutes a very charming work of art.

The picture is on canvas, 2 feet 5 inches high, and 3 feet 7 inches wide. It was bequeathed to the National Gallery by Mr. Henry Fothergill Chorley, in 1872.

R. N. WORNUM.

ROSA BONHEUR.

ROSALIE BONHEUR, more generally known under the name of Rosa Bonheur, was born at Bordeaux on the 22nd of March, 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a distinguished artist, upon whom his native town, in which he had gone through a brilliant course of studies, founded great hopes; but as he had married early, and was already the father of a numerous family, he found himself obliged to abandon all idea of competing for the *Grand Prix de Rome*, and gave drawing-lessons to earn a living and provide for his children. He had courageously set himself to this daily struggle against the difficulties of life, and his wife, who was a musician, helped him by giving lessons on the piano. Thanks to their perseverance and energy, they had succeeded in earning a small income at Bordeaux, when an unforeseen blow fell upon the family. Raymond Bonheur lost his wife, and was left a widower with four very young children.

Bordeaux became intolerable to the unhappy painter, who decided to come to Paris, and spent his small savings in the journey. The children had to be taken care of, and the father who was seeking for pupils, could not think of having them at home. They were in consequence placed with an honest woman, called *la mère Catherine*, who lived in the Champs Elysées. Rosa was then seven years old, and in the unfortunate condition of the family her education, as well as that of her younger brothers and sisters, was totally neglected. *La mère Catherine*, although an excellent woman, lived by her work, and was therefore unable to look closely after the children confided to her care. As soon as she was out of the house Rosa used to escape into the Bois de Boulogne—very different then from what it is now, and very isolated.

The father could not reconcile himself to the idea of allowing his daughter to roam about in such a way, and although far too young to be put out as an apprentice, she was sent to a dressmaker's. There at least he felt sure that she would be shut up all day, and there was no danger of her romping about the streets. But when the time came to put a needle into the hands of this restless little girl, accustomed to perfect liberty, the attempt met with an amount of resistance that nothing could conquer. To remain seated for twelve hours sewing and hemming was for Rosa an impossibility, and her companion in the workroom, who was older and already proficient, used to say that her bad disposition and incapacity would prevent her from ever learning a trade by which she might earn her living.

One day Raymond Bonheur came in triumph to fetch away his daughter. No more *mère Catherine!* no more dressmaking! he had made arrangements with an excellent boarding-school, in which Rosa was to be educated in exchange for his drawing-lessons. It was one of the best boarding-schools in Paris, where there were none except rich young ladies. They received there a substantial education, and were taught all the accomplishments desirable for society. Perhaps

Raymond Bonheur might have wished for a simpler kind of education, more in harmony with his means, but the choice was not left to him, and he eagerly seized upon the fortunate opportunity, consoling himself with the thought that his daughter would become an accomplished young lady, and that her intercourse with well-bred girls would modify a certain abruptness in her disposition. As soon, however, as Rosa was admitted into the rich boarding-school her disenchantment began. The child was totally ignorant of orthography and showed no taste for grammar. She was incapable of following the other girls in their studies and paid no attention in the classes. As to manners, it was still worse: her vivacity, fun, the carelessness of her toilette, were all antagonistic to the habits of the school. · Her thin print gown, disorderly hair, and total unconcern about dress, horrified the other pupils, who shunned her and called her the 'little beggar.' It was known that she did not pay, and this was considered as a sufficient reason for keeping her at a distance. On her side she felt the peculiarity of her position, and cruelly avenged herself for the mortifications that were inflicted. Rosa had an inborn talent for drawing, and reproduced the features of her aristocratic companions in caricatures, taking good care not to flatter them. The mistresses themselves were not spared, and if Rosa's exercises were never done, when a pen-and-ink caricature was found upon a table it was easy to name the culprit, as no other girl would have been able to make such a drawing. There are things that women cannot pardon, and the mistress of the establishment naturally ranged herself on the side of the majority.

Raymond Bonheur had to take away his daughter, although she had won the prize for drawing, but it was the only study to which she applied herself. As soon as she felt at home and found models to copy—statuettes, prints, studies, and all that constitutes the paraphernalia of a painter—Rosa's disposition changed completely, and she became as laborious as she had been idle at school. She had found her path and was never to swerve from it. She learned in this way and in the company of her father the first elements of art, and she was soon able to copy the great masters in the Louvre. When she came back to her father's house she would immediately begin to draw the objects around her, or else to model them in wax.

An incident, apparently without importance, gave to her talent the direction which was one day to make her illustrious. The Bonheur family lived in a small apartment on the sixth flat, with a little terrace on the roof. In the poorer quarters terraces of this kind are generally used to dry linen, but Rosa had found another use for it. She had got her father's permission to bring up a little sheep, and the terrace had been taken for its domicile. Whenever she was free for a moment she went to her sheep, and drew it in every possible position. She learnt it thoroughly by heart, and as this study had a peculiar attraction for her, she declared to her father that she would devote herself to animal-painting.

Raymond Bonheur was too much of an artist not to be aware that this kind of art was admirably suited to his daughter's aptitudes, and he had sufficient good sense not to put any obstacle in her way. He frankly accepted all the consequences necessarily involved in this sort of study, and he knew his daughter well enough to allow her to go anywhere without apprehending any danger for her. Still, it is difficult for a young girl to go alone in the country to paint from nature, where one may be surrounded by a curious crowd, and it is still more difficult to visit butchers' yards without hearing coarse and shocking talk. It was this that decided Rosa to cut her hair short and to wear male attire. Her features, energetic rather than delicate, lent themselves to this disguise, and it would have been impossible to guess that she was a woman.

In 1841 Rosa Bonheur made her *début* at the Salon with two pictures, representing, the one Rabbits, and the other some Goats and Sheep. During fifteen years in succession she did not cease to exhibit; but her great success dates from 1847, when she sent to the Salon her *Attelage Nivernais*, which was received with enthusiasm by the public, and is now in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Besides her pictures, she exhibited works modelled in terra-cotta or in wax, such as the Bull of 1844. From the beginning she easily sold her pictures, and, her success increasing every day, she acquired a preponderating influence in the family, which suffices to

explain why her brothers and sisters adopted the same branch of art. Her two brothers, Auguste and Isidore Bonheur, are, the first a painter and the other a sculptor, but they both study animals; and the youngest sister, Mlle. Juliette Bonheur (now Madame Peyrolle), who more especially paints sheep, has sent this very year (1875) a picture to the Salon which attracts a great deal of attention. They are a laborious family, every member of which is an artist, and, what is much more extraordinary, every one of them is talented.

Towards the close of his life Raymond Bonheur had been appointed director of a school of drawing for young ladies. Rosa succeeded him in this post, which she has since resigned to her sister Juliette. The eminent artist was not addicted to complimenting her pupils: her teaching, conducted in a masterly fashion as to principles, was dry and almost rough. When she entered a respectful silence was observed, and every word that fell from her lips was listened to as the delivery of an oracle. The admiration she inspired gave to some of the older pupils attending her lessons a desire to imitate her way of dressing, and even her manners. The pupils whispered in private that it was necessary to repudiate the customs of their sex, and to assume a manly deportment, in order to succeed like Mlle. Bonheur. A conspiracy was organized for the purpose of altering the ordinary toilette of the pupils, and the most daring began by having their hair cut, never doubting that their example would quickly be imitated; and that, at any rate, such a resolution could only be agreeable to their teacher, who, herself, always wore her hair short. Accordingly, when Mlle. Rosa Bonheur entered, they came smiling to meet her, expecting to be congratulated on their manly resolution. But the artist, guessing what it was all about, simply said, 'Dear me, young ladies, how ugly you look in this fashion! where are your drawings?' and she began her class as if nothing had happened. Experiments of this kind were never repeated in the school.

When fortune began to smile upon her, Rosa Bonheur settled in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg, and the garden of her house was immediately transformed into a pasture for her models. She continued to live in the same style as before, for she never had any taste for luxury. Once, as she was returning from the country, in the male attire that she always used to wear when travelling, she heard that one of her friends was ill; and without allowing herself time to change her costume, she hurried to the sick-room. As she was seated on the bed of the patient, holding her hand, probably to ascertain whether there was any fever, the doctor came in, and, seeing a young man in such a familiar position, hastily shut the door and discreetly retired. The patient then pointed out to Rosa that she wore a male costume, and that the physician may have been led to believe what was far from the truth. Immediately Rosa ran after the doctor, luckily caught him on the stairs, and left him greatly surprised to hear that the young man he had just seen *tête-à-tête* with his patient was a celebrated woman.

Her male costume was a great convenience for liberty of study, but it had also its drawbacks, and it appears that they never were more troublesome than when she was painting her *Horse Fair*. The horse-dealers, delighted to see a lad who so much appreciated the horses that he came to draw their portraits, were lavish in their politeness, which naturally resulted in the offer of a *petit verre*; and Rosa, who felt no inclination to go into the public-house to drink with them, was at her wit's end to find suitable excuses, such as would not hurt these well-intentioned fellows, to whom her refusals seemed unaccountable.

Her studio was frequented by a crowd of artists as well as by men of the world, and her numerous friends always showed her as much respect as sympathy, and it was understood that their visits were intended for the painter and not for the woman.

Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur no longer lives in Paris, but in a château near the forest of Fontainebleau. As she now owns pastures and animals, she is no longer obliged to wear men's clothing, or to mix with butchers and cattle-dealers. Her servants hold the animals that she has to draw or paint. She does not now exhibit in Paris, and her pictures, for which exorbitant prices are given, only leave her studio to go to their fortunate owners.

Rosa Bonheur has won all the prizes at the Salon which are accessible to an artist of

her sex. At the Universal Exhibition the jury awarded her a first-class medal, adding in their Report that it was because the artist 'could not receive the decoration.' The Empress Eugénie decided otherwise; one day she called upon Mademoiselle Bonheur and left a jewel-casket on the table. It did not, however, contain such jewels as delight ladies fond of dress, but the cross of the Legion of Honour. Rosa Bonheur is the only woman who ever received it in France for intellectual achievements.

Rosa Bonheur is not a colourist; her pictures, like her admirable drawings, are remarkable for their ingenious composition and incomparable knowledge of drawing and modelling. The greater part of her works go over to England, and France hardly knows what labours now occupy the artist whose talent she was first to hail. Still, she is not forgotten, and her pictures hold an honourable place in our galleries. The life and talent of Rosa Bonheur will be at all times a subject of wonder; other women before her had cultivated painting with success, but in no other could be found this steadiness in work, this exclusive love of art, this absolute disdain for dress, and the complete absence of all the sentiments and of all the wants which usually characterise her sex.

RENÉ MÈNARD.

MR. W. B. SCOTT'S POEMS.*

MR. SCOTT has done well to publish a complete and revised edition of his poetical works, and he has added greatly to the interest of it by illustrations which, without being so numerous or so obtrusive as to overwhelm the literary matter, or make it appear of secondary importance (which illustrations so easily do), remind us that the author is also an artist, and play an agreeable accompaniment to the verse. In carrying out this idea the author has most judiciously decided to print the etchings on the same paper with the type, instead of giving them separate leaves of thicker paper. His way of printing does much to make the reader feel the subordinate character of the illustrations, whilst it rather enhances than diminishes the value of the etchings themselves, by the contrast between the comparative heaviness of typography and the fineness of the bitten lines. The paper selected for the book takes the etchings and typography equally well.

We were already familiar with the poems by Mr. Scott, which were published by Messrs. Smith and Elder in 1854. The present edition is much richer and more complete in every way, and it will settle his position as a poet, at least for some time to come. After reading nearly everything in the volume, our present impression is, that of the three orders of work into which its contents may be divided (Ballads, Studies from Nature, and Sonnets), the sonnets are the best done. Mr. Scott seems to have thoroughly mastered the sonnet, and to have quite a sufficient jet of inspiration for it, as well as sufficient culture. This gives the author a clear right to poetical rank, and is in itself a good reason for publishing. His language in the sonnets is rich and melodious, and the thought expressed is often both charming and original, with only here and there a visible defect of taste; as, for instance, the ending to the sonnet 'On certain Critics at the Beginning of the Century,' which is unworthy of serious art. We prefer to quote one of the author's most perfect sonnets, as representative of other good ones which we have not space to quote:—

THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD.

'Is that the much-desired, the wondrous wail
Of the brown bird by poets loved so long?
Nay, it is but the thrush's rich clear song

* Poems by William Bell Scott. Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, &c. Illustrated by Seventeen Etchings by the Author and L. Alma Tadema. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1875.

Through the red sunset rang: but down the vale,
Beneath the starlight, never do we fail
To hear the love-lorn singer; still and dark
Above our heads the black boughs arch; and hark!
A wild short note—another—then a trail
Of loud clear song is drawn athwart the glow,
Filling the formless night with cheerfulness.
But sure we know that melody full well—
The dear old blackbird! Let's no further go;
There's no brown bird;—Ye poets all, confess
That Fancy only is your Philomel.'

Several others are much deeper in thought than this, especially those in the series entitled 'Outside the Temple,' of which we may mention particularly two, on 'Faith' and 'Self-Deception.'

The ballads are not so well finished as the sonnets, and are sometimes, as in the case of 'Kriemhild's Tryste,' too long to be adequately sustained throughout. In the shorter poems the key is more easily adhered to; one of the best of these is, 'I go to be cured at Aulbon' with its varied and yet monotonous refrain, so happily chosen that it remains in the memory. The use of it will be partially but not completely understood from the first and last stanzas, but the effect gains greatly by repetition in the course of the poem:—

'Sweetly softly the forests hang
Flower and leaves, so green and good,
His pale pale sweeping the moonlight range,
Floating a thread of consecration.
Kings' daughters with long veiled head,
His mouth [illegible] with blood
And tears by these kings' daughters shed,
Wanking to the end of the world.

* * * *

It is gone, it is closed, the last red gleam
Darkness shuns the fiery day;
Over the windless, boatless stream
The odours and smiles have died away;
They are gone to the end of the world.'

The third class of poems, 'Studies from Nature,' is no doubt true to fact, but true descriptions are not always very interesting to read, and it may be doubtful whether simple studies are admissible amongst works of art. There is a great deal of such study in Wordsworth, but it is an incumbrance. In Tennyson there is hardly any.

The etchings are much better than those in the edition of 1854, which Mr. Scott has not reprinted in this edition. He has now acquired a very complete technical power in the kind of etching which he has chosen to pursue. The quality of shadow in the little plate on the title-page, *Love originating Art*, is admirable, and so is the texture of the flesh in the sitter's own portrait. Line is used with clearness and decision in the *Pygmalion*. Mr. Scott's artistic taste is more doubtful than his technical skill. Sometimes it is as refined and charming as one of the best of his sonnets at others it runs to quaintness, and sometimes goes into a temper very tolerant of what is absolutely inartistic. His pleasantry is very far from Keatsian, as in the first and last of the etchings mentioned above, but it is delightful. We like his mediævalism less as in the *Fair Rosamond*, which to our modern feeling seems ungraceful. It is a too common mistake with artists who have literary power or keen sympathy with literature to conclude that, because a thought is available in literature it must be available in graphic art also. An instance of this is *The Way of Life*, Wisdom's

an etching which illustrates the sonnet called 'Life,' a very fine impressive sonnet indeed, which the reader is sure to remember; but the subject is too awkward and formal for an etching. The nude female figure in 'Kriemhild's Tryste' is a misfortune of another kind; nothing is more dangerous than that kind of realism in the nude. The bit of Pencil Castle (*The Old Scotch House*) is excellent, but the pepper-box turret is rather spoiled by having its finial cut off. Mr. Scott praises Mr. Alma Tadema for his etchings, and they deserve the praise, so far as skilful drawing with the sharp needle-point is concerned, but the *Lady Janet* does not look like an English lady old enough to become a mother; she is a dark-skinned child of the South. Her action is very dramatic, however, and so far the etching sustains the character of the poem, which is one of the most imaginative of Mr. Scott's ballads.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF ARTISTIC MOVEMENTS.

NEARLY everything here is mortal, though we fancy that whatever survives ourselves must be eternal, all the more readily because it puzzles us to imagine how a thing of the mind like an artistic movement can have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Perhaps it is not a difficult analogy to suppose a movement which has possessed successively a number of many spirits, and continues while they disappear, and disappears at last while they continue, to a wave of the sea, which gathers slowly, and grows mightily, and breaks suddenly, and dies away into the sea from which it rose. No doubt the analogy is imperfect: the course of the simplest artistic movement is subtler and more manifold than that of any wave, or of the storm by which the waves are stirred: but still it is true that every artistic movement springs out of human nature and subsides into it again.

It may be said that the proximate condition which determines the rise of an artistic movement is already tolerably known: where the vitality, the stock of general energy in a race, is for any reason markedly in excess of the calls habitually made on it, there we may expect to find an artistic movement. There are two causes which may put a race in possession of this store of surplus energy,—either the vitality of the race may be rapidly increasing or the calls on it may be diminishing: and although this may imply that the vitality of the race is being gradually lowered, yet the immediate effect would be to liberate the energy which still existed. Perhaps this would be the best principle we have to explain the quaint and pathetic development of Byzantine art, which had a long and interesting history in a decaying civilisation. But whether we think of Ravenna in the sixth century or of Florence in the fourteenth, though very much is different, there is this in common: that men were borne along by a power which they could not produce at their own will. An artist is not made, he is born: and in this and in much else there is a curious analogy between the artist and the saint, though it would not be said that the two belong to entirely different orders of being,—the artist is the highest conscious flower of the world that now is, the saint is more influenced by the powers of the world to come. And as art is not confined to any school, so saints are not confined to any creed, for every earnest religion is watered though only one is planted from on high.

Subject to these observations we may pursue the analogy. Both the artist and the saint transcend the ordinary range of human experience, for art, too, is a striving after the unseen, and cannot be adequately measured or analysed by the common understanding, which works with the notions gathered from the experiences of every day. It is true that every artistic inspiration comes from nature at the beginning—the artist is struck by something which interests him, and he and his successors endeavour to realise the suggestion with a completer and more isolated perfection than is to be found in the actual world, till at last the actual world is left out of sight, or at best is a sort of peg to hang ideals on. Art cannot prolong

itself after it has reached the point where a Guido can make any cookmaid into a Magdalen. Again, both the saint and the artist see the world from a point of view of their own; they see in it something which is really there which other people do not see for themselves, which they can manage to see more or less imperfectly and more or less intermittently when it is shown to them, though hardly anything will prevent them from seeing more clearly and more habitually what they can see for themselves.

Once more, the saint and the artist depend in different ways upon the stock of surplus vitality which exists in the community out of which they both arise; for it is to be noted that art and devotion have not the continuous development that knowledge and virtue and culture and civilisation have, because whatever is gained for these may by comparison be said to be gained permanently, in the sense that the whole strength of the community is available for keeping whatever has been gained, and whatever is kept is available for the starting-point of fresh progress after a period in which the social life has been stationary or declined. But though art and devotion inspire themselves with the achievements of the past, they are never a continuation of what has gone before; instead of building on the work of their predecessors they make it the point from which they take wing for new flights. And for this reason among others an artistic decline does not imply a national decline, it only implies that the growing wants of the community have taken up all its strength, that the daily stress of a more crowded and complicated life has left no spare fund of energy over for those who are endowed with the artistic temperament to draw upon. It follows that it is quite unreasonable to suppose that the art of a cultivated age as such is likely to be superior to that of a rude age as such, or that national progress implies artistic or spiritual progress. For instance, there is no reason to suppose that we have ceased as a nation to advance since the time of George III. or George IV., but literary art was certainly more vigorous and fruitful in the first quarter of the present century than now; and if we go back twenty or thirty years more we find most other forms of art in a condition of genuine and refined, though limited perfection, to which we already look back with well-founded despair. Again, it cannot be fairly said that the Greek nation had declined when its centres were Alexandria and Antioch and Pergamus, because its literary and artistic productivity was less fresh and genial than when its centres were Sparta and Thebes and Athens. Knowledge continued to advance and its applications to multiply, and the results of labour to accumulate, though we can see now that characters had begun to dwindle and that a not wholly disinterested sense of duty had taken the place of heroism; the appetite for artistic enjoyment, too, remained, and it might perhaps be said that the appreciation of artistic products had become deeper and more intelligent: for as the metaphysics of one generation become the logic of another, and the piety of one generation cements the morality of another, so the art of one generation is the accomplishment of another.

There are plants that only live to flower once, and among plants that live to flower often there is room for much difference as to what time in each year's growth the flower will come. So, too, there are civilisations that only flower once: Lesbos, for instance, produced no poets after Sappho and Alcæus, and Islam seldom flowers twice upon the same soil; and when a nation has the fortune to blossom into art more than once in its life it is impossible to define when the happy season is to be expected.

India has the 'Vedas,' and then there was, one may almost say, no art till Buddhism; and the best of Hindoo art only comes when half the country has been conquered. Egypt, that elder and grander India, has one of its noblest artistic epochs at a period too early to be dated. Greece, after the magnificent outburst of heroic poetry, whose fruit is gathered up into the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' subsides for two or three centuries into rapine and turmoil before the Dorian chorus breaks out again into the melody which is given back by so many voices and so many cunning hands. Rome in the time of the elder Scipio was more advanced in everything except art than Athens in the time of Pericles, and yet her

artistic development, such as it was, was just beginning, with a genuine fervour for adaptations from the Greek. And here, at least, we can see a reason—the development of Rome for the first five centuries of its existence had been incomparably more strenuous and absorbing than that of any Greek state except Sparta, which had no art of its own. It was only after the conquest of Sicily that Rome was at leisure for art, and it was only to be expected that a great deal of gross luxury should accompany a little genuine artistic expansion in a community already half tired out. But such as the artistic impulse was, it is to be noted that the religious impulse accompanied it: the Bacchic frenzy seized the Roman matrons, and Scipio planned his campaigns in solitude before Jupiter on the Capitol. In Greece we can trace the connexion yet more clearly. The age which is represented to us by the poetry of Homer is more artistic and more religious than the age which is represented to us in the poetry of Hesiod; and though the age of Pindar and the Parthenon has hardly left anything equal to the 'Iliad,' yet it cannot be doubted that the community as a whole was more deeply penetrated both with religious and artistic inspirations than it had been before: in fact, it would not be too much to say that it was the worship of Apollo and the doctrine of the world to come, set forth in the mysteries which bore the name of Orpheus, that made the Greece of the fifth century before Christ what it was; and it is remarkable that the paralysis of one of the great forms of art, the Attic tragedy, is distinctly determined by a paralysis of religious thought, which can find no alternative between a querulous, distracting scepticism and a mysticism that defies decency and common sense. Again, both in England and France, the eighteenth century was a period of great intellectual activity, and even of ideal inspiration; but in England it was a period of faith, in France a period of doubt, and accordingly we find English art elevated and serious and French art empty and frivolous.

It might be thought that the Renaissance was an exception to this principle, but it is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. The school of religious painting in Italy coincided with the glory of the Mendicant Orders, as the school of religious architecture beyond the Alps coincided with the last glory of the orders founded in the spirit of St. Benedict. In both cases the artistic movement was always somewhat behind the religious movement, and was at its height when the religious movement had plainly begun to lose strength. While the artistic movement in Italy was in this condition, it was modified by the influence of the rediscovery of classical art and the reassertion of ordinary human nature. As long as the religious current still made itself felt along with the classical current, the result was full of new breadth of interest and the splendour of liberty, with an entirely fresh sense of the subtlety of things, which exceeds the subtlety of human thought. But in the later work of Raffaelle we see the beginning of an emptiness and an heartlessness which come when spiritual fervour and aspiration go, although Raffaelle himself was to the last a devout if not precisely an edifying Catholic; and all the work of Giulio Romano is empty and heartless, and what passion it has is jaded and forced, and contrasts very unfavourably with the work of the last survivors of the school in which Raffaelle had grown up; while it is noticeable that when the Jesuits had reconverted Italy to Christianity, there grew up a new school of art at Bologna distinctively Christian in its inspiration, though still doing homage to classical fashions in its frequent choice of Pagan subjects. It would be even possible to support this by a comparison of the elaborate eclectic art of Mengs with the elaborate eclectic piety of Liguori. It is more important to notice that the period during which religious art flourished in Italy under Jesuit influence was shorter than the period in which it had flourished under Franciscan influence, and had died a natural death in the hands of Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto, noble and interesting to the last, though only sustained by the memories of departed inspiration, and far superior to the galvanic Neo-Paganism of the contemporary Roman school.

In general it may be said that there is an element of sterility in all revivals, though this is no reason for condemning or discouraging them: it was probably the best the men of the

generation of Hadrian and Plutarch could do to try to warm themselves by a revival of the old classical religion, and to delight themselves by a revival of the old classical art. Plutarch is always edifying, and the Antinous is always beautiful, although neither led to anything; and if Plutarch and the sculptor of the Antinous had wearied themselves to obtain a premature conviction of this, they would not thereby have opened their minds to the religion or the art of the future. In the same way the romantic revival has led to beautiful and memorable works in poetry and architecture and painting, although it is increasingly obvious that we are not to see a permanent Romantic school, and De Maistre and Lacordaire and Newman will always be impressive and interesting figures, although it is increasingly doubtful whether Neo-Catholicism will be a permanent addition to the religious forces of the time.

The reason of this is not far to seek: the very conditions which determine a revival determine that it shall not last very long, or have very much root in itself. The older and more complicated a society gets, the larger is the class of *désœuvrés* likely to be—men who do not want to do anything in particular, and are not wanted to do one thing rather than another, and yet very likely have to do something, and at all events are solicited by energies which they do not find it agreeable to leave entirely unemployed. And as an always increasing portion of the sphere of common practical life becomes mechanical, so that its work is best carried on with as little exercise of the feelings or desires as may be, there is an increasing tendency to give an ideal direction to those elements of our nature which all the while are being atrophied by disuse. On one side this is the explanation of Wertherism, which, as we see in Réné, is the *nidus* of so much recent pietism; on the other side it is the explanation of much æsthetic irritability, which has so often to do duty for an æsthetic impulse. And it is to be noticed, further, that there does not seem to be any very direct connexion between the number of people whose individual temperament is ideal, and the circumstances under which the ideal temperament is likely to thrive. In strict theory we should expect that if the world lasts idealists will be bred out in time, but in fact the principal effect of favourable or unfavourable circumstances seems to be in settling whether the temperament favoured or thwarted shall attain its own proper development, and exercise a lasting influence upon the world. Where there is a great deal of convinced hearty activity in commonplace directions, the idealists who are born out of due time are simply flighty and romantic and absurd, but when the activity gets mechanical or listless, the opportunity of idealists comes again and they enjoy a sort of Indian summer. They are not borne up by the enthusiasm of the world around them, but they are not depressed by its indifference; on the contrary, they supply a welcome outlet to much energy, which otherwise would run to waste at once. The ideal activities of a primitive civilisation are like the fruitfulness of the valley of the Nile, but the ideal activities of a civilisation which has outlived its first love are like the better parts of Turkestan; a time comes when a river is tortured into making some oasis green before it dies in sand. To drop the metaphor: as soon as when, for any reason, common life is suddenly felt to be commonplace, there is a general willingness to escape into a happier region by the help of such idealists as may be at hand, and when the ideal is sufficiently worked out to be compared with the actual which it no longer influences, then disappointment sets in. The disappointment is not very acute or painful; it is like the feeling with which a man of fifty regards what he used to admire and intend at the interesting age, when, as Simonides says, 'each has hope at hand, which grows in the breasts of men while young, for as long as any mortal hath the much-loved flower of youth, having a light mind, he thinks of much that comes to nothing.' For all that sensible people are glad to have been young, and sensible communities are glad to have their youth renewed, even though the process is rather exhausting. One reason of this is, that the idealists of the later time are seldom as whole-hearted as the idealists of the earlier: these simply anticipate the general movement, those are impelled by a revulsion from it, and what makes the weakness of their lives often makes the strength of their talent. It is hardly too much to say of such artists as Balzac and Byron, that they wore their nature wrong side out and found their account in it, or at any rate that we find ours; as Baudelaire said with much

discrimination and emphasis, 'Wine is more wholesome than haschisch, but still the important thing is to get drunk, and it may be thought that the best wine is only drawn once.' It was not a personal perversity of Ford and Webster that their art moved among abnormal passions and overwrought situations; they came after Shakespeare and Fletcher, and their expectation was no longer fresh, nor the expectation of their public: both began upon a certain level of excitement, and unless both were willing to wait and get cool and make a fresh beginning, it was inevitable that excitement should pass into over-excitement before it died away. It is really a proof of the vigour of the movement that it did not subside without prolonging itself by excess. But when we come to the movement which drew its life from the forces disengaged by the subsidence first of the spasms of the great Revolution and then of the Napoleonic war, we find many artists beginning in the same spirit of exaggeration as marked the close of happier periods. For to feel deeply is not the gift of all men or of all times, any more than it is the gift of all men or of all times to reason profoundly or to act vigorously; and it is a still rarer gift to feel deeply and soberly at once, the generation of Lucan and Seneca was only brilliant at the expense of being unreal and fiery and ridiculous. It was doubtless possible for the men born in those days to be quiet and serious and reasonable, but then they would have had to be dull; and if they still insisted on being very much in earnest, it is not likely that they would have escaped the taint of mawkishness which we find in the spirituality of Musonius Rufus and the art of Ary Scheffer. And of course one-sidedness and exaggeration is always fatal to a movement, though there are movements which can only be carried on by men whose only merit, and often a very great one, is that they have the qualities of their faults.

It remains to add a very few words on the way in which artistic movements expire, and the permanent effects they leave behind. What we may call a primary artistic movement dies directly into commonplace, quicker or slower as the case may be: it becomes shallow, perhaps, after becoming exaggerated; then people cease to take an interest in it and become utilitarian. A secondary artistic movement, especially a revival, is often succeeded by a period of sterile agitation and incoherent experiments, when regrets are strong and aspirations weak, and artists who despair of their own performances undertake to educate the public into their artificial preferences. But this phase is much too fatiguing to be permanent: it is a transition, though those who are passing through hardly know which side they will come out.

A primary movement, whether æsthetic or spiritual, always leaves durable results: monuments are the result of the one and institutions of the other. The harvest of a revival is harder to save, and at best rather impalpable: but an artistic revival ought to leave more refinement and intelligence in the world than it found: a religious revival ought to leave more detachment and humility.

G. A. Simcox.

ETTY.

II.

IN these early days of studentship occurs one of the pathetic incidents in the painter's life. His kind uncle, who had protected him for about four years, dies in 1809; of course in the most perfect ignorance of his nephew's future celebrity, which no one at that time could possibly foresee. We have often to regret similar circumstances in the history of men of genius, but in most cases it is the father and mother who pass away before knowing the results of a young man's toil and of their own protecting help, and for them it is a duty which brings at least a partial reward from the very beginning, even though ultimate consequences can only be dimly guessed at. An uncle is quite differently situated. Etty's uncle was no more obliged to help him than was his equally near aristocratic relative at Hayton. He had children of his own, and his kindness to his nephew William came entirely from the goodness of his heart. We regret, then, that he did not live long enough

to see the fruits of it, and to enjoy more of his nephew's success than the doubtful pleasure of an anxiety for his welfare which could scarcely ever have given place to any definite anticipation. His uncle not only helped his nephew William, but all his sister's children, and left them legacies when he died. The painter's legacy was of infinite value to him.

Etty's good fortune in his relations on his father's side continued, however, after his uncle's death. Walter Etty, the painter's elder brother, became a partner in the gold-lace trade, and acted towards him in the most beautifully fraternal way. He needed all the encouragement of such affection, and the material support which accompanied it also, for he could neither win medals in the contests amongst students nor get pictures received into the exhibitions; in short, he could not win the slightest external success of any kind whatever, and had every appearance of being that total failure in art which the French call '*un fruit sec*.' The bitterness of such a position for a young artist who has in him the consciousness of a true natural impulse is always great indeed; he sees so many mediocre works admitted into the public exhibitions that it is hard to accept the verdict that his own are worse than the worst of these, and that he himself is less than the least of those who are considered worthy of being presented to the public. The humiliation is great for any artist, however independent he may be in fortune—so great that the richer ones, after two or three rejections, often retire from the field in disgust and give their lives either wholly to amusement or to some more accessible ambition. But in the case of a young artist situated as Etty was, that is, living in dependence upon the kindness of a brother, the humiliation is incalculably greater. William Etty could not help thinking, what the delicacy of Walter Etty would never permit either of them to express, that if, indeed, the vocation had been a mistaken one, as all the constituted authorities seemed to agree, the money advanced to him was thrown away, and he had no right to accept any more of it.

His early defeats or repulses at the Academy exhibitions hurt Etty's self-love, but did not shake his resolution. The greatest danger to a young artist when he undergoes this ordeal of refusal, is to hear nothing definite against his work, to know simply that he is refused, without being told why. It would be too much to ask of the Academicians that they should give reasons for the exclusion of refused pictures, but it is probable that if they had time to do so, however severe their *critique motivée* might be, it would stimulate the energies of young artists when silent refusals only benumb them. What the Council of the Academy has not time to do in its official capacity is, however, often very kindly and effectually done by some individual Academician, who knows the young aspirant, and frankly tells him why his work has not been admitted. Lawrence did this for Etty. 'My master,' Etty says, 'told me the truth, in no flattering terms. He said I had a very good eye for colour, but that I was lamentably deficient in all other respects almost.' The effect of this straightforward expression of opinion was to stimulate rather than discourage. We have not seen those early-refused pictures which Lawrence criticised in these terms, but we infer that the criticism was just, because it might be applied to maturer works by Etty, who remained for many years perfectly capable of shocking trained eyes by the insufficiency of his drawing. If anything surprises us in the criticism by Lawrence, it is rather that he should have been able to recognise Etty's colour faculty at so early a period of his career, when his work appears to have shown few signs of it. The transaction is honourable to both parties. Instead of shrinking from the responsibility of criticism, Lawrence gives his opinion with a friendly openness, and Etty, recognising the justice of it, and feeling grateful for the wholesome bitterness of the truth, at once applied himself manfully to correct what was defective in his art, and add to it what was wanting. 'I lit the lamp,' he tells us, 'at both ends of the day. I studied the skeleton, the origin and insertion of the muscles. I sketched from Albinus. I drew in the morning; I painted in the evening; and after the Royal Academy went and drew from the prints of the antique statues of the Capitolini, the Clementina, Florentine, and other galleries, finishing the extremities in black-lead pencil with great care. This I did at the London Institution in Moorfields. I returned home, kept in my fire all night, to the great dismay of my landlord, that I might get up early next morning

before daylight, to draw. In short, I worked with such energy and perseverance to conquer my radical defects, that at last a better state of things began to dawn, like the sun through a November fog.'

The consequence of all this labour was that he was admitted as an exhibitor at the Academy in 1811, the title of his picture being, *Telemachus rescues the Princess Antiope from the Wild Boar.* He exhibited again in 1812, and continued in subsequent years. It is unnecessary to burden a short biography of this kind with the names of pictures which are quite unknown to fame, and in all probability deserve to remain obscure. Let us content ourselves for the present with noting the important fact that our hero has, by dint of great labour, forced his way into the Academy as an exhibitor,—the first great step in an English artist's life. The temper of resolution which had achieved this remained with him in after years. His note-books contain such entries as the proverb, 'The continual dropping of water weareth away stones,' not that such a proverb as this would be quite satisfactory to the critical sense as a reason for expecting success in art, for it does not affirm that friction will give artistic genius; however Etty derived strength from it. An entry more decidedly applicable to his case is, 'Study and labour are the price of improvement.' This is not so questionable a doctrine as the extreme one of Reynolds, that nothing was denied to labour. Other entries about industry and idleness, early rising, &c., occur in the note-books, and show that certain truths, so familiar that we too often neglect them, had for Etty a vital freshness and significance. There is, no doubt, a certain simplicity and *naïveté* in the temper of a man who could be so struck with the value of these scraps of familiar wisdom as to copy them out in a book; but it is evident that he lived in a state of moral effort, which gave them a peculiar intensity of meaning with reference to his own career. Thus, when he writes down that 'Early rising is a shorter path to eminence than sleep,' he is thinking that if William Etty will only have the courage to get up soon, he will shorten the road to Academical honours. The phrase is probably his own; it is not very accurate, though we see what he means. The length of ground to be gone over is the same for the early riser and the late one; but the first has the advantage of doing a greater distance every day, if both leave off at sunset, and have been working with equal speed.

Etty is now twenty-nine years old, a strenuous student, but not much more than that; not a cultivated man outside the limits of his profession, and in painting itself only beginning to be cultivated. He is not yet able to earn his living by painting, though the exhibitions are open to him. His mind is most earnestly determined upon improvement in his art; there is, indeed, perhaps too much earnestness about him, for we see more accurately when our faculties are not quite so much concentrated, or so constantly on the stretch. The most hopeful element in him at this period does not seem to be genius, of which little or nothing is discernible, but a fine strength of will and a steady perseverance in labour; this last very probably an acquired habit, due in part to the discipline of his apprenticeship to printing. All through life he attached especial importance to perseverance, and attributed many failures simply to the want of it.

In 1816 Etty goes abroad. The story of his travels seems to us of this generation like a a fragment of ancient history. He crosses from Brighton to Dieppe, is twenty-four hours at sea, much of the time in a narrow berth, and finally lands in an adventurous, unforeseen manner by moonlight. However brief may be this biography, however simple the scheme of it, we cannot omit the artist's teapot, his constant friend and companion. He loves tea much too well to trust Continental grocers or tea-makers, but carries his own materials and apparatus; tea for twelve months, sugar, *two* kettles, in case of accident to one of them, and the rest. Of course such supplies and apparatus are a stumbling-block to the minds of Continental custom-house officers, who will never understand how one man can need them all for his own use. Etty's troubles begin at Dieppe, where one of the tea-kettles is confiscated as superfluous, but restored afterwards. Etty goes to Rouen in the 'diligence,' and sees the Cathedral, which he naturally thinks inferior to York; and we may be sure that he will never meet with any ecclesiastical building in Europe which, to him, will appear equal to the great Minster. He

arrives at Paris, enters by what, in his barbarous French, he calls the 'Barrier d'Neuilly,' then lands at 'le bureau de diligence.' He does not like Paris very much, and soon leaves for Switzerland. He crosses the Jura, 'passing through ravines such as Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint,' the stock allusion to Salvator Rosa being still, at that time, unexhausted. He is not happy in the country inns, and becomes especially indignant about custom-house people on the frontier of Switzerland, because they make him pay duty on his stock of sugar. Continental habits put him out: he wants his English breakfast, and does not approve of the *déjeûner à la fourchette*, with 'sour wine.' He complains that he can get 'no milk, no tea, nor anything genial.' We should have thought that the great canister in the portmanteau ought to have lasted into Switzerland; perhaps it was packed up and inaccessible for the present. The bright teapot is kept out, however, and Etty characteristically refuses the substantial French *déjeûner* to go and make himself patriotic cups of tea and slices of bread and butter in the kitchen of the road-side inns, where the 'diligence' halts. After a brief astonishment at the majesty of Switzerland he crosses the Simplon, and finds himself in Italy, where the vineyards delight him 'with grapes dropping in clusters, rich, black, and luxuriant, creeping fantastically over alleys of trellis-work, forming a cool and delicious walk beneath.' He comes to Florence with the intention of staying and studying there; but finds himself in a state of extreme mental depression, which has a bad effect upon his health. This depression is due to two different causes. He left England in love —anxiously, rather than hopefully, in love; and this disturbs his peace: but it is evident, also, that he was too intensely national in his habits and feelings to enjoy a residence on the Continent. A man who cannot stop at an *auberge* without producing an English tea-pot, who thinks that *vin ordinaire* is sour, and who prefers bread and butter to a substantial *déjeûner*, ought to remain in some English home. At Florence he 'feels unequal to the task of going to Rome or Naples,' and decidedly says, 'I am *certain* it is not in my power to reside abroad.' He says that Florence has a character of gloom about it that he cannot bear. 'I am sick to death,' he adds, 'of travelling in a country where the accommodations are such as no Englishman can have any idea of.' He stays just four days at Florence, then leaves it in disgust, and turns back homewards by Pisa, Leghorn, Genoa, Turin, the Mont Cenis, Chambery, Lyons, and Paris—homesick all the time, and doing little or nothing but getting as quickly as possible over the long leagues which separate Italy from England. At Paris he determines to work in Régnault's *atelier*, but finds the students a rude set, and the place a perfect bear-garden—which, from similar experiences, we can well believe. Being 'very uncomfortable' in Régnault's *atelier*, he stays there only three days, and very soon gets to Calais, crossing the Channel as quickly as possible in a French vessel, and travelling to London in a Deal coach, with sentiments of love and affection for every brick in the English metropolis.

Once more in England Etty resumes work very heartily, and exhibits regularly at the British Gallery and the Academy. One picture of this period may be specially mentioned, the *Cupid and Euphrosyne;* this attracted some attention, the 'Literary Gazette' praised it, and Lawrence called it a 'work of splendid promise.' Etty wrote lists of 'Subjects to Paint,' which he divided into 'Subjects of Grandeur,' 'Subjects of Terror and Emotion,' 'Subjects of Poetry,' and 'Subjects of Feeling,' a division which curiously illustrates the non-literary character of his mind, and his difficulty in establishing accurate distinctions by words, for it is evident that there is no reason why a subject of grandeur should not be poetical at the same time, or why a subject of emotion should not be a subject of feeling. By 'Subjects of Poetry,' he seems rather to have understood illustrations of the poets. He speaks, too, of 'La Grande Historique,' an original sort of French, yet intelligible. He was not altogether illiterate, however, and made memoranda of 'books to be read,' as he did of pictures to be painted; but it is remarkable that his mind should have remained, as it did, quite without that ease and dexterity in thought and expression which is the ordinary result of a very moderate literary culture.

(*To be continued.*)

P. G. HAMERTON.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

G. A. Storey.—Mr. Storey uses the ordinary English canvas, sometimes with a single, but generally with a double priming, and of a light colour.

His palette is generally composed as follows, and arranged in the following order, from left to right, ivory black being the extreme colour on the left :—

Ivory black, Vandyke brown, raw umber, brown pink, madder brown, burnt sienna, Antwerp blue, cobalt, emerald green, Indian red, light red, madder lake, extract of vermilion, gold ochre, raw sienna, yellow ochre, Naples yellow, lemon yellow, light Mars orange, flake white.

By keeping the colours in this order, Mr. Storey has before him a sort of musical instrument in colour, arranged like the keys of a piano, or at least affording the possibility of obtaining perfect chromatic scales by mixture. There is a disposition in some artists and critics to regard orderly arrangements of this kind as a sort of pedantry ; but painters who adopt them do it simply for their own convenience, and only explain the reasons for their arrangements when they are asked to do so. The truth is, that when the colours are arranged in a settled and rational order—whatever it may be—they are found the more readily ; and after some practice the artist comes to be able to play upon them as a musician plays upon his instrument, well knowing how and where to find the elements of his combinations. Surely it must be a very narrow prejudice which objects to order, as if it were inartistic! The keys of a piano are always in order when the musician plays upon it. So, why not the colours of a palette ?

An artist who adheres to a certain set of colours, whichever they may be, is likely, in time—if he is observant, and takes pleasure in studying the subject—to become so closely acquainted with their capabilities of mutual modification as to proceed with perfect certainty in the production of intermediate tints. After describing his palette, Mr. Storey says :—'I play upon it in this way,—If I want blue, for instance, I take, say, Antwerp blue and white : it is too crude. I take some black: it is not purple enough. I take some lake, &c. So one colour counteracts another, or modifies it ; and although the number of different tints or shades of colour is infinite, this method of producing them is the simplest thing in the world. We only require to know our colours on the keyboard well—to know exactly what they can do—and then making a tint becomes very like striking a chord in music.'

As to mediums, Mr. Storey uses cold-drawn linseed oil, and scarcely any other medium. He has used it for more than twenty years, and finds that his pictures rather improve by time than otherwise. One painted in 1857 looks quite fresh, and though very thin in execution, has not a crack in it ; whereas some pictures, painted by the same artist on white grounds with copal, are full of little cracks, which show the white ground through. Nevertheless, one so painted with copal in 1859 is quite bright, and shows no cracks as yet.

Mr. Storey generally sketches in his pictures with raw umber, mixed with oil and turpentine. The sketch is sometimes enlarged from a small drawing, sometimes done directly from nature. When the artist begins to paint on this umber sketch he tries to get the true colour at once ; but if the work does not in all respects come to his liking at first, he does it over again—often a great many times over, especially in the most difficult parts, such as the faces, and in those things which require a more than ordinary subtlety and tenderness, as effects of distance, &c.

In painting flesh, Mr. Storey always endeavours to get the true tints, or the most important of them, in the first painting ; and as the face begins to look right, to look like, and to appear round and fleshy—although the painting may be rough, and in patches—he likes to leave it, only joining together cautiously what may appear too fragmentary, when this can be done without losing the likeness or the colour. If this first painting is life-like, and has the right character and expression, Mr. Storey thinks that the less it is meddled with the better ; and at all times he likes to leave it for a while before touching it again.

When the first painting has had time to dry thoroughly, Mr. Storey rubs a little oil over the portion of the picture he intends to work upon, and then begins to correct and harmonise by thin paintings—glazing some parts and scrubbing others; getting rid of hard lines, black shadows, &c.; and playing the light over the face so as to bring it together. This process of quiet improvement and correction lasts sometimes for weeks, until the artist suddenly feels that he has done enough, and ought not to attempt more—*cannot*, indeed, do any more good to this particular picture. When once this feeling comes on Mr. Storey leaves his work. 'It is like screwing up a wire in a piano,' he says; 'as soon as it is quite in tune according to your ear, you have done with it.'

The reader will have observed that there are points of resemblance between Mr. Storey's principles of work and those of Mr. Calderon, insomuch as both these artists attach importance to the preservation of true tints when once they have been obtained; but Mr. Calderon works less upon colours once laid than Mr. Storey does. The latter artist's comparison of his own method to the tuning of a piano is very happy; for, in a single sentence, it not only conveys a very accurate idea of the sort of work he does, considered exclusively from the technical point of view, but also of the state of mind in which he does it—a state of patient, observant approximation to a harmony which, although foreseen and understood, is by no means easy of attainment. The examples of both these artists ought to give to younger men some of that strength and encouragement which painters so often need; for both of them—with a frankness for which we ought to be very grateful—have permitted us to see that art is still difficult for them, and that (in different ways) they often find that the attainment of what they seek is possible to them only after many repeated trials. The same indomitable patience in experiment has always characterised another artist, of whose methods we have given an account. Mr. Wyld is to this day as ready as ever he was to destroy work that is unsatisfactory to him, and repeat experiments until the desired harmony is attained. He says, 'I don't find that painting gets any easier.' And Mr. Storey says, 'The sort of pleasure I feel in it is that which one has in solving a difficult problem.' Painting has been compared to a game of chess: we have now seen it compared to piano-tuning, and to the solution of a difficult problem. All these comparisons point to the same truth—namely, that the technical results of painting can, in general, only be compassed by patient scheming, trying, or thinking; and that what looks intuitive to the inexperienced or the uninitiated, is seldom so in the reality.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. XX.—J. M. W. TURNER. (1775-1851.)

Port Ruysdael.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET DEBAINES.

THE full title of this remarkable picture is, *Fishing Boats bringing a Disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael.* Turner painted another picture called *Port Ruysdael,* which was exhibited in 1827, in his florid period, which culminated in the *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus. Port Ruysdael* is a fiction of the painter, a species of *in memoriam*—a painted poem—a token of Turner's admiration for his great Dutch predecessor in the art of landscape-painting.

This bringing in of the 'Disabled Ship' is a sea-piece of wonderful effect and power; it is perfectly harmonious; though executed at a period when the painter was, as a rule, very careless in his work, except as to effect; and when this picture was executed he had already attained his seventieth year.

Sea-pieces were not common with Turner at the close of his career, though they are among the most successful productions of his prime. He executed no very exact work at this late time, but his love of colour was still a ruling passion of his old age; and many of the pictures of his last years are works of great beauty, as mere displays of light and colour, if of but little value in other respects, such as some of his views of Venice: but neither these nor his Whalers can be called sea-pieces, notwithstanding they are mainly pictures of the sea, fairy-scenes of sky and water, studded with glittering vessels and phantasms of buildings, like the setting of gems in gold and silver.

Fishing-Boats bringing a Disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael is not of this class: it is comparatively colourless, yet has a most appropriate tone, and exquisite light and shade. The sombre shadow cast over the jetties on the spectator's right, directing the eye to the active group of fishing-boats, among which are conspicuous the tall masts of the disabled ship, is of the utmost value to the composition; and the little dash of colour in the sky in the opposite corner above, is a very agreeable relief to the general grey tone of the whole.

The composition is a wild and foaming sea, the air loaded with brine and mist; the storm drifting along is of such density as almost to reduce the rescuing fishing-boats to mere ghosts of shipping, yet they are palpable enough to produce a most masterly effect, so great is the skill with which the whole is managed.

The National Gallery is happily rich in the great sea-pieces of Turner, as in other of his works. These pictures are distinguished for their variety and individuality. He is clearly the prince of painters of the English school, in marine as in other landscapes. We have a noble series of these works, from the unpretending yet perfect simple moonlight view of the *Thames at Millbank* (1797), or the *Stranded Vessel near a Jetty* (No. 469), to this *Port Ruysdael* (1844). We have every kind of work and scene—the stormy *Calais Pier* (1803), with its exquisite

groups of figures, who are evidently talking French and nothing else; the terrible *Shipwreck* (1805), the mere sight of which inspires awe and compassion by the very reality of its perils; the beautiful calm of *The Sun rising in a Mist* (1807), in which the fish on the shore are put in with a truth and power worthy of Teniers; the *Death of Nelson* (1808), with its episode of the avenging Nemesis of battle, all arranged with rarest power, and, if ever equalled, certainly unsurpassed. *Spithead* (1809), with its buoyant ocean-waves, and fine old hulls, now of historical interest; *Bligh Sand* (1809), with its fishing-boats under cloud and sunshine, all of superb execution; the *Meuse* (1819), with the vessel going to pieces on the bar, after a storm; the *Bay of Baiae* (1823), with its lovely sunny sea in the distance; *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus* (1829), with its magical sunrise effect; and the *Fighting Téméraire*, with as brilliant a sunset, painted ten years later (1839); the *Steamer in a Snow-Storm* (1842), a most rare effect, and our *Port Ruysdael* of the present etching; besides his many beautiful poetical river views.

The above-mentioned pictures alone are sufficient to immortalize the name of any painter, even if they were his only productions; but they constitute only one of many varieties of Turner's art, and but a small fraction of the masterly work of his long and laborious life. There was probably never a painter more able in the carrying out of his purposes in his art, and probably never a painter more industrious, or one who has contributed more to the art-treasures of the world.

This picture is painted on canvas, and is of a very usual size with Turner—3 feet high by 4 feet wide. It was in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1844, and formed part of the painter's bequest to the nation, incorporated with the National Gallery in 1856.

The *Port Ruysdael* of 1827 was of the same size as the above, and was bought by Mr. Elhanan Bicknell for three hundred guineas; it was sold at his sale many years afterwards, in 1863, for the large sum of 1995*l.*: proving to him, like many other of Turner's works, a very good investment for his family.

R. N. Wornum.

ALPHONSE LEGROS.

HERE is an artist who never passed through the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and who may be said to have formed himself, since no celebrated painter ever was his master, and in his early days, when he was poor and laborious, he had to strive against the greatest hardships of life.

M. Alphonse Legros was born at Dijon. The precarious circumstances of his family did not allow him to expect much material support; and as it was necessary that he should promptly earn his own living, he was apprenticed without having even gone through the elementary studies which are the ordinary prelude to all education. But the quick intelligence of the child, and his ardent desire for learning, were destined, in his case, to supply all that was wanting as regards method.

It was during his apprenticeship that the young artist became aware of his vocation. He went to Paris, and frequented the school of M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran; and as soon as he was able to get colours he began to paint. By attentively looking at the masterpieces in the public galleries he learnt to see and to love nature. The portrait of his father was the first work he sent to the Salon.

M. Malassis, who has just published an excellent little work about our artist,* thus tells the story of his beginnings, which created but little sensation in the French public:—'As it always happens, a literary man was the first to take notice of him. M. Champfleury—who some years

* 'M. Alphonse Legros au Salon de 1875. Note critique et biographique, ornée de Trois Gravures du Maître.' Paris: P. Roquette. London: Seeley and Co.

before had pointed out MM. Gustave Courbet and François Bonvin—with his discriminating curiosity always on the alert, had remarked in the Salon of 1857 the portrait of a man (the artist's father) painted strongly and simply, and signed with the unknown name LEGROS. He wished to become acquainted with the painter, fancying him as an honest, middle-aged artist, obscure, deserving, and occupied in the production of modest work; he found, to his surprise, a young man under twenty, full of fire and *verve*, already master of a style at once solid and subtle, engaged with justifiable self-reliance upon numerous works in course of execution or preparation. The kind visit of the celebrated writer remains as the pleasantest recollection of the painter's early days. It was like the first smile of fame.'

At the Salon of 1859 M. Legros exhibited his *Angelus*, a picture full of austere and sober inspiration, not calculated to attract crowds, but which drew round the artist a little nucleus of warm admirers, almost exclusively painters. The absolute truthfulness of the types and the scrupulous observation of nature, both in the modelling and colour, gave to M. Legros an eminent position in the group of artists who study reality above all things. But the expression of the faces and the *naïve* and earnest devotion which characterised the picture gave it quite an independent position. The artists who constitute in France what is called the Realistic school are anxious to render the form and colour of the model before them, and do not care in the least to reproduce the passing emotions of the human soul. This negation of expression seems to be the standard of the school, and, although it is nothing more than a manifest sign of impotence, has been turned into a theory, and finds a great many partisans amongst critics.

M. Legros, by uniting a passionate study of expression to a literal translation of nature, showed the vice of this tendency, whilst exhibiting at the same time, in the highest degree, the very real qualities advocated by the school. Charles Baudelaire did not hesitate to call his picture a religious painting: the expression is just, even in its rigorously classic acceptation, for although the artist has not borrowed his subject from a text of sacred history, he has sought an emotion of sincere piety which is not often found in the official pictures ordered for our churches, but the secret of which may be discovered in the Florentine frescoes of the fifteenth century.

The same preoccupation is visible in the greater part of M. Legros' compositions. It is not the Bible history to which he usually turns, but the religious observances of the present day, and he gives more attention to their familiar side than to their pompous aspects. Monastic life has an especial attraction for his mind; he likes to render the pious exercises of monks, and studies their habits with the serious curiosity of a *savant* rather than with the conviction of a neophyte; and in reproducing these monotonous lives, the least important actions of which have the regularity of clock-work, he avoids monotony, and discovers abundant variety of character. In the *Réfectoire*, for instance, where three monks are seated at a meagre repast, one sees distinctions of temperament which are, at the same time, observed with delicacy and perfectly appropriate to the subject. Even the table-cloth, the wooden bench, the book, and the pitchers, are painted in a manner calculated to enhance the general impression. Great effects of contrast and displays of dexterity with the brush are entirely foreign to his talent, which somewhat recalls the grave and simple execution of the early masters.

The picture of the *Angelus* now belongs to an English amateur artist, whose talent is not less esteemed in France than it is in England—Mr. Seymour Haden. The works painted by M. Legros at that time are now chiefly the property of artists. We have seen in the possession of one of our first engravers, M. Gaucherel, a beautiful study of a cardinal and monk, whose features are those of the artist himself and of his father. If amateurs did not much visit the artist's studio, men of talent were often found there; and if fortune was long in coming, the painter might at least be satisfied with the esteem in which he was held. But one cannot live upon esteem, and the very profession of a painter necessitates certain expenses which M. Legros was unable to afford. He resolved, therefore, to expatriate himself, and he has never had reason to regret this resolution. 'It is now nearly twelve years,' says the biographer of the painter, 'since M. Alphonse Legros left Paris for London; he has found in England a second mother-country,

where he has established himself, and where he lives happy and honoured: his adopted country has given him ungrudgingly the consideration and fortune for which France might have made him wait somewhat longer, at a time when she could well be proud of a constellation of great artists, now eclipsed in her darkened sky. It may be said, as an excuse for M. Legros' expatriation, that he had been working for six years without attracting the notice of the Administration des Beaux-Arts, besieged by mediocrities in need, and becoming their prey, whilst it ignored the existence of an artist wonderfully gifted for high art.'

We may add, that since M. Legros has been known in England his reputation has singularly spread in France, and his works are now to be found in several of our public collections. The *Ex-voto* is in the Dijon Gallery, the painter's native town; the *Stoning of St. Stephen*, purchased by the Administration des Beaux-Arts, in the gallery of Avranches; the *Moines en Prières*, in the gallery of Alençon; the *Saint Sebastian* (drawing), at the Lille Gallery; lastly, the *Amende honorable*, exhibited in the Salon of 1868, has found its place in the Luxembourg. It is a picture which exhibits all the tendencies of the artist. A poor old man, stripped of his clothing, his hands tied behind his back, recants his theological errors before a bishop attended by monks. All the ruthlessness of the Inquisition is revealed in the expressions of the clergy, grave, stiff, austere, and formal.

Although M. Legros is represented in our collections, it is in England that his principal works are to be found, and there only that the progress of his talent can be studied. We shall only name the *Pélerinage* at the Liverpool Gallery; the *Chantres Espagnols* and the *Bénédiction de la Mer*, at Mr. Eustace Smith's; and the *Baptême*, the property of Sir George Howard. The greater part of the artist's pictures only leave his studio to go to their impatient purchasers; this explains why M. Legros, whilst regularly exhibiting in England, so rarely sends his works to Paris. Still, two of his pictures were in the Exhibition of 1875: the *Demoiselles du Mois de Marie*, and the *Chaudronnier;* the latter belongs to Mr. A. Ionides, by whose kind permission we are enabled to engrave it. The *Demoiselles du Mois de Marie* is in the painter's habitual manner: a subject at once religious and rustic, a scene in a chapel, a priest intoning a psalm, young peasant-girls waiting for the moment to sing their response. M. Legros renders most happily the pious emotions of simple souls; but the larger and more powerful manner in which the *Chaudronnier* is painted has captivated public attention in a greater degree. A picture in which religious sentiment plays no apparent part is a rarity in the works of M. Legros. We say apparent, for there is still a sort of vague solemnity in this shrivelled old man working in an autumnal evening in the midst of a solitary country. At the time when we have just lost Millet, such a manner of understanding nature could not fail to create a sensation.

M. Legros has etched a great number of plates, and the whole of his works amounts to more than a hundred, extremely varied. There are religious scenes and familiar subjects; landscapes as well as portraits. His etchings sometimes recall the work of certain old masters. But it is an instinctive sentiment, much more than the study of their works, which binds him to the family of old engravers, and, whilst resembling them in manner, he still retains his individuality.

M. Legros is less known in France than he deserves to be; his reputation, nevertheless, is constantly growing, and will last when many more brilliant ones will be forgotten. He follows his path without allowing himself to be disturbed by what goes on around him, and, indifferent to the fluctuations of fashion, he remains true to the essential quality which makes masters—originality.

René Ménard.

FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.

IT is safe to speak of Frederick Walker as an artist of original talent. Sometimes we feel that the phrase carries with it too much of vague compliment, and we do not always realise what it implies, or strictly determine to what order of work it may be fitly attached. But towards the genius of a painter like Walker the epithet is precise, for in his case it is possible to trace clearly the limits of a fresh invention and to distinguish the qualities with which he has enriched the art of his time. This, indeed, is what is meant by a painter's originality. Between the extreme limits of art and nature there lies a wide realm, that patiently awaits the entry of genius rightly equipped for the adventure. Its treasures of beauty have not yet been transported into the narrower domain of art, and though much that is found there is already familiar to the student of nature, there is still wanting a master's hand to fashion it to the due perfection needed for painting or sculpture. It was Walker's privilege to be a discoverer in a part of the field already well trodden. His greatest triumphs were gained in the interpretation of a class of subjects that has for long attracted English painters; but although he followed where others had already made a path, his researches went far beyond theirs. He penetrated deeper and did not go so far afield, and he reached to a nobler order of beauty without so violently disturbing the common truth of things. In touching the simple facts of rustic life he did not need to invent pathetic incident or penetrate into domestic history; whatever the value of such research, it was not within his scope. The common employments of the country had for him a different attraction. Instead of urging him to the invention of pathos, they kept his vision intent upon themselves, yielding to him at last the suggestions of a kind of beauty deeper and more enduring than any beauty of mere sentiment. Other painters had studied the life and emotions of the peasant, but Walker was content to study the peasant himself, and in watching closely the large and simple duties of rustic labour he came upon resources of graceful and energetic expression not yet exhausted by art. This is the chief discovery which Frederick Walker, and those who worked with him, have made for modern painting; and in following more closely than others had done the actual facts of the life before them, they proved once again how true and noble, in a spiritual sense, that art may be which seems to concern itself most attentively with physical truth.

The career of this painter, taken away long before the ideal of his genius was fully satisfied, is in all ways interesting to the student of modern art. Considering, in the first place, the class of subjects that formed the material of his work, it is very remarkable how completely he broke with earlier methods of interpretation. In company with men like Mason and Millet he did much to restore to the painting of modern themes the forgotten qualities of form and design. These three men were close students of landscape, and yet they laboured unceasingly to counteract the influence which the devotion to landscape had brought upon modern art. It is not surprising that a painter like Mr. Burne Jones, who deals with the subjects of abstract invention, should discover at once the value of precise and ordered design, for in no other way are the things of a mythical world to be made beautiful or credible to us. But Millet and Mason and Walker were employed in a kind of art whose professors had done most to discourage distinctness of line and ordered arrangement in composition. The painters of landscape and the painters of rustic life had for long abandoned all suggestion of style in their work; they had even been influential in adding to the confusion and disorder which belonged to every department of modern painting. One of the first results of the new study of outward nature had been the inducement to neglect anything that seemed like artifice in the painter. He was

to copy the appearance of things, not to reduce them to the conditions of pictorial expression. And yet out of this same devotion to nature there has at last come, as we see, a powerful protest against the careless imitation of the facts presented to the painter. A closer knowledge of the forms of rustic life, a more intense vision of the beauty of landscape, have revealed to a few men, rightly gifted, a deeper reality in their subject. William Hunt was in his time a sincere and accurate observer of peasant life, and yet there is not in his peasant figures half the knowledge of reality that we find in a peasant figure drawn by the hand of Millet or Walker. We do not feel in the presence of Hunt's drawings that rustic life has been studied in its most truthful or most serious spirit; the rosy cheeks of his peasant boys do not satisfy every recollection of the country, although they suggest and recall the first impression of rustic things upon a mind not prepared for the perception of deeper truths. If we compare one of Hunt's boys with the lad that guides the horses in Walker's picture of *Ploughing* we shall realise the distance between the two ideals. Passing from the one portrait to the other we are able to measure how much must have been added to the earlier knowledge before this second figure could have been presented to us, and we can appreciate the new aims which the new knowledge brought with it. Every form of life is apt to seem an eternal comedy to those who look at it only from the outside; and there is nothing surprising in the fact that the first study of the peasant and his surroundings should have yielded a series of happy pictures crowded with rosy portraits. But with Mason, and still more with Walker and Millet, the knowledge of the country and its inhabitants went one step further. The vision of the artist, as he watched more closely the process of rustic labour, became more intense and sympathetic, and he was compelled to exchange the earlier attractiveness for a beauty more consistent with his newly-acquired knowledge. Thus we see the painter driven by the results of his own study to adopt the highest principles of pictorial design. It is no longer possible for him to neglect or falsify the physical truths of his subject, and he has therefore no choice but to seek for the kind of beauty that is most closely dependent upon physical form and movement. Instead of concerning himself any more with the broad grin upon the peasant's face he watches faithfully, and faithfully records, the energetic movements of peasant life, and seizes the grace that attaches to all the expressive attitudes of toil. He is no longer in need of finding or inventing pathetic incidents of domestic existence, for he has found out that the most serious and beautiful thing in the life of a labourer is his labour, and that the forms of rustic people, as they are imaged against the landscape, contain in themselves the highest kind of truth possible to art. It is manifest that this discovery is only to be made by a mind already possessed of the principles of pictorial design. The strength of an artist's work must always depend upon the choice of appropriate material, and mere sympathy with his subject could have yielded nothing to Walker unless he had had the instinct to perceive the artistic value of the truth he had acquired. I have spoken chiefly of the deeper reality discovered in his painting as compared with that which it succeeded, but it remains to consider in what way he was able to make use of the materials of his study, and here we are brought at once to the consideration of a tendency in his art that will always arouse a certain amount of criticism. It is observable in all movements of modern art that the increased knowledge of nature begets at a certain point a return to the beauty of antique sculpture. Taken in a large sense this may be said to describe the process of the painters of the Renaissance. So soon as the study of nature among the Italian painters became so serious that the body and its capabilities of expression overpowered the devotion to religious sentiment the value and beauty of the antique were freshly and clearly perceived. And this same process is repeated within narrow limits in the art of men like Millet and Walker. The desire to present faithfully and profoundly the physical facts of rustic life inevitably recalled the forms of an art that was based most firmly upon physical truth, and it is undeniable that in several of Mr. Walker's pictures the suggestions of the grace of antique sculpture are consciously imported into the design. How far this process is legitimate, and to what extent it leaves the conviction that is sought by the artist, must depend in every case upon the point to which individual study has been previously

carried. If the painter's mastery over nature has sufficiently prepared him for the adventure, the union may be made without danger, for then the antique grace comes only as the reward of his own research. For there cannot be a doubt that in themselves the simple duties of rustic labour are as fit to receive such grace as any of the occupations of the ancient world; and if in the result there is any sense of failure, the fault belongs to the artist and not to his subject. Of the three painters whose names have been associated, Millet seems to me to be the one who most entirely succeeded in this union of reality and grace. His work is not so constantly attractive as the work of the other two, but in his highest achievements, such for example as his noble design of the *Sower*, it is not possible to question either the veracity or the grandeur of the image. Mason, whose sense of beauty never failed, seemed, nevertheless, to depart more often from absolute contact with reality, and there are occasions when the same imperfection has to be admitted in the case of Walker.

But even in those instances where the grace of the result seems not entirely discovered in the subject, and where the painter has been compelled at last to grant the perfection he could not find, the nobility and high influence of the work are not destroyed. It has been objected, for example, that the figure of the plougher in the picture already named has a conscious touch of this imported grace. It may be so; and it is likely enough that Walker did not possess all the technical resource in draughtsmanship which could alone endow such a figure with complete credibility. But although the work be so far imperfect, it does not follow that the kind of grace is in itself inappropriate, or that its presence ruins the imaginative force of the composition. To me this work seems not only to be the highest achievement of Walker's genius, but one of the noblest pictures English art has produced. As a representation of labour it deserves to stand beside *Le Semeur* of Millet; for it possesses the same serious and intent vision of its subject, the same severe neglect of all lesser sources of attraction. As we examine the design, it seems that to each figure has been assigned the attitude most enduringly associated with the duty to be performed: the subject has been watched so long and so closely that the different and changing movements of horses and men have at last yielded the one fixed outline that is expressive of them all. The measured tread of the horses, guided by the lad, who, to control them, has to throw his weight upon the rein, and the persistent energy of the man at the shaft of the plough, are so imaged by the painter that in this individual group we get an abstract of hard toil. Set in the foreground of a field, where the upturned furrows tell of much work done, and where the last reflected blaze of sunset flushing the face of a distant cliff leaves an intervening space of twilight—in which we seem almost to hear the rushing of the brook and the monotonous sound of the advancing plough—this noble composition contains in itself the full record of the labour of the day just closing, and of other days past and to come. It marks, with more pathos than any invention of sentiment could yield, the constant and unvarying routine of rustic life, the loneliness and isolation of field labour; and it suggests the deep and meditative beauty which the vision of such a life brings to the artist. In the perfection with which the figures are attached to the soil in that idyllic grasp of a scene, which locks together in a single image the landscape and the people who inhabit the landscape, the work may be reckoned equal, if not superior, to the work of the French painter. It is of the very essence of this kind of art that the artist should be able to associate the subject with its surroundings in equal fellowship. As he conceives his design the figures recede into the landscape, and the facts of the landscape, charmed by the intense gaze of the painter, advance to surround and imprison the figures in a precise and ordered pattern. Walker's management of this part of his task showed an impartiality that lay sometimes out of reach of the fiercer and more tragic imagination of Millet. He did not disturb the sweetness and fairness of outward nature in order to bring it into sympathy with the sadness often imaged in his figures. He allowed the contrast to take its due effect; and, however serious or pathetic the influence of his design, he never forgot the delightful beauty of flowers, or the intricate delicacy in tree-form and foliage. His genius was, in short, without any trace of the bitterness that went hand-in-hand with Millet's strength; and in this

very picture of the plough the minute and noble realism of the foreground is of the utmost beauty in effect.

This same pleasure in the gladness of nature, never destroyed by his pursuit of a serious thought, is seen again in the *Harbour of Refuge.* Here the subject is not labour, but repose, and the pathos is the simple pathos of age rightly rendered and contrasted with the energy and grace of youth. Nothing from this design lives longer in the memory than the expanse of daisied lawn, where each separate flower seems to have had in the vision of the painter its distinct growth, and where the vivid green of the young grass overpowers the twilight with its brightness. There is no story to tell; and yet the scene has so possessed the painter, that the picture is almost passionate in its utterance. He has so dwelt upon the image of contrasted youth and age that every simple fact seems to help and mark its pathos. It is expressed with an impartial hand in the full spring blossoms and the waning light, no less than in the two figures, a young girl and a tottering woman, who descend the old stone steps; and it is marked again in the flowers on the lawn not yet overtaken by the scythe of the mower, in the old sun-dial deserted by the sun, and in the groups of aged people who dream beneath the trees. The power which Walker possessed of associating things joyous and sad, and of surrounding a serious invention with all that is most delightful in nature, may be taken as the best proof of the probable development of his art, had he lived long enough to give his sympathies their full range. As it is, we are left to detect, from what is the product of little more than a single phase of his genius, the few slight suggestions of future growth. Nothing that he did is in this way more valuable than the picture of *The Bathers,* for although the execution will not compare with what came later, the design of this work, with its simple record of the unconscious grace of boyhood, is of most distinct originality. Here we are in the presence of a conception that has no sadness at all. There is no grave feeling to be expressed as in such as we find in the *Ploughing* or the *Harbour of Refuge;* and, so far as invention goes, the picture is no more than an attempt to see what could be done with a simple incident of boyish life. It is characteristic of Walker that he should have seized one of the few opportunities of modern life for dealing with nude design, and that this should be the only study of the nude from his hand. For it seems to have been one of the fixed principles of his art not to disturb or depart from the realities of the world about him. With his feeling for grace in form it might have been thought that he would have been led to a class of subjects where the difficulties of modern costume would not have confronted him. But, rightly or wrongly, this was not a part of his scheme. He seems at no time to have been tempted to create for himself an ideal world; but, on the contrary, he took especial pleasure in using only such materials as lay to his hand, and fashioning them to shapes of beauty without sacrificing any of the realities of modern life. In this picture of boys bathing he was able for once, and once only, to reach the nude without departing from modern habit; and it is not surprising that he should have grasped the occasion, or that he should have turned it to good account. Some of these youthful figures prove very decisively that Walker's understanding of the sources of beauty in antique sculpture was no mere reminiscence of the masterpieces of antique art. He has found out for himself in these boy-figures a kindred grace; and here, at least, it may be said that the union of reality and refined beauty is successfully accomplished.

To pass from this picture to the life-sized figure of the convict woman, called *At the Bar,* is to mark the extreme scope of Walker's genius as we know it. *The Bathers* is more entirely independent of emotional effect than any other of his works, while the picture just mentioned approaches very nearly to the height and dignity of passion. To me it has always appeared the most surprising, and, in some respects, the most potent example of the painter's art. Those artists among us who profess a desire to present the feelings of modern men and women, and who, in the pursuit of this desire, are content to neglect the qualities of pictorial beauty, would

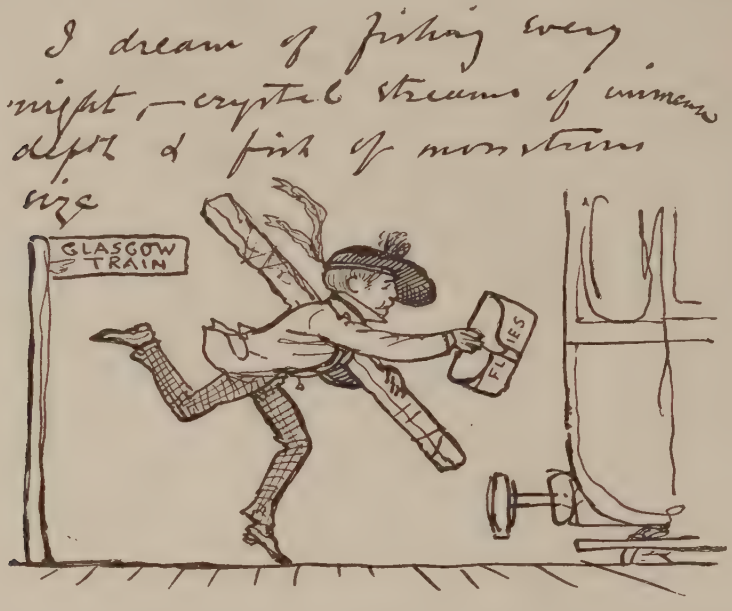
do well to consider the force and intensity of this picture, and to note at the same time its obedience to the laws of design. It would be hard to recall any interpretation of a modern subject by an English painter which contains the depth of passion that was imaged in the face and gesture of this woman, and certainly there is none which has combined with this intensity so much refinement of expression. Unhappily, at the time no amateur had the courage to set his judgment against the taste of the Academy, who had given it an inferior place upon the walls of the Exhibition, and the picture now no longer exists in its integrity. The painter, in whose possession it remained until his death, had planned some improvement, which he did not live to carry out, and had rubbed down the flesh-tints with the intention of repainting a portion of the face. But those who remember the design, and who can recall the desperate look upon the woman's face and her expressive attitude in the dock, will readily admit the extraordinary power of the conception, and they will reflect that an artist who could paint this picture, and who could also paint the group of careless youths upon the bank of a sunny river, must have been possessed of gifts that had not yet seen their full development.

It is seldom during the life of a painter that we are let into the secrets of his work. We enjoy the results of his labour, but are not allowed to follow the process by which the facts of nature are transported into the world of art, or to know by what study and effort the final reward of beauty is gained. Some slight hint of Walker's method, some suggestion of the way in which he got from nature the qualities he desired for his art, is to be found in the sketches and studies that he left behind him in his studio. Many of these drawings refer to an earlier part of his career, when his sense of beauty was not so sure, and when he was employed upon the illustration of other men's thoughts. But here and there in the collection we come upon the first thoughts for some of the groups in his later pictures, and we are able to watch through several stages the gradual perfecting of the image. Here, for example, is a study of boys bathing, taken as it would seem direct from nature, and before all the possibilities of the subject had been worked out or even perceived; and here again are the first trials for the two figures in the Academy picture of the present year. How remote this pencil-sketch of boy and girl with the sheep's head, just lightly traced on the paper, seems from the beauty of the finished work! The woman's figure has as yet but little grace, the artist has not yet caught the impression of sudden movement. In another drawing the idea is further advanced, and we seem already to realize what it is in the combination of the two figures that has arrested the attention of the artist, and it is not until we recall the group in the picture that we perceive how much more was still to add of refinement, grace, and vitality. This we may say is an example of Walker's method. He had the quickened sense and keen vision to recognise what things in common nature were fit for his purpose, and he had the patience and the power, little by little, and with remembrance constantly refreshed by observation, to recreate the reality in the purer world of art. Side-by-side with these slight studies in design are a few canvasses half finished or scarcely begun. Amongst them is the noble composition of the *Mushroom Gatherers*, upon which the artist was engaged when he died. On one canvas we have in little the whole design, with the figures set in their places, the male figure in the foreground half in gloom, and the woman far up the grass slope, her garment fluttering against the newly-lit sky; and on another canvas, of larger size, the landscape only is presented. Here, too, we find a view of sunlit sea brought back from Algiers, and a half-finished replica of the old gate.

The pen-and-ink sketches here reproduced bear slight witness to another side of Walker's genius that is not much or often expressed in his work for the public. To his friends he was known to possess considerable powers of humour, which he frequently exercised in caricature. His talent in this kind of art was always sure in its aim. His humour was not loud, but it seldom missed its mark, and he possessed a singular power of caricaturing himself. This may be seen in two of the sketches that accompany our article. Walker was passionately fond of fishing, and both these drawings are designed to ridicule his own devotion to his hobby. In one he is laboriously engaged upon his favourite sport, at a season when the hot sun and smooth water

render success impossible; in the other he has shown himself in hurried departure for the train that is to carry him to the scenes of his favourite sport. The third sketch was made in ridicule of brother-artists who, under the influence of idleness and fresh air, had devoted themselves to blowing smoke into an ant's nest.

J. Comyns Carr.



TECHNICAL NOTE.

Thin Plates for Etching.—A correspondent informs us that, having caused a plate to be replaned, and afterwards made an etching upon it, he found, on having the etching printed, that the thinning of the plate by the replaning was an inconvenience, because it curved up under the pressure of the roller. In his opinion, therefore, it is a mistake to have coppers replaned at all.

This communication led us to make some experiments and inquiries, which may be of use to others. It happened that a well-known artist sent us an etching upon a plate that had evidently been planed several times—for it was so thin that it seemed as if a little more biting in the lines would have gone quite through it. We took proofs from this, as being the thinnest plate we ever saw; and although the pressure was not diminished, the plate did not curve inconveniently (all plates do so *slightly;* except, perhaps, very large ones). After this experiment we asked M. Liénard, who prints many of the etchings for the Portfolio, to give us his opinion on the subject as the result of his experience, which is very great. His answer was, that no inconvenience of a special kind is encountered in printing from plates which have been reduced by planing; and that they are as good, from the printer's point of view, as new ones.

It is easy, with strong presses, to screw the cylinders down so tightly that they will curve a very thick copper; but this is a much greater pressure than the still very considerable pressure which is necessary to produce a fine proof. We believe, therefore, that the pressure on our correspondent's plate must have been unnecessarily great.

There is a theory that replaning improves the quality of the copper; but we believe this to be pure fancy, as the pressure exerted by the planer is not enough to increase the density of the metal. *Hammering* improves copper; but how can mere scraping and polishing do so?

Auchinclan July 27 72

'Genius under the influence of fresh air and beautiful scenery. — Sunday Aug 30. 1863.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

ETCHING BY L. B. PHILLIPS.

THREE etchings by Mr. Phillips are exhibited in the Royal Academy this year. Two of them are views of John Knox's house and the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. The subject of the one we publish is of a class which has been frequently treated by etchers, who have an especial fondness for rivers and bridges, especially on bright afternoons and evenings, when the reflections are perfect and the sky clear and calm. Yet a river may be treacherous and terrible as well as charming. Who would have believed a few weeks ago, when the Garonne lay as quietly in her bed as this slow English stream, that it would so soon be the dreaded cause of an almost infinite havoc and devastation?

ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ.*

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND ARTISTIC STUDY.

I PROPOSE to place before the reader an errant genius, culminating in madness—Antoine Joseph Wiertz—whose collective pictures in Brussels strike travellers with amazement, and present art phases and psychological problems which will repay examination. The works, like the man, are full of anomaly and contradiction: the fruits are as of a wild tree, into whose branches have been grafted strange growths, some soaring to the sky and others sweeping the foul earth. The 'Musée Wiertz' presents pictorial and mental phenomena without parallel in Europe: the incongruous creations here collected reach the grand and then descend into the grotesque; rise to the sublime and next fall into the ridiculous. The gallery is as a pictorial pandemonium, wherein rages the perpetual conflict between good and evil, God and devil, the carnal consuming the spiritual, and blasphemy raising its voice against religion. The artist has portrayed his character in his pictures; indeed, he may almost be said to have written his autobiography in the tumultuous composition of *The Revolt of Hell against Heaven.* Here demons are in mortal combat with angels, dragons belch out fire in the face of heaven, lightnings rend rocks asunder, the crack of doom has come. Wiertz was singularly wanting in self-knowledge; yet in this picture we read the lesson of his life—pride had its overthrow, and the ambition which scaled the heavens met with a fall.

Antoine Joseph Wiertz was born, in humble circumstances, in 1806, at Dinant, a small Belgian town bordering on Luxembourg, of about 7000 inhabitants. His father, who had been a soldier, became a tailor; his mother is described as '*une femme du peuple.*' The son showed a precocity of genius unusual even among heaven-born artists. At the age of four he wrote, or rather designed, without ceasing. We are told by his friend and partial biographer, M. Watteau, that every form arrested his attention, and was transcribed either by his pencil or pen with incredible facility. At the age of ten he painted a portrait without having received any instruction in the art. At the age of twelve, out of his own head, he is said to have reinvented wood-engraving. It is not pretended that these early efforts are *chefs-d'œuvre,* nevertheless they present curious subjects for speculation to those who wish to follow step by step the growth of a giant struggling as an infant Hercules within the cradle.

The boy Wiertz being regarded in his neighbourhood as a prodigy, received one morning a

* The authorities consulted are:—'Catalogue raisonné du Musée Wiertz, précédé d'une Biographie du Peintre,' par le Dr. L. Watteau. Deuxième édition, augmentée de la Description de quinze nouveaux Tableaux. 1865.—'Antoine Wiertz, Etude biographique par Louis Labarre, avec les Lettres de l'Artiste.' Deuxième édition, Bruxelles, 1867.—'Etudes sur l'Etat present de l'Art en Belgique et sur son Avenir,' par Adolphe Van Soust. Bruxelles, 1858.—'Biographical Sketch of Antoine Joseph Wiertz, together with a Visit to his Studio,' by the author of 'An Art-Student in Munich:' The 'Art Journal,' 1869.—'Die Künstler aller Zeiten und Völker bearbeitet,' von A. Seubert. Stuttgart, 1870.

visit from a public-house keeper, who wanted to decorate the front of his smoking-room. The subject or sign-board required was a 'Black Horse.' The youth objected that he had never tried oils, and that he had no colours. The needful materials were soon supplied, and 'the black horse,' which seems to have been knocked off with characteristic energy and haste, became, as a matter of course, the admiration of the village. Elated by success, like works—acknowledged, however, to have been rudimentary and incorrect—followed in quick succession. At the early age of fourteen the artist's destiny was cast; nature had evidently moulded an exceptional, almost a mythical creature, strangely consorted in body and in mind. While yet a boy he wore the semblance of a man; a beard clothed his face; his bodily frame, which had shot upwards with high and rapid growth, was strong in fibre, yet supple and elastic for swift movement and strenuous action. This fine organisation was animated by a restless and assailant intellect, a fervid and sky-soaring imagination, a fiery and ungovernable passion. Wiertz, by his *physique*, might, like Professor Wilson, have become a boxer or wrestler; by his intellect, a speculative philosopher; by his imagination, a poet; by his passion, a patriot, a profligate, or a devotee. But these several endowments, in their combined action, made him a painter; he surrendered his universality to an art which he strove to make universal as his talents. And it may be here worthy of remark, that the poets and artists who have taken a commanding position in the world's history—such as Goethe and Da Vinci—have been noble in body as they were masterly in mind. In Wiertz, however, the component forces were not in balance; the machinery, though strong, worked by over-power, seemed in danger of being torn to pieces: the boiler, as it were, was ready to burst by excess of steam-pressure; and therefore is wanting to his life and to his art repose and moderation. Yet he belonged, I repeat, to a high race of mortals, an order of nobly-constituted beings, described by Mr. Thomas Carlyle when he says, the body is not the prison-house of the soul, but its vehicle and implement, and, like a creature of the thought, altogether pliant to its bidding. Such beings know not that they have limbs, they only lift, hurl, and leap; 'through eye and ear, and all the avenues of sense, come clear, unimpeded tidings from without, and from within issue clear, victorious force: they stand as in the centre of Nature, giving and receiving, in harmony with it all.'

The scene is next laid in Antwerp. The young enthusiast sees in the visions of the night a man who beckons him to follow. The radiant phantom advances draped in a mantle, a Spanish hat proudly set on the head, and the hand grasping a banner, whereon was written in letters of fire, 'Antwerp.' Wiertz left his home and entered the city of Rubens as an unknown and solitary pilgrim, believing that within its walls lay the goal of his life. He took up his abode in a small cell: he did not, indeed, desire better lodging, for he wished to habituate himself to poverty, and even to misery, for he had sworn an oath that his art should never inspire him with love of lucre. His biographer, M. Watteau, went to Antwerp to see this miserable hole, lighted by a small window, and so badly built as to give free entry to the elements. A person who had been on intimate terms with the painter pointed out the place of the bed: 'You will observe,' he said, 'that a beam of wood crosses diagonally the wall where the bed lay, so that Wiertz, who was tall in stature, had to bend himself in two while he slept.' In this chamber, without chimney or fire, the artist worked during the long winter nights, covering himself haphazard with all that he had about him, even to the chair and its cushion. Yet it sometimes happened that on waking in the morning the hoar-frost and the ice had frozen his beard to the whitewash of the wall. Thus he lived for some years. Yet from this narrow prison-house the young rhapsodist saw in his mind's eye a wide horizon. He dreamed, as well in waking as in sleeping hours, of Rubens and of Michelangelo, of Corneille and of Mozart. But sickness came, and then he was brought to measure the strength and the time allotted to human life, and accordingly he made the resolve to limit his intellectual desires to the studies that could forward his artistic career: he determined to bring all thought and science to bear on the one focus of his life; his powers were henceforth to be dedicated to painting. And yet his labours, even when thus circumscribed, were but little alleviated. By day he drew, painted,

and modelled; by night—lying in bed to keep himself warm—he studied anatomy. Often he fell asleep with a crayon in one hand and a scalpel in the other.

So singular a mode of existence naturally excited public curiosity. Antwerp wished to see this strange child, this philosopher fourteen years of age, this 'young phenomenon,' as he was called. The towns-folk would pass the door in order to look in at the small and obscure cellar, encumbered with an inextricable mass of designs, pictures, and sculptures, heaped together in picturesque disorder. One day a connoisseur presented himself with the desire of purchasing a sketch; he offered a good price, but received as his reply, 'Keep your gold in your pocket, it is the death of the artist.' And with these words the door was slammed in the patron's face. In the eyes of the multitude such conduct was inexplicable. Wiertz appeared to the common herd a dreamer and a droll, and when he walked abroad a crowd would follow jeering him. But still the artist pursued the even tenor of his way: Rubens, Titian, and Michelangelo sustained him by turns. Sometimes the passers-by were arrested at his window by songs, or by the sounds as of diverse instruments; they imagined that they heard a crowd of musical scrimmagers essaying wild overtures, and diabolical fantasies bristling with surprises and assailant with impossibilities. One day these musical orgies attracted the attention of a celebrated musician, who, introducing himself to the painter, said, 'I teach music myself at twenty francs the lesson, and I shall be willing, with permission, to give twenty francs for each lesson you will receive from me.' 'Thank you,' replied Wiertz; 'after a few lessons you will want me to give a concert: but I have not time, because I have disposed of my life otherwise.'

The sojourn in Antwerp was something more than an *entr'acte* in the drama of the painter's life. Wiertz received encouragement from the government in the shape of a pension of about 10*l.* a-year. Also he found opportunity to make two visits to Paris, where he studied with passionate ardour the master-works of art; yet, what moved him most was the tumultuous surging of the crowds along the streets. The constant ebb and flow of this tide of humanity gave perpetual study for the artist who had already dedicated his life to the analysis and the portraiture of the human passions. That the painter's cellular and hermit existence in Antwerp was not barren of good fruit, obtained gratifying proof by the award of 'the Prize of Rome,' with the usual subsidy.

The next scene is laid in Rome: this 'city of the soul' Wiertz entered as a pensioner of the Antwerp Academy, 1834, in the 28th year of his age. Thunder, it is said, shook heaven and earth as he passed through the well-known Porta del Popolo. Little is recorded of the artist's mode of study in the city of the Cæsars. It would appear, however, that, according to the accepted axiom, the child had shown himself the father of the man; in other words, Wiertz in Rome, as in Antwerp, led a life severe, simple, and wholly devoted to art. But that he did not entirely shut himself up as a recluse, that he did not wholly hide his light under a bushel, may be inferred from words spoken by Thorwaldsen: 'This young man,' said the venerable sculptor, 'is a giant.'

I may fitly make this a resting-point, to consider briefly the mental and artistic position which Wiertz at this period had reached. He started in Antwerp by making Rubens his idol. Vandyck, a little later, seems to have shared his worship. Then, as we have seen, the young fanatic, who, almost destitute of education had everything to learn, paid two or more rapturous visits to Paris, the precise results of which I cannot easily trace in his collected works. But in spite of his biographers, who make no mention of the sculpturesque and coldly classic David, known throughout the world by *Les Horaces* in the Louvre, I cannot but remember that this French Republican, when in exile in Brussels, did much to form the Belgian school. And though Wiertz became an ultra and errant disciple in the opposite style of romance, I find in some early products of this pictorial polyp, whose tentacula took in for devouring all fish that came to the net, a sharpness in the chiselling of forms, and a spasmodic action in muscles electrified yet frozen, which indicate that Wiertz in Belgium and in Paris became infected with that passionate phase of Republicanism which on a certain and signal occasion was symbolized as the Goddess

of Reason in the person of a common woman in the nude, dragged in triumph through the streets of Paris. Wiertz since his death has fallen a prey to biographers, who absolutely crucify him afresh by the deification of his sins. But the ambition of Wiertz, which was his overthrow, knew no bounds; as soon as he reached Rome, Michelangelo, almost as a matter of course, became the goal of his madness. He would have seized on even a greater master had a greater existed. Tintoretto, centuries before, inscribed over the door of his studio, 'The colour of Titian with the design of Michelangelo.' Wiertz did the same, with the significant come-down that Rubens in his stage tableaux played the part of Tintoret.

The fruit of this Roman residence was a canvas no less than 30 feet long, with life-size figures, who enacted spasmodically yet academically the Homeric scene, 'the Death of Patroclus,' or rather, 'the body of Patroclus disputed for by Greeks and Trojans.' Patroclus, a fine study in the nude—a figure which, with the difference of being thrown horizontally instead of perpendicularly, may have been suggested by one or more versions of *The Descent from the Cross*—forms the centre of the composition: on one side the Greeks, on the other the Trojans, rage furiously together to carry away the body. Jupiter in the background rushes impetuously into the thick of the combat, ready to hurl a crushing rock at the heads of the Trojans. Wiertz, in this the first effort which rose to the height and the scale of his ambition, sketched out and in some measure epitomized his future career. He showed facility of creation, a power to grasp strongly noble and arduous themes, with an impetuosity of imagination which, spurning control, rushed beyond the bounds of moderation. The execution, too, followed closely on the conceiving thought: it was broad and rapid; ardent, almost audacious. The picture of *Patroclus* produced in Rome a deep impression: it had been commenced in May of 1835, and such was the confident facility of the artist that a few months sufficed for the completion of this vast and complex historic composition, containing more than a dozen figures. In rapid succession followed *The Brigand, The Carnival of Rome,* and *The Virgin.* The mere enumeration of these titles indicates the versatility, not to say the inconstancy, of the artist's genius: he was by turns Christian and pagan, pious and profligate; he would 'swear a prayer,' and then throw the light of heaven into the deepest depth of l'Inferno. Wiertz about this time wrote to his mother, still living in the village of his birth, 'I wish to measure myself with Rubens and Michael Angelo;' he had studied, as we have seen, in the Cathedral at Antwerp, then in the Louvre, and now he found himself inspired by the master-works in the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel. 'I too,' he exclaimed, 'am an Italian: to climb the Alps was the feat of Napoleon, to pass the Alps was the triumph of Cæsar; I imagine myself Alexander the Great, and that the eyes of the universe are fixed upon me.' The Roman campaign may fitly end with a scene within the artist's studio;—the doors are thrown open, the *Patroclus* is on view, and 'six thousand artists of all nations' flock to see the achievement which crowned Wiertz as 'a prince in European art.' It was then that the venerable sculptor Thorwaldsen pronounced the words already quoted, 'This young man is a giant.' The picture we shall next meet in Belgium.

Wiertz, after his pilgrimage and apprenticeship in Italy, returned to his native land: the picture of *Patroclus* preceded him. A tale is told of how, one day, the Secretary of the Academy in Antwerp was startled by the arrival from Rome of a huge packing-case, for which the carriers demanded five hundred francs. The first impulse of the Secretary was to leave the picture in pawn for the expenses; but curiosity being excited, the case was opened, and Patroclus appeared in the nude, to the consternation of beholders. However, M. Van Brée—a painter honourably known in the history of the local school—pleaded for the work, pointed out its merits, and paid the carriage, with the duty to the Customs. M. Louis Labarre, who has written *un étude biographique* on Wiertz, relates an interview about this time with the painter. The picture of *Patroclus* was, almost as a matter of course, present; and one end of the hall had been partitioned off as a refuge or sanctum for the artist. There ensconced, Wiertz would wile away the hours between work and meditation: he also amused himself by listening to the remarks of artists and fellow-students made before the picture, which indeed appears to have

excited as much amazement in Antwerp as in Rome. The painter sometimes, from the place of his concealment, would be heard to break out into musical sound: guitar in hand, he indulged in reverie, and seemed to improvise colours and forms which, haunting his imagination, were about to be thrown upon canvas. For him all art spake a common language, rhythm of thought translated itself into symmetry of form; in sound there was a sense of light and colour; in the universality of genius art obtained universal relations. Yet these were but visions, awaiting then, and indeed for ever, fruition. Wiertz had to encounter disappointment and defeat. His *Patroclus* was rejected in Paris; and, like poor Haydon, he rushed into revolt, and avenged with his pen the indignity done to his pencil.

Scarcely had Wiertz reached manhood when he plunged headlong into the battle of life: he raised his hand against every man, and then wondered that the world was not kind and conciliatory. His career from first to last has need of much apology; and perhaps no better set-off for a course of passion can be found than in a life of self-denial. We have seen the painter in poverty in Antwerp and in Rome: a cellar, a garret, with hardly a rushlight, a crust of bread with little more than a glass of water, were for him contentment, provided only he could in his art feast with the gods. A life of privation may be said, indeed, to have been his deliberate choice. It is asserted that he refused an offer of three hundred thousand francs for *The Triumph of Christ*, on the plea that 'it was possible that the next day he might find in it something to correct.' We also find that he willingly presented a painting to a church while he considered it a degradation to barter away the offspring of his brain to a picture-dealer. If Wiertz had not made one exception to the rule of his professional life, it is not clear how he could have kept body and soul together. To supply present needs, and in order that he might revel in reckless thought, and rear what he flattered himself to be a noble art, he consented to paint portraits. The artist's self-denial is further proved in his voluntary vow of celibacy. It is true that, with characteristic ardour, he raved about female beauty; in fact, his imagination seems to have been haunted by an ideal, partly, as with some well-known poets, the creation of fancy, and partly having a bodily presence in the external world. This type or symbol of the beautiful became reflected into his pictorial works. But the allegiance he had sworn to Art forbade that the vision of his imagination should be taken into tangible possession. I think it must be conceded that, after making due allowance for extravagance, he presents a singular example of self-sacrifice to art.

Wiertz, like other self-made, self-sustained men, asserted himself strongly: he was a dogmatist. He had not only a general faith, but a defined creed, for which he was eager to fight and willing to suffer martyrdom. Prominently among the articles of his belief was the illimitable progression of art, grounded apparently on a few not quite incontrovertible axioms. One is, that all men who are finely organised can become great painters: this seems framed expressly to fit his own person. Another is, that all great men are the spoilt children of circumstances: this differs but slightly from the old but debatable doctrine that circumstances make the man. Then, approaching more closely to the conditions under which art may secure continuity of progression, we come upon the shrewd, though scarcely novel, remark: 'Do not place your works side by side with those of the old masters; do not imitate their manner with their defects, but strive to be penetrated by their principles, and raise your minds to the height of their genius.' The sum and substance of this art creed seem briefly to be: first, in-born talent; second, study—in other words, work manual and mental, the basis being nature and precedent; third, circumstance, such as birth and education, private patronage and noble national life. These three conditions being favourable, progression becomes possible, and modern art, if not a positive improvement on ancient, shows a movement forwards in accordance with the changed spirit of modern times. I need scarcely say that Wiertz, the greatest egotist who ever held a brush, so framed this creed as to suit his own condition; in fine, he believed himself the one representative artist of the highest and latest civilisation.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXI.—Joseph Mallord William Turner. (1775–1851.)

The Approach to Venice.

ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.

'The path lies o'er the sea, invisible,
And from the land we went
As to a floating city, steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently.'—Rogers' *Italy*.

SOME of Turner's most beautiful sketches, though among his slightest as regards mere finish, are those made at Venice during the visit of about the year 1840. But if we may judge from a few earlier works, this was not Turner's first visit to the 'fairy city of the heart;' he must have visited it some ten years earlier, as this Gallery possesses two careful pictures, which were painted as early as 1833 and 1834, the years they were exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The Gallery is in possession of two sets of Turner's Venetian sketches, one in body-colour, on gray or blue paper, consisting chiefly of local points and architectural views, made perhaps some years before the others; and the second, a larger set, about 9 inches by 12, in transparent tints on white paper, of more general views, in which mere localities yield to the scenic effects of water and buildings. Both sets are slight, yet beautiful; but the latter, and more imposing, are purely rich effects of light, and colour, and water, in which his materials are the picturesque combinations afforded by this unique 'City of the Sea,' 'the Queen of the Adriatic.'

In these extraordinary sketches the topographical element, beyond the mere fact of structures rising out of the sea, scarcely enters. The painter has furnished the poetical elements—cloud, water, and sunshine—while he has left nearly all else to be supplied by the imagination of the spectator.

The *Approach to Venice* here engraved—which is different from the picture under that title exhibited at the Academy in 1844—is one of his most beautiful realisations of the larger series of sketches on white paper, and the original sketch is perhaps the finest of the whole series: the picture has not improved upon it by its deviations.

It is a view of the canal of the Giudecca, with Fusina in the distance. Turner's name of 'San Benedetto' appears to be a mistake, as there is no such building there.*

The *Approach to Venice* is a characteristic name for the scene: there are several compositions of these Venetian lagoons of the Adriatic, which are practically approaches or departures from the 'floating city.' The Giudecca, the Riva degli Schiavoni, and the Grand Canal, are

* See Mr. Ruskin's 'Notes' on Turner's Sketches, p. 73.

frequently treated by Turner in these sketches; but the buildings are so undefined that it would avail little to attempt to individualise them; yet they all perfectly serve their purpose.

We have here the 'invisible path' over the sea, with its shadowed habitations on either side, and Fusina in the distance: the path is traced by the passing gondolas—the light, black-cabined boats which serve the Venetians as cabs. In the sketch a conspicuous boat takes the centre of the foreground, advancing to the spectator. In the picture this is altered for the worse; the chief object—the key of the composition, with its intensity of colour—is moved to the left, and is seen on the side; while the centre of the composition is taken up by two gondolas in the middle distance, which have apparently fouled, detracting from, rather than helping, the effect of the superb golden sky and resplendent water, both charmingly relieved by the grey and distant Fusina.

The *Approach* was in the same Exhibition as the *Sun of Venice*, and is a suitable companion to it, though it overweights it much. The former is certainly the most brilliant of the Venetian views in the national collection, which are eleven in all; and as, in one of the various notices of the works of Turner in the PORTFOLIO, some account has already been given of them, there is no occasion to recur to them: they are enumerated in the notice of the *Sun of Venice going to Sea.** This *Approach to Venice, looking towards Fusina*, is of the common smaller size of Turner's canvases, 2 feet high by 3 feet wide. It has been engraved by J. C. Armytage for the 'Turner Gallery,' and is a part of the Turner Bequest.

R. N. WORNUM.

CHARLES JACQUE.

CHARLES ÉMILE JACQUE was born at Paris in 1813. His father, who was a schoolmaster, placed him with a geographical engraver, in whose *atelier* he acquired a taste for engraving, and soon applied it to works of art. At eighteen he made his first etching, the head of a woman, after Rembrandt. Before reaching his majority he volunteered as a private soldier, and conscientiously served his country for seven years, as military law required then. He was present as a soldier at the siege of Antwerp, and we owe to his military experience the humorous scenes of *Militairiana* and of *La Ramée, exfusiller de l'armée française.* The artist, who composed both the text and drawings, has filled them with a comic humour very rare now. He is, besides, an excellent caricaturist, as he has proved in the *Charivari.* He took a part also in the illustrations of several works, such as 'Les Contes de Perrault,' Béranger's 'Songs,' Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' &c.

Charles Jacque has designed a great many woodcuts for 'Le Magasin pittoresque,' and 'L'Illustration;' but it is particularly as an etcher that he first became known. This kind of engraving was not much cultivated in France at that time, and he is one of those who contributed to restore its credit. In his first works he showed an inclination to a rather affected sort of elegance, and the more robust and truly rustic character of his later works has often been attributed to the influence of Millet. There have been, however, protests against this opinion, and, as appears to us, not without good reason. 'It would seem,' says M. Guiffrey, in the preface to the excellent catalogue that he has made of Charles Jacque's engravings, 'it would seem, to hear a great number of critics, and M. Charles Blanc himself, as if it were the influence, or simply the example, of M. Millet which had decided M. Jacque to give back to peasants the rustic, rural look natural to those who work in the fields. M. Millet had not yet dreamt of painting the country and its inhabitants when M. Jacque had already corrected his first tendency to affected elegance in rustic scenes. Several plates of 1844, and a good many woodcuts, bear witness to this change of manner, which became visible long before M. Millet had produced his first real peasants. This artist, who,

* No. XI., November, 1874.

about 1848, was painting bathers and little nude figures, very much appreciated by old picture-buyers, afterwards carried to its utmost limits the system already adopted by M. Jacque, and his extreme, not to say excessive, boldness, made him pass for the inventor of a theory which he has developed *à outrance*.'

We believe, however, that the influence of the two artists upon each other must have been reciprocal, and if Charles Jacque opened the path along which Millet has travelled, he was himself affected in no small measure by the influence of the great artist whom France has recently lost. They were very intimate friends, and Charles Jacque was one of the first to appreciate Millet's talent. He did not hesitate to express his opinion at a time when Millet's worth was very much disputed, and when amateurs would not purchase his works at any price. Charles Jacque warmly exerted his influence in favour of his friend, although they both worked nearly in the same line, and this generosity does him honour.

If the word *pittoresque* did not exist in the French language, one would have to invent it for the works of Charles Jacque; and what is the picturesque, if not the sentiment of life in its most familiar form? When a painter shows me a plough in the fields, a pail near a well, a pot in a kitchen, a lantern in a garret, I ought to understand that these are common objects, frequently used, and not bran-new things just come out of a shop. Of course the form would be the same, but the expression would be different; and the expression conveys the charm of a rustic scene, by giving us the illusion of reality. Why have Charles Jacque's works such a powerful charm? It is because they always show us things or persons such as they are in nature; because he studies them in the course of their usual life and avocations; and because this sincerity carries us without effort to the scene that he chooses to represent. Who knows better than he how to paint or draw hens perched on a cart, ducks dabbling in a pond, sheep in search of grass, children rambling about the fields instead of going to school, a servant washing clothes, a plough under a shed? His inns, his farm and poultry-yards, his village streets, his skirts of forest, his old walls, full of crevices, of stains of damp and crumbling plaster; his barns, with cobwebs hanging from their ceilings, charm us precisely because the painter has not recourse to any tricks, but merely tells us, in his plastic language, the things that he saw, observed, and studied in the country.

The greater part of Charles Jacque's etchings are of small dimensions. Once, however, he etched a plate in folio size, the wonderful *bergerie*, which unites so much delicacy to such a powerful and striking general effect. The catalogue of his works contains no less than 420 engravings. The proofs of some of them are extremely rare now. With the exception of a few isolated pieces all were designed by him, and several of them form charming series, very much sought after by amateurs.

For some time past Charles Jacque has been more disposed to paint than to etch, and the transformations of his talent as a colourist are truly surprising. His first pictures were not without traces of his engraver-like habits. Accustomed to outline his forms with the point and to mark everything with the accent of the line, he sometimes fell into meagreness, and did not possess the directness of handling which belongs to an experienced painter. He expressed great admiration for the fulness of effect in the pictures of Troyon and Dupré, but the uniform precision of his drawing led to a certain dryness of manner. Still he was undoubtedly gifted with the temperament of a colourist, and his etchings are sufficient proofs of it. His defects were only the result of inexperience, and have gradually disappeared.

Charles Jacque is now one of our first landscape-painters; the animals in his pictures still display his old knowledge of structure and movement, but they form an harmonious whole with the picture, instead of standing isolated from it. The last forest-scenes by him which happen to be known to us are altogether remarkable, and it is very much to be regretted that he should not send his pictures to the Salon, for he would immediately take rank amongst our leading painters.

His earlier pictures were generally small, and reproduced courtyards, and hens scratching on

manure heaps. He is very fond of poultry, and has written a very remarkable book about them, with illustrations. Charles Jacque has also studied pigs, and in such a masterly fashion that he has been surnamed *le Raphaël des Pourceaux.* Since then he has seemed to prefer cows and sheep. His large picture in the Musée du Luxembourg represents a flock of sheep on the edge of a wood. Nobody knows the ways of a flock better than he does. It is to be regretted that this picture, like almost all those of the same period, should be heavy and monotonous in colouring. It would be desirable for the gallery to acquire a more recent one, showing the new direction followed by the artist for some years past; for artists know but little of his works because they are painted on commission, and never remain in his studio after their completion, but go straight to their purchasers.

It was at Barbizon that I saw M. Jacque for the first time. Barbizon is a small village charmingly situated on the skirts of the forest of Fontainebleau. Charles Jacque had built a little house there, with a big studio at the end of the garden. The country being devoted to agriculture and sufficiently removed from towns and main roads, he could easily indulge his inclination for the painting of animals and of rustic interiors.

There was in a neighbouring farm an old shepherd-dog, long past all service, whose name was *Capitaine.* Charles Jacque thought the dog superb, and, intending to introduce him in his pictures, bought him, to the amazement of the shepherd and of the farmers in the neighbourhood. The peasants discussed among themselves what motives might have led to the purchase of the dog, and at last came to the conclusion that *le Monsieur de Paris* no doubt entertained a very decided taste for all kinds of old and infirm animals. The rumour spread into the adjoining villages, and he was soon offered for acquisition mangy dogs, decrepit hens, and sheep that no butcher would look at.

The painter's reputation for originality grew with time. Always in search of picturesque subjects, and requiring to be in constant communication with nature, he frequently stopped near an old cart to draw it; and the peasants were totally unable to understand why he did not rather select a pretty carriage, like those which take excursionists into the forest.

This was not all. Charles Jacque met one day with a broken old wheelbarrow, with the aspect and colour bestowed on rural implements by long use. He offered a new one in exchange for it, and the bargain was soon settled to the satisfaction of both parties. There are few collectors of prints who do not now possess the portrait of this wheelbarrow. It is in a corner of one of his compositions, near a dung-hill, where hens are pecking. And if you look at the pail, the brush, the rope with the rust on the pulley, you may form some idea of the painter's rustic furniture; very different from that of his studio, which is at once extremely comfortable and in very good taste.

Charles Jacque is not a very strong man, but his energetic temperament easily conquers his frequent little indispositions. He is simply nervous and sensitive; a quarter of an hour often works a wonderful change in him. How often, knowing him to be unwell, have we gone to his small house at Barbizon to inquire after him, and found him shivering at the corner of the fire, and wrapped up in such a way that only his nose and a little bit of moustache remained visible. 'So you are ill again, to-day?' 'Oh! I am not at all well—not at all,' he would answer in a feeble voice. And it was easy to see that he had passed a bad night and was feverish. Still, as he was asked questions which he felt himself obliged to answer, a conversation would gradually arise. After a while he would remove his hood and show his face. Then he would warm up, and take off his dressing-gown, and attempt to stand up for a moment in front of the chimney. It seemed as if he would fall back into his arm-chair; but instead of that his voice became more audible, and he would try a few steps about the room. It was not unusual to hear him say then, 'I believe I want a little fresh air; will you come to the end of the garden?' The garden was close to the forest: the walk was continued. The conversation had become animated by this time, and the man who, a few moments before, hardly seemed to have power to breathe, now walked briskly along the roads, climbed up the rocks, making remarks on

everything, stopping at picturesque places, reviewing the artists who had painted their pictures at these same places, and mingling with his remarks a thousand lively and unexpected sallies.

Charles Jacque's conversation is interesting. He is very deeply versed in the technicalities of his art, and has known all the remarkable painters of the modern school. What is wanting to his reputation is one of those striking works which mark a date in the history of an epoch, and sum up all the work of an artist's life. But the *ensemble* of his works, so varied, so complete, so full of life, will secure for him a high position both in the French school and in modern painting, of which he is one of the most intelligent representatives.

RENÉ MÉNARD.

ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND ARTISTIC STUDY.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

I HAVE had the good fortune to visit many studios both at home and abroad—the ateliers or workshops for example of John Gibson in Rome, of Hiram Power in Florence, of Kaulbach and Piloty in Munich, also the Museum containing the assembled works of Thorwaldsen in Copenhagen. Of all such collections the Studio and Museum of Wiertz in Brussels is the most remarkable. It is not mere idle curiosity that leads the traveller to the spot most nearly identified with an artist's genius, it is often a student-like desire to realise the outward circumstances, to come in contact with the hidden springs, the inner motives which have guided a mind and fashioned a masterwork. Certainly Wiertz can be understood only within the strange place wherein he plied his brush, his chisel, and his pen.

The Museum Wiertz in Brussels, built in imitation of a ruined classic temple, is pleasantly described by 'The Art Student of Munich' as 'situated upon slightly rising ground, backed by the beautiful Zoological Gardens, and enclosed in a green and bowery spot, half-garden and half-field.' 'The brown, half ruinous-looking walls, with their broken pediment and three solitary columns, were in the late autumn made beautiful by luxuriant masses of festooning ivy and Virginia creeper, already turned scarlet, crimson, and purple, forming a glow of splendid colour more brilliant than the work fresh from the hand of any Flemish painter.' 'Thus clothed in a sun-illumined mantle of brightly-tinged vegetation, the place possessed a poetic, and almost an enchanted aspect, a certain incongruous and odd beauty which belonged rather to the dreaming than to the waking world.' Wiertz, it is said, when planning his studio with its surroundings had the idea of making a kind of 'jardin géographique,' a sort of 'géographie champêtre.' Indeed, I can well believe that a painter of this discursive imagination, who sought to scale the heights reached by Michael Angelo, and who essayed to occupy pictorial territories vast as the canvases of Rubens, desired to wander at large geographically over whole kingdoms and continents, to realise the sensations excited by all varieties of climate and conditions in physical geography, to work out as it were a kind of experimental art philosophy by observing the effects of strange phases in nature upon the human mind. Wiertz had a range of speculative thought which, if it had been more wisely directed, might have brought art into relation with the cosmical ideas of Humboldt and of Oersted. He himself tells us that he wished to make the art of painting 'the expression of thought, a figurative language by means of which men in all time have sought to consecrate their ideas and sentiments.'

Furthermore, it is asserted that the architectural design of the studio had another significance. The form of an ancient temple was chosen not only as a protest against the modern art which the painter decried, but as securing by its remoteness from present times a kind of neutral ground wherein the artist might feel himself free to do just whatever he liked. That this temple was built as a ruin might unconsciously symbolize the artist's mind and life. This studio,

too, served as a place of refuge to the painter when he cut himself off from the world, and refused to send his pictures to exhibitions; here he shut himself up as within a fortress, and used its walls not only for defence, but for assault on the outer world. Above all, Wiertz, in asserting for himself freedom, desired to make art free. Painting, he asserted, had been enslaved by the Church; she was then debauched by luxury, and latterly she had fallen a victim to commercial interests. Wiertz, seeking her enfranchisement, inscribed over the door of his studio, 'Peinture affranchie.' The stranger on passing the threshold finds himself in a spacious and ill-kept room, where he may deposit his umbrella and coat, or buy catalogue, biographies, and photographs: beyond opens the large hall, the ample walls and floor of which afford space for pictures of all sizes, from thirty feet high downwards, also for sundry peep-shows and other pictorial tricks and surprises. The visitor at first sight may feel a doubt whether by mistake he has not gone astray into a mad-house; from the walls look out distempered imaginations—bad dreams writ large—*Hunger, Madness, Crime*'—but also *The Triumph of Christ.* Wiertz was adding two wings to his museum, he also had begun two epic pictures, illustrative of epochs in the history of humanity, when suddenly death came and arrested his hand. In death as in life he thought only of his art; like Turner, he bequeathed his pictures to the nation. Had not life—over-wrought to fever heat—burnt itself out, his creative power was such that he might have clothed the walls of museums almost as rapidly as they could be erected. After the habit of poor Haydon, it had long been the custom of this would-be Diogenes to complain of the world's neglect, but as a simple matter of fact, the Belgian Government, during the painter's life, supplied funds for building his studio, and after his death made provision for the exhibition of his collected works to the public. The Wiertz Museum, then, is as a national monument, and in some sense a private mausoleum also.

The life of Wiertz, though tumultuous, was like the lives of artists are apt to be, uneventful. His career, after its first outset, presents little for record save the painting of pictures, the writing of a few essays bearing on art, and the penning of sundry diatribes destined for the destruction of his self-made enemies. I will begin with his pictures: by their variety of subject and diversity of aim they will be best understood by the aid of classification. In the first place, precedence is perhaps due to the tremendous efforts in the way of high art, such as *La Révolte des Enfers contre le Ciel, Le Triomphe du Christ,* and *Le Corps du Patrocle disputé par les Grecs et les Troyens.* These and other like compositions are grand in conception, copious in flow of ideas, daring and rapid in execution even to a fault. The painter, indeed, shared an infirmity common to genius, especially when heated and impetuous: like Michael Angelo and Tintoret, his pleasure was in creation rather than in completion. In fact it is scarcely too much to say that he never cared to master the *technique* of his art. Thus his most elaborate products are fragmentary and abortive. And I cannot but feel that while some of the figures are truly Miltonic, yet that passages abound which tell of the folly of rushing in where angels fear to tread. The artist wanted moderation and repose; he lacked that power held in abeyance or reserve, which constitutes the strength and the grandeur of the Old Masters. Yet to him may be justly accorded the title to which he aspired, of being the Rubens of the nineteenth century, with the additional honour of having 'out-Heroded Herod.' Furthermore, in the International Exhibition at Vienna he won for his country a high position in the rank of European art. His grand composition, *Der Sündenfall,* was hung in the '*salle d'honneur,*' in companionship with the historic and imaginative creations of Director Piloty of Munich and of M. Cabanel of Paris. Had Wiertz lived to witness this tribute to his genius he might have mitigated the censure he was accustomed to pass on his contemporaries.

A separate division is scarcely needed for the expressly Christian compositions, such as *L'éducation de la Vierge,* and *Le Sommeil de la Vierge.* Wiertz had little or nothing of the tenderness of Christian art; he stood wide as the poles asunder from Fra Angelico and other spiritual and non-naturalistic painters: the revival he attempted was of the earth, earthy. Christianity became for him but one among the many of the world's religions; thus *La Révolte*

des Enfers contre le Ciel, and even *Le Triomphe du Christ*, are not very distinguishable from the war between classic gods and Titans. I would quote, however, an original, imaginative, and reverential conception, *Les partis jugés par le Christ.* Here the Saviour, in the character of a judge, hiding the face and closing the eyes on a scene of violence, points the hand upwards to a light ineffable and a kingdom eternal. The chiaroscuro is worthy of Rembrandt, the idea is Dantesque.

I hope that I have succeeded in making it sufficiently evident that Wiertz belongs to that exceptional order of artists who paint up to the level of an idea, who seek to give visible expression to a thought; in other words, who first think out a subject in the mind, and then, somewhat after the manner of an essayist, an orator, or rhapsodist, throw forms and colours broadcast upon canvas. It has been aptly said that Wiertz penetrated the regions least explored in art; that he was among '*Les Chasseurs d'Idées.*' We all know how Raphael, in the Stanze of the Vatican, gave pictorial illustration to the abstract conceptions of Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, and Justice. And coming down to our own times, Kaulbach in Berlin has in *The Age of Homer*, *The Battle of the Huns*, and other cognate compositions, attempted panoramic representations of leading epochs in the history of the world. Then approaching nearer home, the reader may remember that Mr. Watts, R.A., has long cherished the idea of a kind of pictorial cosmos, commencing with Greek gods, and comprising the Christian personality of Creator Mundi or Salvator Mundi. The mind of Wiertz was inspired, or rather maddened, by like cosmical thoughts; moreover, he became troubled by obstinate questionings concerning life and death, the origin of evil, the personality of Satan, added to the aims of Providence and the destiny of the wide world in general. Such fever of the brain, I have observed, specially attacks strong, ill-balanced, and half-educated intellects. And this mental chaos Wiertz did not hesitate to emblazon on canvases which for extent can be compared only with kingdoms and continents. Limits of space forbid a description of these wild nightmares of the mind, but a bare enumeration of titles will indicate their character. As examples take the following: *Thoughts and Visions of a Head cut off; A Second after Death; Precipitate Inhumation; The Child burned; Hunger, Folly, and Crime; Satan; Suicide; A Scene in Hell; The Birth of the Passions.* The last theme is worked out in sculpture. I may here just say that Wiertz, as a sculptor, does not call for notice.

These astounding titles, it must be confessed, read as deliberate diablery, and I am sorry to say that matters are not mended by the addition of details. As a charisteristic specimen I will give in brief the published description of a trilogy entitled, *Thoughts and Visions of a Head cut off.* Such highly dramatic vivisections, effected by the guillotine, are, we are told, so merciful that the patient feels in his neck nothing more '*qu'une légère fraîcheur.*' Yet Wiertz conceived that in the delirious moments of death the head remains conscious for three minutes, and passes through three eternities. The abridged description runs as follows:—

'*The First Minute.*—The scene is laid on the scaffold, and opens thus:—A horrible noise rumbles within the head; it is the sound of the chopper, which, descending, cuts into the quick. Yet how singular!—for while the head is on the scaffold, it believes itself still above, forming part of the body, and awaiting the blow which is to sever it from the trunk. Then follows a horrible choking, there is no more the means of breathing, the asphyxia becomes insupportable. So ends the First Moment.

'*The Second Minute:* under the scaffold. Oh, now indeed the head is separated from the body, and the delirium becomes redoubled in intensity; it seems on fire, and rotates on itself with a vertigo sensation. Yet this decapitated man conceives a hope; the boiling blood rushes along the veins and will not yield to death; the convulsive hands believe themselves able to seize on and to replace the head, which is about to plunge into the horrors of eternity.

'*The Third Minute.*—The scene is laid in Eternity. All here announces the presence of a world unknown; dark clouds float over infinite space; aqueous, opaque, and diaphanous vapours and shadows arise. Then, suddenly, all these inchoate elements coalesce with terrible turmoil: but in the end this chaos, this combat between life and death, works redemption in a movement of perpetual rotation. This third period in the drama of "a head cut off" corresponds to that of livid decomposition; the spirit passes

through mysteries of transformation, and is then resolved into the elements. Death decomposes and life reconstructs. The flesh falls into putrefaction, and immediately carbonic, ammoniac, and sulphuric elements combine into a thousand new existences.'

This very painful description, which I would willingly have omitted had it not been essential to an impartial narrative, may recall to remembrance certain wild scenes in the writings of Edgar Poe; such as the one, if I remember rightly, in which are set forth the sensations of a person whirled within the vortex of the Malström. It is but too obvious that such spasmodic experiences, though a prime essence in sensational literature, lie beyond the compass of pictorial representation, and I think it is equally evident that the vaunted science is little better than empiricism. In short, we have here one more proof that science, especially when built on assumption, spoils art, and that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' As a rule artists make a sad hash of philosophy; at all events, they are wise when content to stick to the strict Baconic system, which, rightly used, serves as nature's interpreter. But Wiertz was far too high-flown to buckle down to simple facts.

And yet, before this summary is concluded, it becomes needful to speak of the painter's directly naturalistic phase. In the way of ultra-naturalism I recall a brutal scene, wherein a mother cuts off the leg of her child and places it in a pot on the fire; likewise another repulsive composition of a woman, depicted in two characters, placed side by side: in the one she is gaily dressed, in the other she appears absolutely naked. In a third picture, a woman is seen bursting alive from a coffin. There are, also, some poor and childish monstrosities from the story of Gulliver. The Museum is likewise furnished with a series of peep-shows, after the manner of country fairs, and further attraction is sought by sundry pictorial tricks. Thus, a man is seen asleep at an open window, and, in order to enhance the illusion, an actual shutter is hung on hinges against the wall. These examples may suffice to show that the painter's naturalism was of a low order; that it verged on vulgarity and uncleanness: in fact Nature entered this artist's studio not as a consoling angel, but as a consuming demon. It is not the condemnation of Wiertz that he sought to illustrate the drama of the passions—to set forth the development of humanity, the progress of civilisation from the lowest to the highest sphere; his condemnation is that, in so doing, he drags the spectator through dirt; that he loves darkness rather than light; that his art has affinity with evil more than with good. In short, the low tone of his pictures, like the temper of his mind, enforces the maxim that a man cannot serve two masters.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

(*To be continued.*)

STUDY OF GOATS.

BY KARL DUJARDIN.

By the courtesy of John Hardcastle, Esq., the proprietor of the original, we are able to give a reproduction of this sketch, or page of sketches, by the very faithful process of *photogravure*, which we have already employed this year for the reproduction of French pictures. The only essential difference between the copy and the original is that there were a few touches of sanguine, of little importance, which have been rendered simply as gray pencil-marks, without loss either of form or effect. The style of drawing is far from brilliant, but it is a sound, honest work of its own simple kind, evidently done for earnest study. The main proportions of the animals are truly given, though not the fineness of their details. Animals seldom remain long in the same position, and the sketcher can only get what seems to him most important. The interest of the sketches from nature which animal-painters make for their own use is, that they at once reveal what the artist considered most essential.

Photogravure & Imp. Goupil & Cie

ART-JOURNALISM.—'L'ART.'*

BEFORE the establishment of the PORTFOLIO we more than once heard an opinion expressed by publishers and men of letters in our own metropolis to the effect that, since almost every newspaper of importance took note of the condition and products of contemporary art, there was no need for periodicals especially devoted to the fine arts. A theory of this kind is generally received by persons not specially interested in the subject; for so soon as we are specially interested we cannot fail to perceive that, although the daily and weekly newspapers do, no doubt, supply news of what passes in the world of art by their reviews of the exhibitions, there remains a great field for critical and illustrative work outside of that which they can be expected to perform with any degree of thoroughness. Our own illustration of the National Gallery may be taken as an example of work which an art-journal may do effectually, whilst no other periodical would undertake it; and there are many things of less importance which the editor of a general newspaper or magazine would object to, as not likely to interest the majority of his readers, although they might be extremely interesting to people who care particularly for the fine arts. It is therefore by no means surprising that there should be such a thing as art-journalism, and we see that in fact there are art-journals, of more or less importance, in all great countries wealthy enough to have galleries and collectors. There has, however, up to the present time, been no such spirited venture as the art-journal established in Paris at the beginning of the present year, under the laconic name of 'L'Art.' It has many defects, which we shall not hesitate to indicate before we leave the subject, but it has the great merit of being full of life and energy. The wonder is, how a journal on such an important scale can find the degree of public support which must be necessary to its existence. It is published, certainly, in a city where there is a remarkable abundance of the kind of knowledge and ability which produce art-criticism, and enable people to take an interest in it; but the proprietors of 'L'Art' do not rest satisfied with an appeal to their own fellow-citizens, or even fellow-countrymen: they have agents all the world over, even at such places as Bucharest and Constantinople. In many places they have several different agents: there are three at Naples, four at Vienna, and eleven in London. As French is the common language of educated people, a French periodical may hope to get, at least, a few subscribers in almost every foreign country, and these, in the aggregate, may help the periodical greatly. The 'Revue des Deux Mondes' may be mentioned as an instance of a periodical which lives in great part by its foreign circulation. The proprietors of 'L'Art' evidently intend to give it as cosmopolitan a character as they possibly can. The list of writers includes men of three or four different nations, and the subjects treated comprise everything of artistic interest in the world. The chief place, of course, is given to France and her products, but England comes in for a good deal of attention. There are reviews, for example, of our Royal Academy, and other exhibitions, and every week there is art-news from England, of more or less importance.

The best way to give an accurate idea of this new periodical to one who has not seen it, is to describe a single number. The size is what is called in French *quarto grand colombier*, that is, the page measures 17½ in. by 12 in. It has a grey cover, like the PORTFOLIO, and the pages of text, 24 in number, are not in columns, except a few at the end which are dedicated to reviews and art-news. Two large etchings are often given, though the rule is to give one. The other illustrations consist principally of facsimiles from pen

* 'L'Art.' Revue hebdomadaire illustrée. 3 Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

sketches and woodcuts. The general character of the artistic and literary work may be accurately conveyed by the word 'journalism.' It is rapid work, like that of a newspaper, but generally lively and clever. There are also one or two good writers who can produce some finished writing when they choose. The illustrations in the text occupy a great deal of space, so that there is not very much room for the articles, except for the news, which is in small type, and, as we have said, in double columns.

FILIPPO MARIA VISCONTI, DUKE OF MILAN.

The size of the page was chosen, no doubt, to distinguish the new periodical as much as possible from its predecessors, 'L'Artiste' and 'La Gazette des Beaux-Arts.' It is certainly very desirable that a page should be large enough to afford a fair margin round an illustration of some importance, and it is evident that the etchings in the 'Gazette' are spoiled for want of margin; but 'L'Art' is too big to be convenient, and there is another serious objection to such a large size, which is the difficulty of filling it with suitable illustrations. It is exactly the

well-known difficulty which attends a big canvas for a painter. If there is any poverty in a design, largeness of scale makes it infinitely more apparent. On looking through the numbers of 'L'Art' which have appeared up to the present date, we do not find many illustrations which would not decidedly have gained in apparent richness by being reproduced on a smaller scale. The pen sketches are often especially unsatisfactory in this respect. Some of them occupy the whole of the enormous page with work of the most extreme slightness, which is exhausted at the first glance. This is the case with the sketches of MM. Pierre Gavarni and Lançon in the earlier numbers, and with the large sketches from the Salon in more recent ones. Sketches

of the same kind have been constantly given in the 'Gazette,' but, being on a much smaller scale, they did not offend. We are, indeed, strongly inclined to the belief that the genuine *croquis*, which the French understand so well, ought never to be big, for there is a sort of contradiction between the scale and the kind of expression employed. We wonder, too, how the proprietors of 'L'Art' can be satisfied with the processes employed for reproduction, which are often exceedingly imperfect, and can scarcely give a true idea of the original work of the artists. Their imperfection is the more strongly felt that some of the engravers on wood employed by 'L'Art' do such brilliant and clear work, especially M. Méaulle, who is a first-rate wood-engraver in his own way. We would rather dwell upon what is praiseworthy in a young

periodical than upon those defects which will probably be remedied before long, and therefore gladly draw attention to the excellence of the woodcuts which (by the courtesy of the proprietors of 'L'Art') we are able to give herewith. The portrait of Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, by Méaulle, from a marble of the fifteenth century, is a fine example of careful and serious wood-engraving, at the same time perfectly sober and very powerful, and showing great taste and intelligence in the interpretation of another art. The reader will observe the strict and delicate truth of drawing which gives this work distinction, in combination with a vigour of modelling which strikes the eye without approaching vulgarity. The contrast between the facsimiles and the woodcuts was very strikingly manifested in No. 16, where, on page 371, we find a disagreeable facsimile from a pen sketch

EN PICARDIE. AFTER COROT.

full of spotty greys and rotten lines, whilst on page 380 we come upon a most masterly and admirable woodcut, by M. Léveillé, from a *croquis* by Fortuny (*Portrait de M. d'Épinay, costume du temps de Goya*), which is enough to kill the best of photographic facsimiles made to print typographically. We are far from undervaluing the genuine *croquis à la plume*, when it is well done and clearly reproduced, without thickening of lines or breaks in them, but it is not commonly met with. If all were as good as the *Sommet de la Gorge-aux-Loups, Forêt de Fontainebleau*, by M. A. Cassagne, we should not complain, for that is one of the clearest and most effective facsimile engravings we ever saw. As a rule, however, we much prefer the woodcuts. Some of those after Corot were admirable for their rendering not only of the artist's manner, but even of his sentiment. Here is one, *En Picardie*, by Joliet, which quite conveys both the manner and feeling of the artist in a very simple subject. As

examples of more severe and exact wood-engraving, we have selected two cuts by Hotelin, one of an *Aiguière en Émail de Limoges, par Jean Courtois*, and the other of a Venetian Candelabrum of the sixteenth century in ebony and lapis lazuli. In both these cuts black is very well employed, and there is much truth and delicacy of design. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find better wood-engravings of that peculiar kind.

The etchings in 'L'Art' are just what would be expected by any one well acquainted with the present state of the art in France. A few are very good indeed, a few are very

EWER IN LIMOGES ENAMEL.

VENETIAN CANDELABRUM.

bad indeed—the majority are neither good nor bad. This is certainly not the fault of the proprietors, who give commissions liberally to the best-known men; but there seems to be a peculiar difficulty about the regular production of works of any high quality in etching. Certainly the line-engravers, and even the wood-cutters, keep up better to a fair respectable average than the etchers do. 'L'Art' gave an admirable lithograph by Pirodon, from a picture by Corot, in No. 18 (*Danse antique*), which rendered Corot's sentiment and manner quite incomparably better than we have ever seen it rendered in etching—certainly much better than

M. Chauvel rendered it in his ugly etching of the *Soleil couchant, Lac Némi*, in No. 14; and this inclines us to the belief that for a periodical like 'L'Art,' which produces so much and so rapidly, lithography, though out of fashion just now, would be more satisfactory than etching for certain classes of subject. In the same number, however, with the lithograph just mentioned, there was a really first-rate etching by Waltner, after Fortuny, *Le Vase de Chine* (the subject is a connoisseur admiring a vase), which, in a very easy, etcher-like manner, exactly conveyed the impression of Fortuny's *papillotage*.

The name of Fortuny reminds us of the contributor who wrote about him for 'L'Art,' and who is now reviewing our own Royal Academy, M. Charles Yriarte. He is an excellent writer, quite well informed, and master of a very attractive style: let us hope that he will often write for 'L'Art.' M. Francisque Sarcey, the well-known theatrical critic, would also give great strength to the periodical if he wrote more frequently, for all that he says, no matter on what topic, is sure to be interesting and valuable. M. Paul Leroi, who is reviewing the French Salon, is certainly a fearless critic, and we believe him to be a perfectly honest one; but his writing is very young, whatever his age may be, and we are a little surprised that the editor should have selected him for so important a task. He has exactly the tone of ardent young French art-students, with their unmitigated hatreds and contempts; and he talks with the pen just as these young fellows talk among their comrades in the *cafés*. He is often entertaining, and has a way of putting things which describes an artist vigorously enough in a few words; but how he does hate the very dust of poor old Father Ingres, and the living body and soul of Cabanel! Dr. Johnson would have loved M. Leroi for an excellently good hater. Nor do we, indeed, quite dislike him for hatreds which only prove a living and vivid interest in art; but his spirit is rather that of an artist than a critic. Artists hate in that way, critics ought to have a cooler and more judicial temper.

It is evident that the proprietors of 'L'Art' are doing their best to improve it. Just at first, in every new publication, there is of necessity much that is hastily and imperfectly done. In this case there is a sort of hasty energy, like that displayed in the French Universal Exhibition of 1867; but there are signs already of more settled method. The publication is always lively and interesting, though not governed by much severity of taste. It is full of what the French call *actualité*. The small-print columns are especially interesting in this respect. The proprietors seem determined to spare no effort, and we cordially wish them success.

ETTY.

(*Continued from page* 110.)

IN 1820, Etty exhibited a *Pandora* at the British Gallery, and the *Coral Finders* at the Academy. In the *Coral Finders* Venus and her youthful satellites arrive at the Isle of Paphos, according to the description in the catalogue. The subject, therefore, gave free play to the kind of imagination which was the genuine gift of the painter, and which afterwards found a more complete expression in works of greater importance, an imagination dwelling very willingly upon the beauty of the naked figure, and deeply enjoying its own fancies of colour and graces of composition. The *Coral Finders* had the good luck to be appreciated and bought for £30, the price fixed by the artist, in itself a sufficient evidence of his modest professional standing at that time. Another amateur, Sir Francis Freeling, recognised the merits of the work, and offered a commission to Etty, who suggested Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus as a subject. This picture being finished was exhibited in the Academy for 1821, and made a sensation. Until the *Coral Finders*, Etty had been perfectly obscure, although he had exhibited for years. That picture gave him a little reputation, but now the *Cleopatra* raised him into a sudden celebrity. This work

was sold to Sir Francis Freeling for less than 200 guineas, and has subsequently brought a thousand. In spite of the success of the *Cleopatra*, there seems to have been a disposition to keep Etty down a little longer, for the next year's picture, *Cupid sheltering his Darling*, was hung so low that its colour was reflected on people's boots.

Notwithstanding the misery and home-sickness of his first attempt at Continental travel, Etty determined in 1822 upon a new excursion in foreign lands, not by any means forgetting his teapot and English kettle, so necessary to fortify him against the perils of Continental life. This time he crosses the Channel in a steam-packet which gets to Calais in three hours and a half, but although there is steam upon the sea, there are no locomotives on the land yet; so Etty takes two days and a night to get to Paris. He stays three weeks in the French capital, and visits the Salon of that year, then open in the Louvre. At that time no English artist ever heartily approved of French painting, and Etty's tone about it is as favourable as that of other Englishmen used to be. He says, 'There are really some clever things:' he disapproves of the portraits; but thinks the historical pictures highly creditable as an effort. The old galleries of the Louvre delight him, though since the defeat of Napoleon they are shorn of the incomparable treasures which he once concentrated there. Etty wishes England had anything like the Louvre—a wish that our grandchildren will probably see realised. During the rest of his time in Paris he studied every morning at the Academy; and at the end of his three weeks left for Italy, rather enjoying the grandeur of the mountainous landscapes—observing the beautiful colour of the distant mountains, and their fine masses of light and shade. He is also duly impressed by the grandeur of the Simplon, and then finds himself, for the second time, among the Italian vineyards—not so homesick as before.

The artist's second journey to Italy confirms the impression that he was not intended by nature for a traveller. He enjoyed little, and suffered intensely from all those discomforts at which the born traveller only laughs or shrugs his shoulders, or else quotes the proverb, '*A la guerre comme à la guerre!*' Etty's tea-kettle simmers in many an Italian inn, but even that dear friend cannot reconcile him to a land where the orthodox English breakfast is unknown. He travelled, too, in most unpleasantly hot weather; and we may well believe that three weeks in French and Italian diligences, under a burning southern midsummer sun, were enough to disgust him with locomotion. But once at Rome and in the Vatican gallery he forgets these ills, and talks about the happy climate of Italy, 'Let us pass to the galleries of statues, lit by the light of Italian skies—that golden hue peculiar to her happy climate. From yon open balcony the eye steals from the wonders of Art to the beauties of Nature—the Alban mountains, the hills of Apennine. How balmy, genial, the air! how calm, how dignified the scene!' At this time he gets a little encouragement in the shape of commissions of 25*l.* each for pictures requiring considerable toil. He keeps a diary, and advises himself therein to study economy and not drink too much tea—always his great excess and self-indulgence. At Naples he is enchanted with the wondrous bay, and must needs ascend Vesuvius, which he does very courageously, with no companion but an Italian sailor and a guide. He eats grapes at Pompeii, and rambles all over the disinterred city. Returning to Rome, he sets to work in good earnest. Etty does not seem to have had that strong objection to copying other men's work which is very common with original artists. Many of them cannot endure to copy; it seems to them an intolerable servitude. Etty took to it willingly, as a good way of improving himself. He copied Veronese in the Borghese gallery, and made other studies or copies after Veronese, Titian, and Vandyke.

Before his departure from England, Etty had managed to fall in love again, this time with a cousin of his; but, as usual, was unsuccessful. This makes him so miserable when at Rome that he writes: 'For six months past I have scarcely known Happiness, but by name; even now could almost exchange life with a dog, or resign it altogether, did not Hope whisper brighter days may yet dawn. I have only found existence tolerable by applying vigorously to my art, the strongest remedy my thoughts could suggest. Even *that* was insufficient.' Again he

writes: 'My other loves were scratches; this, a wound.' However, he has to resign himself to his fate, and does so ultimately, turning to his tea-kettle for consolation. 'I have serious thoughts of paying my addresses to—my *tea-kettle.* I have found her a very warm friend She sings too. . . . Sweet is the song of the kettle, sweeter to a studious man than a crying child or a scolding wife.' This language, in Etty's case, was scarcely exaggeration.

From Rome he goes to Venice, passing through Ferrara, where he kisses Ariosto's chair and visits Tasso's dungeon. 'Here I am,' he writes from Venice, 'sitting by my fireside, if a pot of charcoal is worthy so sacred a title. On this concern I have just boiled my flat kettle, and indulged in a cup or two of tea.' It was a very happy thing for Etty that he went there. He grumbles at first about the rain, but afterwards writes: 'Venice arrested me! brought me back to a sense of honour and duty.' His first intention was only to stay ten days: he ended by staying nearly a year, spending the time in a healthy state of ardent enthusiasm about the great Venetians whose names and works made the place sacred for him—Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, and their great brother, the Veronese. He kneels at their tombs, and all but worships their memories. 'If a few masses would do their souls any good, I would pay for them,' he writes. Venice becomes a second home to him; out of England no place has had such an attraction for him as this. The English Vice-consul, Mr. D'Orville, makes a friend of Etty, so that the painter is no longer in a solitude. He copies Tintoret, Veronese, and Titian, and works with great diligence from the life. The painters find out that he is a masterly workman, and delight in watching him as he colours with such enviable force and facility; they even make him an honorary member of their Academy. It is interesting to know what Etty thought of the Continental painters of his time. He did not think much of the Italians. 'When we have seen French art,' he said, 'we have seen the best of Continental art.' 'The *efforts* the French make are indeed great; and much that is desirable is mixed up with much that is bad. There is an agreeable choice of subject, a daring excursion into the regions of history and poetry, a knowledge of drawing and details, and a something in colour very respectable (not often), that altogether leave an impression of power.'

At Venice, Etty delighted in exploring all the nooks and corners of the city, which is rather surprising, as there are so few indications in his works of any particular pleasure in the picturesque of towns. Everybody who has been at Venice knows how easy it is to fall into a canal, especially if you walk with upturned eyes and are absorbed in the study of architecture. This happened to Etty, whose Venetian friends thenceforward called him 'Canal Etti,' a singularly perfect *sobriquet,* the only fault of which is that it suggests itself too easily.

From Venice he went to Florence, and copied there very energetically from Titian. He did not care to revisit Rome, but went back to Venice again, where he stayed two months, and then quitted it—this time regretfully—in October 1823, with much baggage of copies and studies. At Verona he stays to make a sketch of the *San Giorgio* by Veronese. After that he pushes on towards England by the St. Bernard, Vevay, and Geneva, to Paris. The diligence from Geneva to the French capital spent three days and three nights on the journey in those days. At Paris he makes studies and accumulates material, making a study from Rubens, and after it (of all things in the world!) the lead-coloured *Deluge* of Poussin, which always makes us wonder whether Poussin had ever seen anything so terrible as the smallest of French inundations. On his return to England, Etty looks back over his absence of a year and a half with a sense of satisfaction with his own industry. He has made upwards of fifty copies or studies in oil, and has adhered to his original plan of being continually in the galleries, postponing original productions till his return to his own studio at home. There he lands one frosty, moonshiny night in the winter of 1824; the next night found him at his post in the life-school of the Academy.

P. G. HAMERTON.

(*To be continued.*)

L. Richeton. Amator. 1875

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXII.—Il Moretto. (*About* 1490–1560.)

Portrait of an Italian Nobleman.

ETCHED BY L. RICHETON.

AMONG the North Italian painters there has been no more vigorous or less faulty master, perhaps, than Alessandro Bonvicino, commonly known as 'Il Moretto da Brescia,' where he was probably born, and where his greatest works are still to be seen. His reputation is not equal to his merits; but this is nothing extraordinary. He is well represented in the National Gallery, both in ecclesiastical-history painting and in portraiture; especially in the latter department of his art. The Italian Nobleman, here engraved, is exquisitely painted; and the large altar-piece, formerly in the Northwick collection, is a grand example of the former class of art. Yet personally of Moretto little or nothing is known; we have no exact record of where or when he was born, neither is the date of his death preserved; but he seems to have lived to a mature old age, and he belongs certainly to Brescia. He signed himself '*Alex. Morettus Brix.*,' that is, of Brescia. His pictures, as far as they are dated, range from the year 1524 to 1556. He was probably born soon after 1490. His first master was Fioravante Ferramola, a Brescian master, and, according to Ridolfi, he was also a pupil of Titian in Venice: this, when we consider his fine taste for colour, is quite possibly the case. Colour, however, had no exclusive fascination for Il Moretto, for he seems to have aimed also at acquiring the grand style of drawing of Raphael, and his works display the qualities of both these great masters, but we have no account of his ever having visited Rome. He painted in fresco and in oil.

The large altar-piece of Saint Bernardino of Siena (No. 625), who was canonized in 1458, has a special interest, besides the great merit of the accompanying saints who surround him. He holds in his hand a circle containing the Italian monogram of Christ, as modernly interpreted—'I. H. S., *Jesus Hominum Salvator*;' but this is clearly in its origin an historical error, though now very commonly adopted. The monogram is Greek, not Latin; it is quite common in its Greek form in early mediæval art. We have an example in the Gallery, in *The Crucifixion*, by Segna di Buonaventura (No. 567), a work of the commencement of the 14th century, which has this monogram as a portion of the legend placed at the head of the cross, 'I H S. *Nazarenus Rex Judeorum*,' where these letters are nothing but the commencement, or first three letters, of the name of Jesus—ΙΗΣΟΥΣ. The modern interpretation is nothing but a new-fangled Latin or Roman explanation of a well-established Greek form of the name of Christ, quite common for centuries.

The *Portrait of an Italian Nobleman* (No. 299) is a seated half-length life size of Count Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco, of a Brescian family. He is in the splendid costume of the 16th century, reclining in a most pensive mood, with his head upon his right hand, his elbow resting on a table: the background is a rich brocaded curtain, figured with gold thread. On the Count's cap is a remarkable Greek inscription, not very easy to explain—ΤΟΥ ΑΙΑΝ ΠΟΘΩ, which literally interpreted is, 'By the desire of the extreme.' The clue to the

explanation is to be found in the family history: the Count's father had been assassinated, and he had made it the chief object of his life to avenge his father's murder, and so adopted the legend which he carried on his hat, either indicating his extreme desire for vengeance, or the desire for the last atonement in blood. Whether he accomplished his desire is not recorded, but he was himself slain in France, in the Huguenot campaign which was closed by the battle of Moncontour, October 3, 1569—not many years, probably, after the portrait was painted. The picture is on canvas, 3 feet 9 inches high by 3 feet 1 inch wide.

It was formerly in the collection of Count Lechi, at Brescia, and was assumed to be by Moretto's great scholar, Giambattista Moroni, by whom also there are good examples in the collection. It was purchased for the National Gallery from Mr. Henfry, at Turin, in 1858, for 360*l.*

See Ridolfi, 'Le Maraviglie dell'Arte,' &c., Venice, 1648. Brognoli, 'Nuova Guida per la Città di Brescia,' 1826. Rossi, 'Elogi Historici di Bresciani Illustri,' Brescia, 1620.

R. N. WORNUM.

COROT.

JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE COROT was born at Paris in 1796; his parents were in easy circumstances. After passing some years at the Lycée of Rouen, he was placed as assistant to a linendraper in the Rue St. Honoré at Paris. Having no taste whatever for the line of life to which he was destined, he abandoned business to study painting with the landscape-painter Michallon. 'I made my first drawing,' he said, 'from nature at Arcueil, under the eye of the painter, whose only advice to me was to render with the utmost fidelity everything that I saw before me. His lesson has been useful; it has remained the invariable ground of my disposition, always inclined to accuracy.' It will be remarked that artists often misunderstand their own temperament. Corot is a dreamer, and never was a realist. But if the exact rendering of nature is not precisely his goal, it is assuredly the safest road to reach it; and Michallon, by giving him this direction, rendered him a real service that he was first to acknowledge.

Michallon, now completely forgotten, enjoyed at one time a certain amount of reputation. When only conventional landscape was known, with the inevitable temple in the background, and the foreground composed of big leaves as *repoussoir*, Michallon was looked upon as a seeker after realism, because his subjects were chosen from nature instead of being composed with the sole help of imagination. Still, if he did not invent his landscapes, he painted them by routine, and was very far from the rigorous observation of nature adopted by the French school after Constable. Corot learnt with him to make nature useful, but his dreamy disposition soon found in Victor Bertin a master more in harmony with his artistic temperament. Excellent draughtsman and indifferent colourist, Victor Bertin knew better than anybody else how to arrange the composition of a landscape. He was not opposed to study from nature, but had no great admiration for the rustic scenes of our country, and always dreamt of Italy and the Roman campagna.

It was under this impression that Corot started for Italy, whence he sent his first pictures: *Vue prise à Narni* and *Souvenir de la Campagne de Rome*, exhibited in the Salon of 1827. These pictures did not meet with any success, and it must be said that they were far from possessing the charm of the painter's later works. Corot groped about a long time before finding this path. His first works—could it be believed?—sometimes give an impression of dryness. Formerly he used to paint his pictures entirely from nature; later on he became aware, that in order to interest with a landscape it was less important to reproduce a scene with accuracy than to convey the impression of it faithfully; accordingly he adopted a method of work more in conformity with his inclination. Nevertheless he continued to make numerous studies from

nature, and his portfolios were filled with drawings of the utmost exactness. But once in the studio, he painted from inspiration and in full liberty. Then his accumulated impressions would combine in his brain and take the poetical colour so charming to us. Even when he found in nature a subject to please him, he generally altered it on returning to his studio. We frequently recognise in Corot's pictures the place that he has painted, the group of trees on the side, the small houses in the background, the old boat stranded on the beach, and the very cows that graze there. Before his model he painted what he saw, but afterwards he veiled it with a vaporous atmosphere, bathed the leaves with dew, and gave to the sky the limpidity whose secret he alone possesses.

It was by degrees that Corot began to be appreciated by artists. There was around him a small circle of warm admirers, principally composed of young men anxious for his advice. This little success, although unprofitable, was a sort of compensation for the indifference of the public and the disdain of his family. His parents were convinced that their son had acted like a fool by giving up business for a profession which brought him nothing, and could only be considered in his case as a polite accomplishment.

It is true, that even when newspapers began to take notice of Corot, and even when a number of artists publicly spoke of him as of a master, he was absolutely selling nothing, and his pictures after their exhibition at the Salon regularly came back to his studio without ever finding an amateur. At any rate, if the absence of purchasers was to him a cause of concern, it did not trouble in any way his unalterable gaiety. Troyon has told me that one day Corot came to see him in a state of great agitation. 'Well, now! what is the matter?' asked Troyon. 'You don't know that my picture in the Salon is sold?' 'Well, you are not sorry for it, I suppose?' 'No; of course not; but . . . . . I had the complete collection, and now there is a hiatus.'

The great practical difficulty in the fine arts lies at the beginning. When the artist has found a buyer, picture-dealers soon hope to find others. This happened in Corot's case. The dealers first bought his pictures at low prices and asked him for more, and it is well known what exorbitant prices his works fetch now. Still, real success only came to him during these last years, and the artist that France has so recently lost was not appreciated before his old age. But if his reputation was slow to make way amongst the public, once established it was very secure. A few months before the death of Corot his brother-artists opened a subscription for a *médaille d'honneur*, which was offered him with great solemnity.

Corot was very much loved by young men, to whom he gave advice with a sort of paternal kindness. The number of those that he helped is very great indeed, and his services were rendered with infinite delicacy. He was often seen at the Hôtel des Ventes, especially when the works of a beginner were to be sold, because in such cases he did his best to excite the zeal of amateurs. He was a robust, corpulent man, who bore some likeness to a farmer with his red and sanguine complexion; but his eye was extremely refined, and his talk delightful.

Of late, no painter has been so much exalted by criticism; he was not even reproached with the uniformity of his pictures, nor with the calculated absence of coloured tones and rigid forms. Everybody knows that mythology is now banished from our landscapes, and that it is the fashion to laugh at the nymphs whose cadenced steps had so much charm for our fathers; still it is one of the not unfrequent inconsistencies of French criticism that it does not hesitate to praise, in Corot, a choice of subjects that it condemns in theory. It is true that his nymphs add no great value to his pictures, but they are placed with so much judgment that it is impossible to realise his landscapes without them. However, he sometimes sought to render nature without alteration; for instance, in his *Vues de Ville d'Avray et des Environs de Paris:* but, like all true artists, Corot assimilates all he sees to his inward dream, and the varied effects of nature uniformly appear to him under the same poetical vision. Had he been painting in Egypt by the Pyramids, he would have found there his silvery tones and his mysterious bowers. Whether he evokes out of mythology some graceful tale, or whether he renders in a manner that he

intends to be positive, some particular and familiar scene, Corot always leaves in his work a poetical perfume which is his personality, and is as good as a signature.

This dreamer was not assuredly a brutal copyist nor a seeker after coarse reality, but an observer whose mind was constantly open to impressions, and never felt satiated before nature. Either in his walks in the streets or in the fields, or in a railway-carriage, he always carried with him a small note-book, which he filled up with memoranda unintelligible for anybody but himself, and which were highly valuable to him. They generally consisted in little rough pencil lines, in the midst of which he placed a small circle or square, or any other conventional sign. The small circle meant the highest light, the small square the deepest shade; and these rapid indications were precious reminiscences to him.

Corot is *par excellence* the painter of morning. He can render with more felicity than anybody else the silvery light on dewy fields, the vague foliage of trees mirrored in calm water. He was not fond of the noonday light, and it was always in the earliest morning that he went out to paint from nature. He has himself described his artistic impressions in letters which foreshadow his pictures, and we cannot end this article better than by giving one extract out of them: 'A landscape-painter's day is delightful. He gets up early, at three in the morning, before sunrise; he goes to sit under a tree, and watches and waits. There is not much to be seen at first. Nature is like a white veil, upon which some masses are vaguely sketched in profile. Everything smells sweet, everything trembles under the freshening breeze of the dawn. *Bing!** The sun gets clearer; he has not yet torn the veil of gauze behind which hide the meadow, the valley, the hills on the horizon. The nocturnal vapours still hang like silvery tufts upon the cold green grass. *Bing! Bing!* The first ray of the sun . . . another ray. The small flowerets seem to awake joyously; each of them has its trembling drop of dew. The chilly leaves are moved by the morning air. One sees nothing; everything is there. The landscape lies entirely behind the transparent gauze of the ascending mist, gradually sucked by the sun, and permits us to see, as it ascends, the silver-striped river, the meadows, the cottages, the far-receding distance. At last you can see what you imagined at first. *Bam!* The sun has risen. *Bam!* The peasant passes at the bottom of the field, with his cart and oxen. *Ding! Ding!* It is the bell of the ram which leads the flock. *Bam!* Everything sparkles, shines; everything is in full light, light soft and caressing as yet. The backgrounds with their simple contour and harmonious tone are lost in the infinite sky, through an atmosphere of azure and mist. The flowers lift up their heads; the birds fly here and there. A rustic, mounted on a white horse, disappears in the narrowing path. The rounded willows seem to turn like wheels on the river edge. And the artist paints away . . . paints away. Ah! the beautiful bay cow, chest-deep in the wet grasses; I will paint her. *Crac!* there she is! Famous! Capital! What a good likeness she is! *Boum! Boum!* The sun scorches the earth. *Boum!* All becomes heavy and grave. The flowers hang down their heads, the birds are silent, the noises of the village reach us. These are the heavy works; the blacksmith, whose hammer sounds on the anvil. *Boum!* Let us go back. All is visible, there is no longer anything. Let us get some breakfast at the farm. A good slice of home-made bread, with butter newly churned; some eggs, cream, and ham! *Boum!* Work away, my friends; I rest myself. I enjoy my siesta, and dream about my morning landscape. I dream my picture, later I shall paint my dream.' Is not this Corot himself?†

RENÉ MÉNARD.

* We preserve Corot's interjections, Bing! Bam! Ding! Boum! where it pleased him to insert them. They mean nothing, except that there is a change in the character of the scene which he chooses to mark in this way.

† There are two very remarkable bits towards the end of this interesting quotation, which the reader may be glad to have in the original French:—

'On voit tout, rien n'y est plus.'

This is the most concentrated expression of the value of mystery we ever met with. The other bit is an equally concentrated description of the method pursued by an imaginative painter. It is to ordinary writing about art what a diamond is to a sack of charcoal:—

'Je rêve mon tableau, plus tard je peindrai mon rêve.'

COROT

ETTY.

(*Continued from page* 144.)

ETTY is now thirty-seven. 'Years are rolling over my head,' he says; 'I ask myself, "What have I done?" Echo answers, "What?"' He really has done something, however little it may content him, and he has prepared himself for doing very much more. His plans enlarge: he takes spacious chambers in Buckingham Street on a twenty-one years' lease, at a rental of 120*l.*—a bold stroke, considering that his position is still very precarious, though it is beginning to be hopeful. There he paints big pictures, such as the *Combat*, bought by Martin the painter for 300*l.*; he paints the *Judgment of Paris* for Lord Darnley, who vexes him with many recommendations. Etty painted his *Judith* shortly afterwards (in 1827), for he had now reached his full maturity as an artist, a maturity greatly helped by the residence at Venice. The next year an important step was made by Etty's election as a member of the Royal Academy. This election gave him the utmost delight, which he was at no pains to conceal. Happily, his mother was still alive, and could share in his satisfaction. It was a great thing for Etty to be an Academician, for his pictures were not sure of sale even yet. The *Judith* had gained his election, but remained on his hands. The Academic title is a wonderful help in picture-selling; besides this, it is a satisfaction to be recognized, however sure an artist may feel of his own powers. 'Even the pleasure of self-approbation,' said Stuart Mill, 'in the great majority, is mainly dependent on the opinion of others. . . . Nor is there, to most men, any proof so demonstrative of their own virtue or talent as that people in general seem to believe in it. One thing, however, is so characteristic of Etty that the briefest of biographies ought not to omit it. He would not give up his studies from life in the Academy in deference to the opinion that they were derogatory to the dignity of an Academician; and he was so firm on this point, that if it had been necessary to choose between the rights of the student and the Academic title, his mind was made up to decline the title, the importance of which nobody knew better than himself. There is something very fine in this, but at the same time a reason given by Etty shows how simply professional was the condition of his mind. He says of the work from Academy models, 'It fills up a couple of hours in the evening I should be at a loss how else to employ.' Most men, not so narrowly professional, are glad to have an hour or two in the evening for general culture, for the unbending of the mind in some study or pursuit entirely different from the professional one. It is no use to find fault with people for not being what they cannot be; yet it is probable enough that if Etty had been so constituted as to enjoy literature more, his artistic productions would have been more interesting. We know that he enjoyed literature to some extent, and had a certain enthusiasm about poets, since he kissed Ariosto's chair; but no one with the true passion for reading would have felt at a loss how to employ his evenings.

There is a great deal of charm in the simple character of the artist, which is evident in his almost unbounded exultation on the subject of his Academic election. Uncharitable judges of human nature are always very severe on this exultant spirit, which they call 'boasting' and 'vanity.' It is rather the mark of a simple and unworldly mind. Worldliness teaches us to retain the expression of our delight, and to affect to take good things that fall to us as nothing more than our deserts. Children exult openly, because their minds are unsophisticated; so did Etty, for the same reason. We may smile when a man of forty lets his delight be visible; ought we not rather to respect him for it?

A very important event occurred in 1829, when Etty was forty-two years old. Certain artists in Scotland, who appreciated Etty in consequence of their visits to London, wished to

have one of his most important pictures. They thought of buying the *Judith* for Edinburgh, but first they wanted to borrow it. Etty refused to lend it, on account of difficulties of carriage (at that time much greater than in our day). The Scotchmen do not give up their idea, but after the *Judith* had been exhibited at the British Institution in 1828 they offer to buy it for 210*l.* The original price was 525*l.* Etty accepts the offer on condition of being permitted to paint two pendants at 105*l.* each, to complete the story. The Scottish artists at once agree to this proposal, and the consequences of this decision were important for Etty's fame, as well as for art-education in Edinburgh. The purchasers really acted with great spirit, considering the difficulties of their own position. Their Academy was then in an infantine condition, so that the purchase was rather heroic. Since then the three *Judiths* have risen greatly in value, and at one time might have been sold for 4000*l.*, but it is probable that they would bring less at present. The Scottish Academy, however, has never shown any disposition to part with them, but has continued to value them on their own account. The transaction was deeply agreeable to Etty, who liked to be appreciated by artists for his real merits; yet the reader perceives that Etty's position, from the worldly point of view, was still anything but brilliant, since he had to sell an important work for less than one-half the price originally asked for it. In 1829, again, he incurs a disappointment: another attempt in the grand style, *Benaiah*, is exhibited, but not sold.

The artist lost his mother in 1829. To his affectionate and filial nature this was a severe trial. He arrived at York after a hurried journey just in time for the funeral, and had the coffin opened to see his mother's face once more. Etty wrote very sadly and tenderly about this event, with the open expression of real feeling which was habitual with him. 'She went off quiet as a lamb, or as she is now, an angel. God bless her! At five to-day we saw her dear body laid, according to her anxious desire, near our dearest father, and thus accomplished her long-cherished hope, and with it dear father's also. They are happy, believe me; for they deserved it. Rest their souls in the peace of God till we all meet again! Mr. Flower, who christened me, read the prayers.'

Later he writes to his brother Walter, 'I yet linger here near the grave of my beloved mother.' During the rest of his life his mother's wedding-ring hung by his bedside. The filial feeling seems, after her death, to have sought expansion in kind attention to one of her nearest relations, her brother, old John Calverley the joiner. Etty went to see him at Beverley, which gave him much pleasure. The joiner was now eighty-nine years old, with very white hair. Etty went to Hayton, too, in order to ascertain the exact age of his mother at the time of her death, but he did not visit the squire of Hayton. He was proud of his mother, and believed that she had great qualities.

The burning of York Minster in 1829 was another great calamity of the year for Etty. The Minster was for him an object of love and pride. He said his heart was almost broken by the news. It is impossible to imagine anything that could happen to inanimate matter more likely to afflict Etty than the burning of York Minster. He took an active part in the discussions about its restoration, and it is partly in consequence of his exertions that the Dean and Chapter abandoned a fearful and wonderful scheme they had of removing the rood-screen, and setting it farther back. The reader who knows York Minster is sure to remember the screen, with its statues of the kings. The clergy seem to have thought that it would be an advantage to set it farther back in the choir, in order to disengage the bases of the pillars of the central tower. To effect this the screen was to have been shortened and lowered, or in other words, completely spoiled. Etty saw at once the stupid folly of the proposal, and interfered energetically enough by all means in his power, writing in the newspapers and expostulating privately with influential persons.

In the summer of 1830, being now forty-three, Etty leaves England for the third time, and goes to Paris. This visit is interesting, because, without in the least anticipating any unusual excitement, Etty becomes witness of a French revolution. He does not like Paris much—not so much as he used to do. He discovers the defects of the French climate, and thinks it inferior to

that of England. He visits the studios of the principal painters, and has strong prejudices against French art, which, however, do not prevent him from acknowledging certain qualities in handling and drawing. He thinks regretfully of home, and tea, and English ways. 'Oh, I am English to my heart's core!' he says, 'and would not exchange that honoured title,' &c. And again he writes, 'When once I get my foot on that honoured land, farewell all but it and my aim at glory!'

Etty always seems to have been urged to this excitement of the patriotic sentiments by his excursions abroad, and more particularly by foreign cookery and absence of proper tea and bread-and-butter. Something more serious occurs to annoy him on the present occasion. On the first of the three days Etty is at the house of an English friend at a distance from his lodging, and has to get home as he best can in the evening. Here is his own account:—

'A little after tea I thought I would be going. Much was expected that night. Out I trotted—the soldiers yet waiting in the Place—went up the Rue de la Paix towards the Italian Boulevards. . . . Just as I was about to turn the corner, on comes the mob in full cry, "*Vive la Charte!*" and a thousand other cries. Smash go the splendid lamps. On they come. A *porte-cochère*, just closing, afforded me and two or three others time to get in at the door (of a strange house) ere the porter closed it. With fierce cries they carry on the work of destruction. And there we were, not knowing what would become of us. In the course of a quarter of an hour they seemed at a greater distance, and we gladly escaped this nightly havoc.

'How can I give an adequate idea of those portentous and awful cries, that "like an exhalation" rose over Paris in the darkness, and broke the still silence of midnight? Mingled with the sounds of the tocsin, the deep-toned bell, and the shrill, hasty, smaller one, the rattle of musketry, the drums beating to arms, the crackling of fires—all formed a mixture, grand, yet awful in the extreme.'

Still he worked on at the Louvre, painting whilst he heard the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, but as the guardians became uneasy, and only one or two students remained out of one or two hundred, Etty at last gave his things to be locked up and went out, going towards the Tuileries, but deviating from his line of march when he found that it led straight to the mouth of a cannon. On the third day he decided not to go to the Louvre, but went out, nevertheless, though at great risk. He had constantly to pass groups of armed revolutionists, to climb barricades. A day later (Friday) there was no more fighting, but all Paris was in a state of great apprehension. On Saturday all is over, and the artists may go back to the Louvre. Etty recovers his studies, which have remained safe in a cupboard.

A stormy time, indeed, those days must have been for Etty! First, there was the revolution, with all its noise and horrors. 'It was indeed a scene of horrors,' he wrote, 'to tread on the bloodstained pavement of Paris, to see the wounded, the dying, and the heaps of dead with black and horrent hair; to smell the putrescent bodies as you passed the pits in which they were thrown.' Then came the most fearful thunderstorm Etty had ever experienced, intensified, perhaps, to the imagination by the excitement of civil war. 'An awful silence, and flashes of lightning every half or quarter minute; without rain, without thunder. Again, a wind that seemed to tear everything before it, sent glass, tiles, stones, tingling and rattling down. A dead and awful silence for a few seconds:—a distant roar of long-drawn thunder, like the far-distant roll of artillery. "It is the king's army, and the cannon of Marmont!" was the first thought. Then, lightning every second, flash after flash, blue, vivid, and ghastly, till the heavens were one blaze of lurid light. Again the mighty wind, and a nearer roar of artillery, as we thought.'

A third cause of disturbance in the painter's feelings at this time was the familiar one of being hopelessly in love; this time with a beautiful and accomplished young lady about twenty years younger than himself. He had painted her portrait several times, and this was the consequence. He was 'deeply and desperately' in love with this too interesting, and too charming, model. Finally, he overcame this passion, as he had overcome others, and remained as contented as an often-refused old bachelor can be expected to be.

(*To be continued.*)

RUE DE LA POISSONNERIE, MONTIVILLIERS.

THE etching by M. A. Briend which we publish this month represents a street in the little town of Montivilliers, which is situated in the middle of one of the prettiest valleys in north-western France, on the side of a river called La Lézarde, about six kilomètres from Havre. At the present day the town possesses few vestiges of its ancient fortifications, but some of the old streets are still remaining, and amongst them is the one represented in our etching. The church, which is conspicuous here, is built in two distinct styles, Norman and Gothic. The Norman part was complete in itself as the church of a monastery which belonged entirely to the eleventh century. In the sixteenth century a Gothic aisle was added for the use of the inhabitants, with a fine Gothic porch. The tower separates the two entrances. The interior of the church is interesting, especially the older portion, which belonged to the abbey, and which contains some fine and curious specimens of Norman detail. There are some pictures, too, especially one on agate, with an ebony frame, called *La Vierge dans les Cieux*. This is in one of the side-chapels.

ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ.

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND ARTISTIC STUDY.

(*Continued from page* 136.)

THE writings of Wiertz, though of slight literary value, demand cursory notice, as indicative of the man and explanatory of his art. At the outset I may remark that he was not well read: I do not trace in his writings a knowledge of foreign literature, ancient or modern; I do not recall references to Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, or Goethe. Yet a partial biographer has gone so far as to say that a collected edition of these scattered essays would prove of invaluable service to artists and to the world at large; but I need scarcely observe that in these passionate outpourings are wanting the calm judgment and the complete knowledge essential to a teacher. The mere titles speak volumes. Take 'The Secret of the Devil:' this tractate, however, does not treat of the obscure topic of the supposed impersonation of evil, but of what the artist had found devilish in hostile criticism. About this time, the picture of *Patroclus* having been rejected in Paris, Wiertz in revenge forged his own signature to a veritable Rubens, and sent the work to Paris, where in turn it met with like condemnation; whereupon the painter took up his pen furiously, and, rushing into print, asked the question, 'Is criticism in Art possible?' He pitted himself against the whole tribe of Journalists, with the purpose of proving that they are ignorant and venal, and that their influence has injured Art; they have, he said, built again the tower of Babel; they glory in the confusion of tongues. As a satire on criticism, some *feuilletonists* are brought upon the scene, and asked to give their opinions on a certain picture. The first says that it is mediocre; the second, that it is singular; the third, that it is inexplicable; and the fourth, that it conveys to the mind no impression whatever. The conclusion drawn is, that Art-criticism must be accounted 'as a manifestation of vanity;' 'as a thing supremely foolish and ridiculous;' 'as an expenditure of intellect useless to all the world.' But Wiertz laid himself open to the retort that he freely enacted, in his own person, the part of the critic, and that he never objected to criticism when in praise of his own pictures.

Wiertz was scarcely less persistent in the use of his pen than of his pencil; his intellect and hand were equally rapid and ready. Among the writings he brought out in swift succession are

'L'Éloge de Rubens,' 'Un Mot sur le Salon de 1842,' 'Petite Promenade au Salon de 1848,' 'La Critique en Matière d'Art, est-elle possible?' 'Peinture Mate,' 'L'École Flamande de Peinture,' 'Grammaires des Peintres' (left unfinished). Wiertz, who, sharing an infirmity common among clever empirics, had always too many irons in the fire, squandered much valuable time on what painters term 'processes,' and as a consummation he published an account of 'Peinture Mate,' a method discovered and used by himself. The advantages claimed by this and other mediums of late years announced in England and on the Continent, were said to be a combination of the quality of fresco with the facility of oils. The Belgian Government appointed, in 1865, a commission consisting of the well-known painters MM. Keyser, Leys, and Portaels, to inquire into the merits of the discovery: their report was adverse, and, I incline to think, rightly. Certainly, the pictures which the inventor had to show as examples leave much to be desired in technical qualities. With the death of Wiertz, the process, whatever may have been its merits, is supposed to be lost; the papers in which the details were written down cannot be found. The efficacy of the method is said to have depended not only on materials, but also on the mode of handling. I cannot but suppose that the secret, as far as it was of value, is in the possession of sundry other experimentalists who have been traversing for years the same ground.

The literary position of Wiertz can be best appreciated by two kindred essays, the one a 'Eulogy on Rubens,' an early extravaganza which, as might be expected, made a noise in the land of Rubens; the other a memoir on the 'Flemish School of Painting;' this, the artist's last literary labour, was 'couronné par l'Académie Royale de Belgique, le 24 Septembre, 1863.' The writings of Wiertz are marred by the failings of his pictures: the former are overburdened by superlatives, the latter overloaded with colours. 'The Eulogy on Rubens' naturally displays the writer's mannerism at its worst. In the present day, when this grandiose painter is at a discount, and when both in literature and in art simplicity has been pushed almost to the point of affectation, it is specially hard to tolerate the extravagant terms of this 'Eulogy.' Wiertz designated Michael Angelo as 'the superb;' Raphael, he says, reached 'the high summits of art;' Titian, we are kindly told, was 'the most perfect type of the Venetian school.' But these great names serve only as stepping-stones to the lofty throne of Rubens. Wiertz taught that in art there is no finality; he believed, perhaps rightly, that art, like science, is progressive: thus Titian led on to Rubens, just as it may be supposed Rubens prepared the way for Wiertz. That this is not an over-statement the following extract will indicate: 'The painter of Venice was imitated by the painter of Antwerp, but the latter achieved the perfection which the other only sought; if the Italian master were to revisit the earth, he would be glad to find himself able to imitate in turn the productions of the Flemish master.'

The Memoir on 'The Flemish School of Painting,' 'crowned by the Belgic Academy,' abounds, as usual, in vehement platitudes, redeemed here and there by flashes of genius. Again, a partial biographer declares that Wiertz 'has raised the theme to the height of his talent. His Memoir is a work magisterial, admirably distributed, and written in a firm style—the style of the man—so rare to meet with in our day.' I am once more bound to confess, that in this final effort of the painter-critic I discover little new until old truths are pushed to extravagance. However, Wiertz, in his double character of painter and critic, has an exceptional advantage as soon as he illustrates his principles through his pencil. Thus he makes an analytic sketch of *The Elevation of the Cross*, by Rubens, in order 'to establish what is the master-line, what the line synthetic, what are the lines secondary, the line of harmony, the line picturesque, the line of movement,' &c. &c. 'Ces premières assises du tableau, il les nomme *masses aubyonnaires*.' He concludes by saying, 'The line of Rubens has nothing to correct: it is as a verse of Corneille.' As to colour, as a matter of course 'he gives the palm to Rubens.' Then follows rant: we are told that from the death of Rubens down to 1830 the Flemish school was in decadence; it was then that a political revolution brought about an artistic revolution; 'the gun gave heart to the pencil;' 'all heads are inflamed at the word Country.' 'La Patrie! Vive la Belgique!

on criait : Vive Rubens !' "Singulière époque et heureux effet de l'enthousiasme ! On maniait le pinceau, on maniait la carabine : au feu des barricades s'allumait le feu du génie. Toutes les palettes sentaient à la fois le bitume rubénien et la poudre à canon.' I willingly concede that this rhapsody is not without a certain historic basis : the great revival in Belgium within the present generation, of which we have all been witnesses in successive international exhibitions, is certainly in its rise more or less synchronous with the political revolution of 1830. Yet again, I feel that Wiertz is best worth hearing when his literature speaks through his art. Thus, after a vague and verbose definition of 'design,' as being 'the tout ensemble, the character, the movement, the amplitude, the variety, the grace, the truth, the life,' he takes pencil in hand and closes the discussion by 'tracing five lines in the form of S, representing five typical qualities in design.' Then comes the following ingenious interpretation : 'The first line is that of Giotto, the second that of Albert Dürer, the third that of Raphael, the fourth that of Michael Angelo, the fifth and most complete that of Rubens.'

Wiertz, among his other rash projects, attempted a philosophy of the Beautiful as a cure for the literary and artistic anarchy under which he and his art were supposed to suffer martyrdom. And yet he never got beyond the inchoate doctrine, that the 'Beautiful is nothing more than that which pleases.' Clever as ever, he improvises as follows :— 'The painter says my painting is beautiful, *because it pleases me.*' The critic then replies : Your painting is not beautiful, *because it does not please me.* The painter rejoins : This criticism does not express the common sense, *because it does not please me.* The censor yet replies : My criticism is excellent, *because it pleases me.*' What can be concluded from this smart passage of arms ? First, —to borrow with apology the accustomed abusive language of this painter-critic,—that artists are simpletons for taking the advice of others ; and second, that these others are fools for giving it. Yet Wiertz, with a worldly wisdom which could hardly be looked for, shrewdly gave to his fellow-artists the advice that, awaiting a precise programme of the Beautiful, the practice of the great masters should be followed. It is some consolation to find that in the course of this fruitless discussion superior authorities are invoked ; thus we are reminded that Plato announces the Beautiful as the Splendour of the True, that Winckelman lays it down as an axiom that the Beautiful is a thing of which it is more easy to say what it is not than to say what it is, and that Mengs holds that the Beautiful is a perfection visible, the imperfect image of a perfection supreme. For Wiertz to have failed where no one has yet succeeded is scarcely to his discredit, his aspirations as usual pointed to the impossible. I may add that his countryman and contemporary, the late M. Quetelet, worked out the doctrine of proportion on more precise and accurate data.

In few words I will indicate what may be termed the latitude and longitude of Wiertz in the history of art. He belonged geographically to lands which, bordering on the estuaries of the Rhine and the Scheldt, have been for centuries the habitat of great schools of painting ; he inherited and cherished the old traditions which hang around Antwerp and Brussels—the chief scenes of his labours—and accordingly he deliberately built his style on Rubens and Vandyck. On the other hand he stood aloof from earlier masters, such as Van Eyck, Memling, Vander Leyden, and Quentin Matsys, for his manner inclined to the modern more than to the mediæval. The position in which Wiertz stood to his contemporaries it is equally easy to define, especially on the side of negation. He has no affinity with that brilliant company—MM. Willems, Alfred Stevens, Baugniet, and others, who, in emulation of Terbourg and Mieris, paint silks and satins to perfection. Neither does he claim consanguinity with the antiquarian resuscitations of Baron Leys and of M. Pauwels, nor with the Christian revivals of M. Guffens and others who follow in the footsteps of Overbeck. Wiertz, in his life-size figures, in his breadth of treatment, and in his strong gripe on noble thought in dramatic form, approaches more closely to MM. Gallait, Thomas, and Robert. But even in this approximate comparison a difference must be drawn. These, his countrymen, are for the most part academic, sedate, and passionless as Delaroche, whereas Wiertz is romantic, spasmodic, and voluptuous as Delacroix and Decamps.

In fine, I fear it may seem that all these comparisons and contrasts do but lead to the conclusion that the whereabouts of Wiertz lies in some grand solitude which he was pleased to prepare expressly as his own.

Was Hamlet mad? Was Wiertz mad? This much is certain, that each took on phases of madness, and then, as if by free will, repassed into sanity. The presumed proneness of painters to lunacy is a tempting theme; yet it is worthy of observation that the greatest artists, such as Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Velasquez, Holbein, and Rubens, have been pre-eminently sound in mind: the mental vision is clear, keen, and undistorted, and the emotions, if heated, are healthy. It must be admitted that Wiertz did not preserve the balance of these giant men with whom he measured himself. On the contrary, he presents conditions found in a class of minor mortals who, with fevered brain and errant fancy, rush to giddy heights or plunge headlong into deep abysses. Yet among mad artists he stands, if he were mad, in a singular and almost solitary situation. He had not the witching fancy, or the light, fairy-like step, of William Blake: on the contrary, he paced the ground with the heavy tread of an elephant. His pencil could not weave the gossamer webs or trace the delicate lines found in some of the drawings made by poor Dadd in a madhouse; in contrast, his brush was as broad as a besom, and his imagination dark as a thunder-cloud. Thus Wiertz finds his analogues not so much with the subtle and spiritual phases of pictorial lunacy, as with the tumultuous throes of men who, in hot blood, are mad so far as they are lawless. I can almost believe that, like Fuseli, he fed his canine genius on raw pork; and yet, like Haydon, he sometimes was in want of a dinner. In certain points, indeed, he stands in relief as the Haydon of Belgium, his art was a protest, his life a rebellion, and his death a mission ending in a martyrdom. The analogy with John Martin is not so close; yet Wiertz, by his astounding pictorial dimensions, recalls the brag of our English Titan, who asserted that he had raised upon canvas a building five miles high. If I may be permitted yet another comparison, I would bring Wiertz in juxtaposition with that *capriccio*, the painter and etcher, Goya. In fact the vivid sketch given by Mr. Hamerton, in 'Etching and Etchers,' of this audacious Spaniard, reads almost as a literal description of the erratic Belgian. Take, in proof, the following epitome: Goya was a man of very remarkable endowments; he had immense physical energy and courage, and at least as much moral audacity; he possessed imagination, but of a frightful sort, like the imagination of a man suffering from delirium tremens. A poet once wrote, 'I hold the red iron and I see thy flesh smoke.' This was the temper of Goya as of Wiertz; the nature of each was fiend-like.

The death of Wiertz was in keeping with his life. He was consumed by gangrene; the poison percolated through the blood; then the limbs grew cold, the pulse feeble, and yet the eye remained bright. Wiertz kept up a desperate struggle with death to the very last: he almost refused to die. He clenched his hands convulsively and cried aloud, 'Death comes, but I have yet strength; I will not die!' And then, when a clammy chilliness as of the grave crept along the extremities, he exclaimed, 'I burn! I burn!' Delirium set in, and he became a prey to all sorts of visions, some horrible, others alluring. Around his bed congregated corpses, which, dilating every second, threatened to crush and suffocate him. Then a change would come over the spirit of his dream; seeing terrible phantom figures he would burst into invective:—'The rascals, how they jeer! give me a stick, that I may drive them from my sight!' Afterwards he became more calm; he rested his head on the pillow and seemed to lie entranced, as on surges of melody. But soon he again started up, saying, 'Oh, what beautiful horizons! what lovely figures! yet they are sad—they weep, for they love me much.' 'Quick! quick! my pallet, my pencils! I seize on the point of sight; what a picture I can paint! Oh! I shall vanquish Raphael.' Then he raised his left hand, as if grasping the pallet, whilst with his right hand he traced in the air an imaginary outline. It was about nine in the evening, and Wiertz became convinced that his end was approaching. Yet still he strove to retain his hold upon life, and in his inability to recover strength he sank into despair. He struggled yet once again, but at last felt he must resign, and in that resignation came an inexpressible regret. All that he had

dreamed of in the maturity of his power—all the daring creations of his brain, the aspirations of his heart, the history of humanity which he felt had been entrusted to him as a mission—all now hung upon a thread about to snap, and was held by a breath which at each moment seemed the last. Wiertz, at ten o'clock on the evening of the 18th June, 1865, died at the age of fifty-nine, in the arms of his friend and biographer, M. Watteau. He bequeathed his pictures to the nation, yet he did not leave the wherewithal to pay the expenses of his burial.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE MANTEGNA CARTOONS.

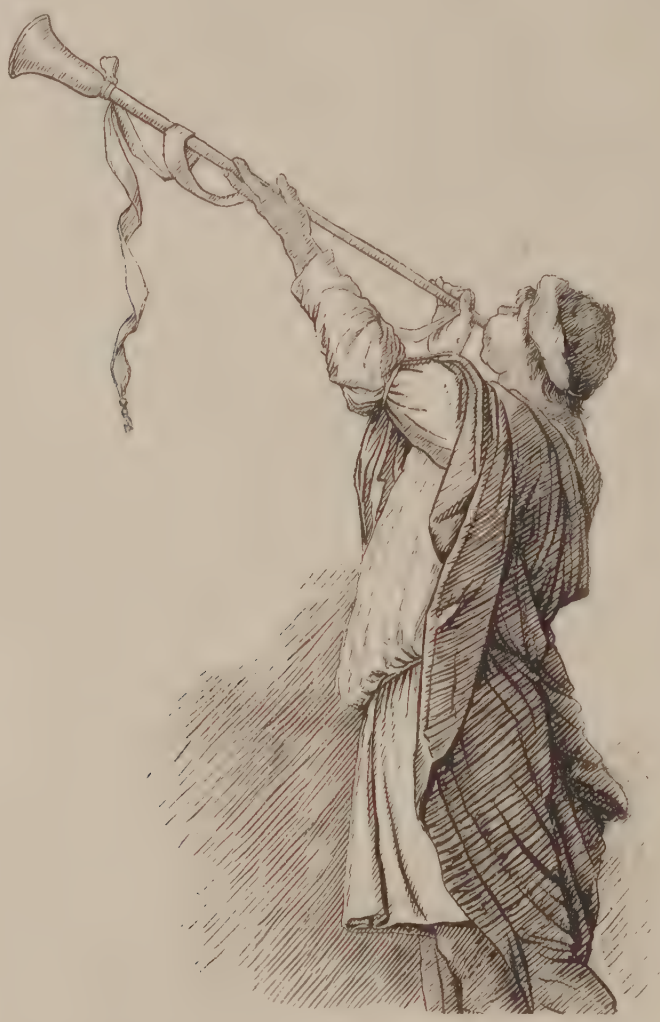
IN a letter dated from Rome in the beginning of the year 1489, Mantegna refers with pride to the cartoons which he had left behind at Mantua, and he begs his patron, the Marquis Francesco Gonzago, to see that no harm comes to his work from the rain forcing its way in at the windows. If the great Paduan painter could now visit the narrow gallery at Hampton Court, he might not be quite happy in the fate that has overtaken the most splendid record of his genius. At the outset, perhaps, he would have some little difficulty in recognizing the work as his own; and he would surely wonder why inferior hands had been allowed to daub over and deface what he left fair. But if, with painful research, he should find that enough still remained to assert the dignity and grandeur of his design, he would wonder more that those who affected to value his genius should treat with such strange neglect the cartoons that he, while he lived, had so carefully tended. He could not fail to notice that they were ingeniously placed in a manner as far as possible unfavourable to their inspection. He would observe how the light struggling through the narrow windows that face the drawings beats upon the glass that covers them, and cuts up each design with broken reflections, so that the spectator has to try different attitudes in order to get sight of different parts of the composition; and he might, on inquiry, learn further, that these works are hung upon a wall that abuts on the private dwelling-rooms of the Palace, and that there would be no special ground for surprise if they were one day destroyed by fire.

It is seriously time to consider whether a more fitting resting-place might not be found for these noble works. When the Raphael cartoons are removed to the new rooms in the National Gallery there will be a vacant space at South Kensington; and although it would certainly be better that Mantegna's cartoons should also go to Trafalgar Square, any room constructed with a view to the exhibition of works of art would be better than the miserable gallery that now contains them. There cannot be insuperable difficulties in the way of such a change. With the precedent of the Raphael cartoons in view, official routine might take courage, and the question of proprietary right could certainly be arranged. We may hope that some new interest will be aroused in the fate of these beautiful paintings by the photographs that have recently been taken of them. A few artists and amateurs, with Mr. Henry Wallis at their head, have had the enterprise to do what no professional photographer had apparently thought of doing; and those who have been so fortunate as to secure copies of these photographs for a sum that seems ridiculously small, may congratulate themselves, not less upon the result than on the manner in which it has been gained. The present damaged state of the cartoons renders an entirely successful reproduction by means of photography impossible. In the case of several compartments the ruined portions show even more prominently in the photograph than in the original; and a darkness of tone that runs through some of the impressions—unavoidable, perhaps, in the desire to get precision of outline—falsifies the scheme of the painter's colouring. But when these defects have been duly weighed, the photographs remain a very precious possession. In certain qualities of design they do more justice to the artist than the cartoons themselves can do in their present deplorable condition; for they conceal to some extent the clumsy process of restoration, and leave us free to enjoy the splendid arrangement of different groups, and the

graceful and energetic movement of separate figures. Certainly they give a more powerful impression of the painter's genius than any engravings of the work that exist.

Mantegna's was a genius that ripened steadily up to the close of life. The outlook of art at the time was so wide, and so much still remained to be discovered in nature and perfected in design, that a painter greatly gifted as Mantegna could scarcely pause upon any single achievement. He so entirely apprehended the grand issues towards which Art was hurrying, and was himself so potent an influence in its development, that he found at each step some new quality to add, some hitherto neglected secret of truth or beauty needed, to perfect the principles of his design. Thus each work from his hand seems to be richer than the last. A determined hold upon the beauty of the antique is supplemented by further researches into nature, and the austere ideal that was thus created is again enriched by the quality of tenderness that came as the final reward of his labours. But although no work produced by Mantegna was insignificant, each one marking some stage in the persistent progress of his genius, yet a grand achievement like the cartoons may be fairly taken to express the most notable result of his labours up to the time of their production. Mantegna seems to have been engaged upon these designs from 1485 to 1488. He then set out for Rome, leaving his cartoons unfinished. Pope Innocent VIII. had erected a chapel in the Vatican for his private use, and he asked for the services of Mantegna for its decoration. So flattering an invitation was not to be refused either by patron or painter, and accordingly the Marquis of Mantua had to wait till 1492 for the completion of the *Triumph*. The cartoons, therefore, are the result of Mantegna's labours at a time when he was most famous, and when his powers were most richly cultivated. He had not lost, nor did he ever lose, his reverence for the antique. One of his last labours was to design a statue of Virgil, to be erected in Mantua, and in the poverty that finally overtook him we know how he mourned the loss of his favourite marble bust of Faustina. But although love of the antique was a constant passion with Mantegna, expressed in these cartoons as strongly as in his earlier work, it is now tempered by an equal regard for nature. The painter had studied the forms of reality with such profound attention since the time when he had been first fascinated by antique grace, that he was able to discover for himself the kind of beauty that at first he had been content to imitate. The idea of his art never greatly changed, but at first it stands out as a bare and naked idea. The severe dignity of his forms wants the clothing of reality ; they are harsh in their abstract grandeur, and need the magical contact with nature, which at this earlier time the artist could not give. But in the painting of the cartoons a rich experience is added to the first severe schemes of design. The figures of men and women, without any loss of dignity, are brought into nearer companionship with the figures of the real world. Here and there, as in the exquisite group of mother and children behind the captives, we see how the study of real life has brought an unlooked-for tenderness into the painter's work, and has served to lead him to new inventions of ideal grace. Everywhere the canvas is rich with the fruits of keen and close

observation. We feel the old outline filled up and softened with the results of later experience, gaining, at last, something of the mystery of nature, as well as the eternal formality of art. It is true that the subject of these designs gave Mantegna the happiest opportunity of displaying all his resources. The processional arrangement of the figures suited his innate feeling for decorative effect, and gave full scope for the exercise of his science in disposing and balancing the different groups. Moreover, out of the material of his subject he was able to satisfy his delight in the forms of art, as well as to show his command over nature. Behind the heralds



with their brazen trumpets come those who bear aloft the fruits of victory, and here Mantegna has indulged his affection for the forms of antique workmanship. In the arms of the soldiers, drawn with all the vigour and energy of life, are elegant figures and beautiful busts; marble statues repose upon the cars; the stretchers are heavy with the weight of vases and cups, and high above the standards support trophies of metal armour. The fair youths that lead the oxen approach in their statuesque beauty to this ideal grace. They seem in their elegance to link together the beauty of the antique and the reality of nature, for close beside the artist has set some form of uncompromising naturalness, with face and gesture taken directly from the model.

Thus we see, even in these cartoons—which may be taken as almost the supreme effort of Mantegna's genius—that a complete union of the two qualities was not possible to him. The

time had not yet arrived when the results of research into nature and into art could be entirely fused; and the wonder is, not that Mantegna's work should still show signs of the separation, but that he should have been able so far to have forecast the ultimate triumph which the art of the Renaissance was to achieve. And it is precisely because his design illustrates so decisively those two dominant tendencies in Italian painting that his career stands out so prominently in its historic development. That historic development was complete when the study of antiquity and the knowledge of nature combined to form a new style. Such a result could not be hurried forward, even by a genius like Mantegna: it awaited for its fulfilment the advent of Michael Angelo. But if the Paduan painter did not touch the goal, he pushed on persistently in the right path. He, earlier than others, perceived that the two streams must somewhere meet, and he lost sight of neither. In the same design, and often in the same figure, we see the two opposite influences at work; and because the union was not complete, their presence sometimes leaves the impression of antagonism. There is something startling in the sudden association of classic grace and common reality, and the contrast between the two modes of feeling—both equally within the painter's control—serves to set forth with effect the two great labours which painting had to accomplish. If Mantegna had not been so uncompromising a student of nature, he might have gained the suggestion of antique elegance upon easier terms; if he had not felt so strongly the value of style, he might easily have satisfied himself in the imitation of common truth. But his perception of the needs of art was so clear, and his energy so inexhaustible, that he became in a double sense the leader in the historic development of art. His understanding of the principles of ancient art was greater than that of any other painter of his time, his knowledge of nature not less; and in the cartoons he has drawn fairly upon both resources, giving with a lavish hand the rich fruit of his earlier labours.

The two figures inserted in the text are from tracings taken from the photographs, considerably reduced in size. The trumpeter, is from the first compartment of the series, in which the artist has made so fine a use of the form of musical instruments. It admirably displays Mantegna's command of energetic and natural expression.

J. Comyns Carr.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

H. W. B. Davis.—The following is a list of colours used by Mr. Davis, in the order preserved on his palette:—

Flake white—light Naples yellow—lemon yellow—cadmium, Nos. 1, 2, and 3—Indian yellow—yellow ochre—golden ochre—vermilion—rose madder—best crimson lake or carmine—cobalt blue—French ultramarine——Antwerp blue—madder brown (sometimes used)—burnt lake—light red, or else Venetian red—Indian red (sometimes used)—raw sienna—burnt sienna—raw umber—burnt umber—Vandyke brown—ivory black (or some other black)—terre verte.

Mr. Davis is in the habit of using all these pigments, and has proved them sufficiently for his own satisfaction. He has tried many other colours at different times, but found them untrustworthy. We asked Mr. Davis to give us an opinion specially with regard to French ultramarine, yellow madder, and cadmium yellow. He says in answer, 'With regard to the three colours you more particularly refer to, I may say that I consider French ultramarine to be a perfectly sound and most useful colour, and I use it extensively; that and cobalt, indeed, being about the only two blues I use in skies. Yellow madder I consider worthless, nor have I touched it for many years, it having appeared to me liable to fade away as effectively as did yellow lake. On the other hand, I make great use of cadmium yellow, and always have the three numbers on my palette, the cadmium orange, or red, as it is sometimes called, being an especially beautiful colour. I have always found them to be

perfectly safe—at least with the pigments I am in the habit of employing. I recollect some years ago discovering that cadmium turned black when used in conjunction with emerald green ; but inasmuch as I have, so to say, discarded the latter from my list of colours, the objection there does not hold.'

Mr. Davis thinks that too much importance is often attached to the subject of mediums. Provided that the one selected is safe, Mr. Davis is of opinion that it cannot matter generally very much which is selected. Painters usually select the medium which suits their manner of painting best. Frequently Mr. Davis has painted with no vehicle but the oil that is with the colour in the tube. He sometimes uses spirits of turpentine alone ; at other times benzine, which has one advantage over turpentine, that of being less greasy. It is perfectly volatile, and Mr. Davis believes that it can be used with perfect safety. For some years past he has employed, more or less, the now well-known 'siccatif de Haarlem,' and believes it to be very safe. Latterly, he has adopted a mixture of about one part of 'siccatif' to two of benzine. This he finds to be a very agreeable vehicle, the spirit allowing the pigment to flow easily, whilst after evaporation it leaves a slight residue of dryer. The mixture is also very safe to use as a means of slightly varnishing over dead parts of a fresh picture. When Mr. Davies requires a flowing vehicle for skies he mixes a little linseed oil in like manner with benzine, this enables him to work the colours easily without overloading them with oil.

The brushes generally employed by Mr. Davis are the flat hog-hairs, stout and thin ; he hardly ever uses round hog-tools now. He prefers round sables, however, for details.

Some artists have a theory that pigments used at the same time on a picture ought to be mixed to the same thickness. Mr. Davis has no plan with reference to this, but leaves the pigments more or less thick, as may happen to suit his convenience for the moment. He likes to have opaque colours thicker than those usually supplied by the London colourmen.

Mr. Davis has no regular process in the construction of a picture, but is glad to get the canvas *covered* as quickly as possible. He generally draws, to begin with, his subject and shadows carefully and lightly with a mixture of black and vermilion with turpentine simply.

In addition to the colours mentioned in the catalogue given above, Mr. Davis has occasionally employed the three chrome yellows (Nos. 1, 2, and 3) for coarse, strong work, especially in laying in parts of a picture. The last is sometimes a useful orange. He has also used all the ochres in the same way, but considers that these require caution, for they undoubtedly darken, especially when mixed with white. Mr. Davis uses the ochres very extensively in landscape ; at times, indeed, exclusively : but makes allowance for their darkening. He very rarely uses Prussian blue. His palette is generally set with the majority of colours given on the list at the beginning of these notes.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXIII.—Sir Augustus Wall Callcott. (1779–1844.)

The Wooden Bridge.

ETCHED BY L. GAUCHEREL.

AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT—our English Claude, as some of his admirers have somewhat inappropriately designated him—commenced life as a chorister in Westminster Abbey, under Dr. Cooke. Callcott came of a musical family: he was the younger brother of Dr. Callcott the composer. He was born at Kensington in 1779, and was therefore a somewhat younger man than his contemporaries in the same art—Crome, Barker, Constable, and Turner. Some of Callcott's pictures bear a strong affinity with the earlier works of the last painter.

Callcott, however, when done with choir-singing, and when he had entered upon the profession of another art—which he commenced under the auspices of Hoppner—embraced portraiture as his special branch of painting; but he soon fell into the more genial path of landscape, in which he made his reputation. Yet towards the close of his life, when a sexagenarian, he turned again to figure-painting; as in two well-known examples—his picture of *Raphael and the Fornarina*, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1837; and *Milton dictating to his Daughters*, exhibited in 1840.

The *Raphael and Fornarina*, a popular composition, engraved by Lumb Stocks, was distributed by the Art Union of London to its subscribers for the year 1843.

The *Fornarina*, in whose story there is something of the mythic, was naturally derived from the fine female head by Raphael in the Tribune of Florence, which is dated 1512, and about which, through a recent error, there is a popular delusion that it represents Raphael's mistress, the so-called baker's daughter—La Fornarina. This is certainly not the case. Passavant ('Rafael von Urbino,' &c., vol. iii.) has shown that this picture is in all probability the portrait mentioned by Vasari as Beatrice Ferrarese, who was not a princess of the House of Este, but a young lady of Ferrara of the family name of Pio: it is Beatrice Pio da Ferrara.

All we know of Raphael's mistress is, that her name was Margarita, and that the painter left her an independence at his death; of her parentage we know nothing. There are two portraits by Raphael extant assumed to be of Margarita—one the half-length of a young girl just from her bath, in the Barberini Gallery at Rome; and the other, far more important, a bust portrait, nearly full-face, of a lady of maturer years, in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. This latter shows a good deal of the typical character of Raphael's Madonnas, the oval face, the dark eyes, the hair put back; and the original seems decidedly to have formed the model of the Virgin's head in the famous picture of the *Madonna di San Sisto* in the Dresden Gallery. This portrait is engraved in Passavant's 'Raphael,' &c.

It is, however, not to such pictures as the *Raphael* or the *Milton* that Callcott owes his present eminent position in the English school. His reputation is deservedly a high one, though there is nothing original or striking in his style: he had no manner; he was a modest student of nature without conventionalism, and has left us many pictures simple, chaste, and beautiful.

Owing to the munificence of Mr. Robert Vernon, there are nine 'Callcotts' in the National Gallery, all of refined execution, and picturesque, with both poetic sentiment and scenic effect. The *Old Pier at Little Hampton* in stormy weather, painted in 1812, is a masterly work; and the large view of the *Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn*, painted twenty years later, is a graceful composition, full of sentiment, executed still with the utmost care; but it is deplorable that such a picture should have been painted in a manner technically so fatally unsound as to make its impending ruin evident—a result which is too commonly the case with the masters of the British school. While in foreign schools we have works, even in oil-painting, that have already survived, without any material injury, three, and as much as four centuries of wear and tear, we have English pictures that have almost wholly perished of themselves before they have attained to the age of even half a century. Some English painters will soon exist only in the prints after their works. Of course, in many cases, this is no great calamity: but the catastrophe is perhaps rather the rule than the exception; and this shows a gross defect in education somewhere. No one will believe that a painter can be utterly indifferent to the duration of his works, unless he is ashamed of them; yet universally condemned methods are still persisted in.

Callcott was elected a Member of the Royal Academy in 1810, and in 1837 he was knighted by the Queen. In 1827 he had married Maria Graham, a widow lady of literary tastes, who in 1836 published a small popular review of Greek and Roman art, under the title of 'Essays towards the History of Painting.' Sir Augustus and his wife travelled in Italy and on the Continent together; but he had been long an invalid, and was in very delicate health. He died in 1844 at Kensington, the place of his birth, aged sixty-five, and was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green: Lady Callcott's remains had been deposited there two years before.

Sir Augustus Callcott's works are not very numerous; his contributions to the Royal Academy amounted altogether to one hundred and twenty-three, from 1801 to 1844 inclusive, omitting several years; and from the time of his election into the Academy he for several years contributed but a single picture per year to the Exhibition.

The Wooden Bridge—the beautiful little picture etched for this number of the PORTFOLIO—was not in the Exhibition of the Academy; but it is a work that fairly illustrates the style and execution of the master: it is minute and elaborate, but everything is, however, well balanced. It has a light and a dark side, and the rustic wooden bridge, almost in the centre, comes out in happy contrast before the bright sky: some ducks, in the foregrouud to the right, are gently rippling the pure stream beneath; and two horses, of a team of three drawing a loaded cart, are just passing over upon the bridge above. On the left is a cluster of dark trees, which almost conceal in their shade a small farm-building; below, on this side in front, is a little landing-stage by the brink of the stream, on which a woman, holding a child in her arms, is standing and conversing with a man seated in a boat, in which are some fisher-baskets apparently. A glow of light falls on the ground near the woman, and is concentrated in the white shirt of the fisher in the immediate foreground below; the white horse—the leader of the team—carries this light into the picture to the bright spot in the sky above the bridge: the colouring is in all parts rich, but perfectly unobtrusive. This little gem is painted on canvas, and measures only nine inches high by twelve inches wide; it has been engraved by J. C. Bentley for the Vernon Gallery. It now hangs in Trafalgar Square.

R. N. WORNUM.

VEYRASSAT.

JULES JACQUES VEYRASSAT, born in Paris, was at first destined to the trade of a jeweller. It was the occupation of his parents, and they hoped that their son would follow the same path, and that in so doing he would be spared the first difficulties of life. But the boy did not seem to have the least inclination for the business, and even showed excessive repugnance for the work that he was set to do.

There were, however, some happy moments for him in the course of his education, for his parents encouraged him to attend regularly the School of Drawing in the Rue de l'École de Médecine, at Paris, where so many artists have begun their studies. This school was intended to prepare young men for the trades and manufactures which have some connexion with art, and there he was perfectly in his place.

He drew with ardour, and gave especial attention to modelling. His success as a student increased his desire to become a thorough artist, and at last he told his parents that he was resolved to give up the jewelry business.

Veyrassat's father owned a small country-house at Gravelle, on the banks of the Marne. He had for his neighbour a doctor who possessed several pictures by Decamps, his intimate friend, then in the height of his reputation. Afraid to allow his son to choose a career full of perils, as it appeared to him, and in which he was incompetent to guide him, the father of our artist went to consult Decamps and seek his advice. Decamps used systematically to discourage young men who wished to make the study of art their profession. 'If your son is really in earnest,' he would say, 'obstacles will double his energy instead of hindering him: a real passion only grows with the amount of resistance it meets. If, on the contrary, you give him encouragement, the young man, feeling that he has you to lean on, will become idle, and never do anything.' Such theories sound somewhat paradoxical, although they are not rare amongst artists, particularly amongst those who, like Decamps, have had to contend against serious difficulties.

Naturally the father followed the advice given to him; but when, after the Revolution of 1848, he found himself suddenly and entirely ruined, he was obliged to tell his son that he was unable to help him any longer, and that he would have to earn his own living by the kind of work which would bring the quickest return.

Veyrassat began by painting in the Louvre copies of pictures, which he sold for America. He occupied himself also in making sketches for the publishers, and etchings, some of which were inserted in 'l'Artiste.' In this way he lived: not luxuriously, of course; but the wants of a young man are few: thus he met, without seeking after them, with the obstacles which Decamps deemed indispensable to the beginning of an artistic career.

As soon as he could afford it, Veyrassat rented a little room at Écouen, where Edouard Frère already lived, and they soon became acquainted. He had already studied painting with Faustin Besson, but Edouard Frère's manner was more in harmony with his inclination for the picturesque. The manner that he was to adopt as his own is very different from that of the two artists with whom he was intimate in his youth. Although he had studied the figure, he felt a stronger liking for the country and animal life. He rambled about the fields and sketched the hay-carts, or he watched from the river-bank the animals being conveyed across in the ferry-boat. The harvest-fields, the plains with their infinite horizons, the farm-yards with fowls picking up corn, villages and straggling cottages—such is the region in which he moves, and which he has cultivated to the best advantage.

Veyrassat was well known as an engraver before he had any reputation as a painter. He is one of the first men who, in France, seriously attempted etching, and he is thoroughly master of all its capabilities. He has been a contributor to several artistic reviews, and to English readers the PORTFOLIO has given opportunities of appreciating his talent as an etcher.

It is, therefore, of the painter that we shall speak now; and his picture *L'Abreuvoir*, exhibited in the Salon of 1875, is an excellent example of his talent:—We are on the shore of a river which flows through a vast, airy country. In the foreground, on the right, is an old, vine-clad inn, where the drivers stop as they follow the towing-path; in the back-ground are some woody hills lost in a luminous haze, and groups of poplars reflected in the water. The river fills up the foreground, and the centre of the picture is occupied by a group of horses coming to drink: a washerwoman is engaged in deep conversation with the man who leads them. The subject is simple enough, as everybody may see, but how intelligently rendered! How perfectly the lines answer to each other, and enhance each other's value, without ever

becoming entangled or ungraceful! The effect, apparently so natural, is yet attained through an infinite amount of knowledge. It may be said that the artist saw the scene and only reproduced it as it was. No doubt; but if you only lower the head of the white horse, or lift up that of the black one, you will see that the picture is completely altered, and loses all its charm. Every tone, every tint, is exactly where it should be, and the concord of the different objects constitutes an exquisite harmony. The highest light shines upon the horse in the foreground, and the deepest shade covers those placed behind. This intense white, and these dark blacks, are managed with such skill that there is no harshness in the general effect, and the accessories are carefully subordinated to increase the value of the principal group.

Veyrassat is now the French painter who knows the horse best—I mean the strong horse used to field-work, which he has for a long time drawn faultlessly; but the elegant, prancing horse of high-life, never appears in his pictures. As to colouring, there is in the picture which now occupies us a remarkable progress over those of the preceding Salons. The somewhat monotonous yellow, so frequently criticised, has been replaced by a scale of light and silvery tints in which the eye rejoices, whilst the *ensemble* presents a softness and subtlety of handling altogether absent from his earlier pictures.

The works of Veyrassat are invariably illustrations of rustic subjects. It would be useless to enumerate them, as we could only repeat the titles of *Abreuvoir*, *Chemin de Hâlage*, *Retour des Moissonneurs*, *Entrée de Ferme*, &c. The most remarkable qualities of this painter lie in his execution, for his pictures never deal with historical facts or dramatic incidents.

A studious observer of rustic life, Veyrassat now lives in the country for the greater part of the year, like all artists who paint similar subjects. He has chosen for his residence Samois, a little village on the Seine, close to the Forest of Fontainebleau. All the villages of this district are peopled with artists: Barbizon, Chailly, Bois-le-Roi, Samois, Valvin, Thomery, Moret, Marlotte, &c., all have their contingent. Samois was the most appropriate to Veyrassat's talent, although this side of the forest is not the grandest. But there are to be found farms, towing-horses, picturesque islets on the Seine, and far-receding horizons. An artist may lead there a retired life, and he may, without fatigue, constantly observe nature whilst occupied upon his pictures.

A biography full of incident would assuredly offer a greater degree of interest to the reader, but the artist of whom I speak is a modest man, whose life is entirely dedicated to his art. I have discovered in him only a single passion: it may be a monotonous passion, but it is surely an honourable one—that of work.

René Ménard.

WILLIAM MÜLLER.

THE biographies of artists, though for the most part uneventful as compared, for example, with the stirring lives of statesmen or warriors, have usually a charm peculiarly their own. Painters, as musicians, are proverbially precocious. Heaven-born painters draw betimes, in obedience to spontaneous and all but uncontrollable impulse; they paint almost as Pope is said to have rhymed before he could read—without knowing it. William Müller is no exception to the rule. From the age of four he was never happier than when he had pencil in hand. It is said that of his own free will he drew 'every imaginable thing,' and that in his ninth year he made illustrations for a scientific work, of which his father was the author. This art-impulse, growing as usual into a passion, and insisting on having its own way, young Müller, at the age of fifteen, became articled to Pyne, the well-known landscape-painter; but the student-relationship not proving wholly satisfactory the indentures of apprenticeship were cancelled by mutual consent, and henceforth Müller, to all intents and purposes, became his own master: in fact, he stands out as a self-educated and self-made man. He was, as the name implies, of foreign extraction; his father, a German refugee under the Napoleon wars, settled in Bristol,

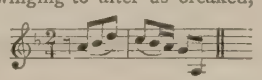
and became Curator of the Philosophical Institution in that city. The precocious artist received but a scanty education: he never went to school; his mother taught him the rudiments of English, and to the same affectionate care he owed a smattering of German and of French. But Müller was one of those self-sustained men who require little assistance from others; he had the faculty of getting on well in his own way. Nature, in short, was his master; while little more than a boy he took to sketching from nature as the habit of his life.

I need hardly say how much I am indebted in this narrative to Mr. Solly's life of William Müller.* The author has brought to his labours conscientious care and an affectionate tenderness: the facts collected are of value, and the correspondence—some of which, however, is too trivial and ephemeral for permanent record—enables the reader all the better to realise the personal character and the professional aspirations of the painter.

The present sketch I all the more readily prepare, because a residence of a quarter of a century in Bristol has made me familiar with the incidents of Müller's life and the surroundings which tended to form his style. Among my acquaintances and friends I have been happy to number his surviving brother, Mr. E. G. Müller; also Mr. Charles Branwhite, the brother-in-law of the latter. Mr. E. G. Müller once kindly lent me to copy a fine outdoor study of trees, rocks, and rushing waters, made by his brother; and about the same time—now nearly twenty years ago—I had the privilege of painting during three months in the studio of Mr. Charles Branwhite, who inherits the traditions of the greatest of English sketchers. Likewise among the earliest of my art recollections were 'the Lycian Drawings,' when collected for exhibition in the Philosophical Institution, of which Müller the father had been the Curator. Also, to be recalled with pleasure amounting to gratitude, is much instructive intercourse with the Rev. John Eagles, 'scholar, poet, painter,' as a tablet in the Cathedral recordeth. Mr. John Harrison—Müller's physician, friend, and fellow-sketcher—who contributes the most brilliant chapter in Mr. Solly's 'Memoir,' also belonged to the same friendly company of painters and amateurs, to whom art had become a daily pursuit and passion, bringing its own reward. Müller, Eagles, and Harrison, loved to sketch together; with pencils and portfolios they were accustomed to wander among the trees and the streams of the sister valleys of the Avon and the Frome. Müller was looked upon as a prodigy, and his operations were watched accordingly with something more than curiosity. But he, in turn, found himself glad to learn. Mr. Harrison is an anatomist; the most brilliant art-lectures I have ever listened to were delivered by him as Professor of Anatomy to the Bristol Academy. He is, moreover, a musician by instinct and by training; and I have observed, both in his sketches and his discourses, that sense of rhythm, that feeling for proportion and symmetry, that colouring, too, from the side of the emotions, which music is known to induce.†

* Memoir of the Life of William James Müller, a native of Bristol, Landscape and Figure Painter, with Original Letters and an Account of his Travels and of his Principal Works. By R. Neal Solly, Author of the 'Life of David Cox.' Illustrated with Photographs from Paintings and Sketches by the Artist's own hand. London: Chapman and Hall. 1875.

† Mr. Harrison, in his 'Recollections of Müller,' after giving a vivid description of a genial sketching-party, adds the following characteristic narrative: those who remember these happy meetings in the fields will realise the situation. 'It may appear strange,' writes Mr. Harrison, 'that I should remember these particulars after so many years, but a circumstance that occurred as we were returning from the sketching-ground probably helped to fix upon my memory this special excursion. As we passed through the fields a gate swinging-to after us creaked, quite musically, the melody of the first two bars of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." If the reader will hum these notes he will feel how easily they may be expressed in the simple way here described. Transfixed, I immediately sang the two



succeeding bars, for I knew the symphony well. Müller was musical, and played upon the guitar; he entered at once into the spirit of the thing. We set the gate open several times, declared it was a natural phenomenon, and determined that this singular rendering of the two bars of the immortal composer should not be lost. "Let us," said I, "return to-morrow with our friends, that they themselves may hear this most remarkable coincidence of notes." We agreed for another day's sketching, and invited our friends to the place. We assembled quite a party in the field. I requested Müller to arrange our visitors in the right situation. Excitedly I advanced; I opened the gate: it swang-to as before, but gave no sound: some detestable wretch had greased the hinges! Müller, confounded, saw my countenance, and was instantly convulsed with laughter. Though much annoyed, it was so ridiculous that I laughed heartily myself.'

Mr. Eagles, known as 'the Sketcher' of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' brought to these sylvan excursions scholarly knowledge, poetic insight, with almost a dogmatic teaching on all art matters. I have never heard any one discourse with such strong conviction on Gaspar Poussin and 'the black masters' in general. At the time when I had the privilege of talking and sketching with him I was taught to believe that he had discovered, by the study of the Italian painters, what he was pleased to call the lost science of art-composition. The principle, which would take too long to explain fully, was, in brief, that of 'reflection:' the term, in fact, he borrowed from the elementary phenomenon of the reflection of a pyramidal mountain in a lake beneath. And this, the harmonious opposition of lines, which sometimes become resolved into triangles and in other cases melt more melodiously into circles or ellipses, I have seen 'the Sketcher' elucidate by the analysis of Poussin and of Claude. All this I recall to show how it was that Müller lent an attentive ear to Eagles; how, in short, the painter learnt from the critic those underlying and latent principles of composition which, in Müller as in Turner, become almost as positive as propositions in Euclid. And yet in the hands of these Bristol sketchers the principles were played with so freely that the art disguises art and sembles the happy accident of nature. Let us, by the aid of Mr. Harrison's graphic pen, witness Müller actually at work: in the following abridged description the scene is laid in the grand gorge of the Bristol Avon:—

'*A Sketch in Leigh Woods: Painter's Valley.*

'A rock in the foreground served Müller for a table; with characteristic rapidity he outlined the subject in pencil: he was famous with the pencil. And if his outline was rapid and decisive, his conception was the same; he saw his picture at once: it was the subject before him, but it gained symmetry and power in passing through his mind. No frittering away of time and effect in detail was his; he generally allowed two hours for his sketch, and in those two hours he laid his mind upon paper. The outline made he put in the sky; "sharp up to the mark," he said, "with a full liquid brush, leaving the edges of the clouds to the white ground." When nearly dry, he finished the clouds and went over the sky, dragging, touching, and giving tone, softness, and brilliancy. On inquiry being made why he did not paint the things he saw, he said, "Because I have studied them all. A man must be able to draw and paint everything, then he may be allowed to alter and sacrifice for effect; it is not on account of the difficulty that I swamp these lesser details." It was late in the autumn, and the absorbent paper did not dry as fast as we could wish. Müller, who painted with rather a wet brush, got into trouble with his trees, and things were not satisfactory. He worked on patiently for a time, then suddenly exclaiming, "It is a failure," he tossed the drawing on the ground, and prepared to execute what is familiar to most artists—a demon dance upon his sketch. The intent being averted by his companion, Müller exclaimed, "I see my way." The drawing was again placed on the rock, when with sharp touches he brought all round in a brief space of time. Afterwards Müller told his friend, "I exhibited the sketch at the London Graphic; I believe it has made my fortune."'

The story of Müller's life is soon told; it lies almost entirely within the circuit of his art. The chief incidents arise from a succession of journeys to Wales, Devonshire, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy, France, Egypt, and, lastly, to Lycia. Ardent, restless, and enterprising, he endured hardships which overtaxed his strength and shortened his life. With slender means he undertook costly expeditions; yet sometimes he travelled knapsack on back, and I have been told that when in Egypt he lived on a pittance of a few pence a-day. In Asia Minor he was thrown on his own slender resources: not only had no place or provision been made for him in the expedition which secured the Lycian marbles to the British Museum, but he was told tauntingly that he carried off in his portfolio all the best subjects.

But the physical constitution of genius is proverbially frail, and, unfortunately, the career of Müller was short as it was brilliant and adventurous. The artist came home from Asia Minor laden with spoils literally to die. The dashing sketches of ruined tombs, with wild overgrowth of tangled wood, thrown off as rapid impromptus in the space of two or three hours a-piece, each hour's work now counting at the price of 30*l.* at least, made at once Müller's fame, and had he lived long enough, would have secured his fortune. When collected at the

London 'Graphic' they naturally created a sensation—'nothing like them had previously been seen,' and henceforth Müller took rank as the greatest and most rapid of sketchers. But from the moment of his return the end was already near. After a brief time, measured by months only, his strength failed, his constitution was broken down beyond recovery, and he died suddenly, though not unexpectedly, in the autumn of 1845, literally in harness, for his painting palette ready for work was set by his side. He was only thirty-three years of age. Seldom, if ever, has so much work been concentrated within so brief a space.

Müller's letters read disappointingly; they are mostly hasty, yet they have a heartiness as of 'Hail, fellow, well met!' Rarely, however, do they throw light upon his mode of work; yet I gladly quote the following trenchant words, as bearing closely on that intelligent study of nature which is indeed the secret of success in sketching:—

'The sketch is the important thing. First we study closely Nature's forms and details to learn her grammar; then we may seek her for transient effects—her lights and shadows, her suggestive quality—in short, for the poetry of the hour: but we must use our heads as well as our hands, and set to work with all our hearts.'

Müller inherited from his father—a man of science, as we have seen—an ardent love of nature. He speaks of the beauties of landscape with poetic fervour. He was also to some extent a naturalist; he botanized in fields and lanes, and confesses that the discovery of a new plant gave him as much pleasure as the finding of a fresh sketching-ground. The following extract from a letter dated 1845, the last year passed in London, falls into unusual moralizing; enfeebled in health, the artist turns to Nature as a life-giving power:—

'I am looking forward to sketching green fields, trees, &c.—the works of a living God. These things make my heart glad. It is in nature, and not in streets, that I find my *own self*. Here in London I feel small, oppressed, as nothing. Man may be overcome by the greatness of his Creator's works. True; but His infinity passeth *all knowledge*. Believing this we look on admiring, and bow down before the greatness which has created for our enjoyment all these wonders.'

I cannot resist the temptation of quoting further passages, which show how intense was Müller's enjoyment of natural beauties. There is something almost Byronic in his passion for mountains and for storm-lands, in the tumult of his imagination during 'nights not made for slumber;' and then, when the wind grows calm and the sun dispels clouds in the sky and gloom on the landscape, he melts into strains of tenderness. And it is to be observed that these interludes of fancy and bye-plays of imagination were but accessories to some sketch he had made, or was about to make; or rather, I should say, that this kindling of the mind into poetic ardour led to a vivid conception of the subject in hand, gave a certain rapidity and impetuosity to his translation or paraphrase of nature, so that his sketch was struck off at a heat, and seizes the eye as a musical voluntary strikes the ear. Müller became excited under work; his hand trembled when, in commencing a sketch, he first set pencil to paper. Perhaps to a sensitive artist there is no greater delight—a subtle pleasure shared by the creative poet—than in the surrender of the mind to the immediate inspiration of nature, watching the play of the beautiful and the grand on the chords of the emotions. This, the Wordsworth mind of contemplative quietism, was, however, far from habitual to Müller. And yet the painter had moods as varied as his art was versatile: the following abridged extracts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, claim all the more attention, because they echo in words the pictorial spirit of the Lycian sketches:—

'*The Artist in Xanthus:—Days and Nights in Tlos, May* 1844.

'And now I was alone on the summit of a mountain in a half-Turkish palace and fortress, in a strange land, surrounded by strangers. The morning came; such a morning! and such scenery, such mountains and valleys, such a distance, melting away and uniting with the sky! There lay the Taurus, more like some faint sound, some distant recollection of a past event; for *atmosphere* seems to perform on scenery what *time* does on the mind for the past, they both soften alike.

'At night a moon was in the sky, by which it was easy to see to draw. But the sun had gone down in anger blood-red. Nature seemed changed; the vultures screamed as they flew over the valley to seek their homes in the mountain, whose dank purple sides were being quickly covered with mists. I shut up my folio, and, I know not why, should have been glad of some society. The feeling was not fear, but was nearly allied to it; it was the dread of something unknown. I turned my steps up the side of the hill, not staying as usual to saunter among the tombs, which were now doubly melancholy, seeming to mourn their own decay. I arrived at my little room, but the storm was abroad; slowly, and as if the breathing of some enormous monster in the distance, sounded the thunder; the mists boiled up, hiding everything, and we waited with patience some sudden change. I gave up all hope of the house standing out the storm, my principal care now became to stow away our articles. Picking out the dry planks in the floor, we half slept and half watched the night through. The morrow came; and how grand to see the mountains as the light clouds and vapours were at times covering, and at times revealing, their superb forms!'

A brief account of the characteristics of the sketches made in the country thus described may not be without value. As regards material, they were entirely without any body-colour. We are told that Müller had taken with him some bottles of white; but, finding this opaque invariably turn black, it was abandoned: his maxim, stated in his own words, being, 'Keep to dry colours, shun the bottle-white, and leave your lights to the paper.' But before quitting Lycia the store of his pigments unfortunately ran short, 'the cobalt and several other colours were used up;' consequently, some of his last sketches became reduced to the restricted scale of ochre, umber, light red, and indigo. In fact, these grand sketches are usually struck in a middle key; and it must be confessed that, as to the realisation of an Oriental atmosphere and colouring, they compare to disadvantage with the otherwise inferior drawings by David Roberts. Yet Müller, when he chose, could rival the brilliance of Turner; but he seems, for the most part, to have sided with the old masters, who held that rich and expressive tones of colour are neither in the highest lights nor in the deepest shades, but in the intermediate tints of half-light and half-shadow. Partly for this reason the Lycian sketches are the most prized. Müller furnishes interesting data about these studies on the spot; he tells us that, at Xanthus, Mr. Fellows said to him, 'I hope you won't publish anything about the marbles, and that you will not make any special drawings of the antiquities.' Then, after executing at Tlos 'many splendid pictorial and generalized sketches,' he says one day to his young companion, 'Oh, Johnson! I feel I *ought* to work hard, making careful pencil outline-drawings of the tombs and temples, with all their details.' It is added that he loved his colours so much that he called this 'taking medicine.' But to tell the truth, Müller was in no danger of falling into the detail of antiquarianism, or of contracting the severe spirit of classicism; his style, as exemplified in these most masterly of reminiscences, was pledged to a rugged picturesqueness, to a rude and sometimes romantic naturalism. He carried to the East the manner he had contracted in England. His broken foregrounds recall studies made by him on Hampstead Heath; the marbles of the ruined temples are scattered about at random, as the boulders in the 'Valley of Rocks' at Linton; his umbrageous trees are often like the growth of foliage in the Salvator Rosa Valley on the banks of the Avon. The whole manner was the reverse of that of Claude; it had more in common with Poussin and Constable, and it possessed the further merit of being, by its breadth and bold generalization, in direct antagonism to 'Pre-Raphaelitism.'

J. Beavington Atkinson.

(*To be continued.*)

TECHNICAL NOTES.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.—The notes of this great artist's practice which have come down to us are much more ample than those which we commonly possess with reference to the processes employed by illustrious painters. Reynolds himself was in the habit of noting down both the colours which he used and the order in which he used them. Nothing in the materials for a technical history of oil-painting can be more interesting than these memoranda. They are, or ought to be, well known to all who take an interest in the fine arts, and yet they cannot be omitted from our little collection of technical notes. It is likely, however, that they will acquire a new interest by comparison with the practice of other artists.

It is remarkable that although Reynolds was one of the finest colourists of modern times, he should have reserved the colouring of a picture in great measure for its latest stages. A comparison with architecture will help us to understand the difference between the practice of Reynolds and that of many other painters. There is an old controversy about architecture which is expressed very neatly in two familiar French phrases,—Ought architecture to be *une décoration qui se construit*, or *une construction qui se décore?* According to the first conception the architecture of a building begins with the first foundations, and every stone in it must be part of its architecture; according to the second conception, you may take a common building and make it architectural by veneering it with painting and sculpture. So about painting, we may ask whether painting ought to be colour which is drawn or drawing which is coloured. You may begin by constructing the colour from the very first, or you may begin by constructing the forms in the picture as a simple drawing, and colour them afterwards as a child colours an engraving. Almost all our contemporaries begin to construct their colour from the very first, laying foundations for it in decided tints. Reynolds painted first in black and white, or in black and white with a little red; making, in fact, nothing but a shaded drawing in oil. This he coloured afterwards by means of scumbling and glazing. The paintings of Reynolds are, therefore, really coloured drawings; and it is remarkable that they should be so, considering that he was at the same time a colourist and a painter of very great manual skill.

He generally began by painting a light and shade with blue-black and white, or lake blue-black, and white. He admitted blue occasionally into a first painting, the blue used being ultramarine, and occasionally he admitted vermilion; but the proof that he did not consider his first painting to be in colour is that he omitted the essential element of yellow. On the 22nd of June, 1770, he being then forty-seven years old, Reynolds says, in his own Italian, 'I am established in my method of painting. The first and second paintings are with oil or copaiva* (for a medium), the colours being only black, ultramarine, and white.' Then he repeats, 'the second painting is the same.' Next he explains the finishing. 'The last painting is with yellow ochre, lake, black, and ultramarine, and without white, retouched with a little white and the other colours. According to this description of his method, Reynolds excluded both red and yellow till the last. Sir William Beechey believed this to be the most approved method of Reynolds. Haydon, who was not a bad judge of technical matters, adds the brief note, 'fine proceeding,' and approves Beechey's note on the subject with the word 'excellent.'

We have here the central principle of the method adopted by Sir Joshua, but there were frequent variations in minor matters. Sometimes he would get his tints by glazing, and at other times by scumbling. He used very few colours at once, generally only one colour with white. Thus, when his picture was in a sufficiently advanced state to be coloured, he would

* Copaiva is a Brazilian balsam, used in medicine.

scumble it at one time with ultramarine and white, at another with orpiment and white, or yellow ochre and white, or vermilion and white, or else carmine and white. Vermilion he sometimes used by itself, thinly, as a stain. He always used colours with reference to the effect of what was beneath them, as it would show through them. He worked, in short, much less by mixture than by superposition.

Here we may profitably enter into one of those curious technical questions which seem to present a contradiction until they are thoroughly understood. Reynolds was at the same time an advocate of few colours and an opponent of mixtures. In this he differed from the majority of painters, for either on the one hand a painter is generally fond of using few colours, and compensates their deficiency of number by mixture, or else, disliking mixture, he employs as many colours as he can possibly procure, if only they have a fair reputation for safety. Thus, as a general rule, few colours imply many mixtures, and few mixtures imply many colours. Reynolds says, with reference to the painters of Greek antiquity :—

'Another circumstance that tends to prejudice me in favour of their colouring is the account we have of some of their principal painters using but four colours only. I am convinced the fewer the colours, the cleaner will be the effect of those colours, and that four are sufficient to make every combination required. Two colours mixed together will not preserve the brightness of either of them single, nor will three be as bright as two ; of this observation, simple as it is, an artist who wishes to colour bright will know the value.'

This sentence is most interesting as an expression of Reynolds' preference for few colours, but it contains a strange fallacy in the latter part. He appears to have supposed that an artist who used few colours would be less tempted to mix much than one who used many. Not being in the habit of employing many pigments himself, he seems to have been under the impression that artists who do so mix them all up together. As a general rule, the truth is exactly the reverse of this. The general rule is, that artists who use few colours feel compelled to mix to get many different tints, whilst those who use many colours feel much less compelled to mix ; which is very natural, as they can get more tints easily without mixing. For example, if you have orange cadmium ready in a tube you are not compelled to mix to get its colour ; but if you have no orange ready you will be tempted to mix yellow and red to make one.

There is, however, one way out of the difficulty, even with few colours ; and that way Reynolds took with much decision. You may have few pigments and yet get many tints, not by mixture, but by superposition. Reynolds (we have Northcote's evidence for this) always advised his pupils to use as few colours as possible ; and his list was a very short one, but it was quite long enough to ensure muddiness if he had mixed all his colours together, according to the well-known dictum, 'Two colours make a tint, three make mud.' We have seen how he avoided this by using generally one colour at a time, with white. Reynolds said that he was persuaded Apelles was a good painter because he only used four colours ; yet we have seen above that, in his opinion, even a mixture of three would be deficient in brightness.

Sir William Beechey, in reference to the practice of Reynolds, even says that red and yellow cannot be used together, except by a very skilful hand, without destroying, in some degree, the purity of both. An admirable living colourist wrote to us in reference to this question :—'The Reynolds practice of few colours multiplies tints by varieties of superimposition ; hues are thus obtained which no solid tints nor any mere glazing can approach : there is no kind of yellow which, mixed with white, will match the horizon of one of Cuyp's amber skies. Where cleaners have removed Cuyp's upper painting we see the silvery painting underneath.'

We may remember, therefore, that the technical practice of Reynolds is founded upon two principles—(1) the use of few colours ; (2) the preference of superimposition to mixture. We are sometimes told that no real artist ever troubles himself about principles and methods. Reynolds, however, had principles, and was clearly conscious of them : we know this positively, on the authority of his own words.

We now come to the composition of his palette. What were the few colours which he used?

They vary in different pictures, but are always few; for when he adopted one it was to replace another which he discarded—at least, temporarily. In 1755 his palette was composed of—

White, Orpiment, Yellow Ochre, Carmine, Lake, Ultramarine, Blue-black, and Black.

This palette was complete enough for his needs as a portrait-painter at the time, but it is not chromatically complete. The proof of this is that you cannot imitate all known hues with it; you cannot, for example, imitate the hue of vermilion with it, nor even the colours of the red ochres. At that time Reynolds set his palette by simply mixing each colour with white in different degrees; he did not mix the colours themselves together.

At other times he enormously increased the chromatic range of his palette by the introduction of vermilion and asphaltum. In one picture—that of *Sir Charles and Master Bunbury*—he substituted Prussian blue and vermilion for black. He took care generally to have a good blue (ultramarine), and his sense of the necessity for a bright yellow is proved by his use of orpiment, which is of very great chromatic value, but not durable. One of his chief embarrassments was the series of rosy flesh-tints, which he found it possible to get with lake or carmine, but not with vermilion; so when he used vermilion in flesh it was for durability, not colour. The truth is, that a lake (of some sort) and vermilion are both absolutely essential to a complete chromatic scale in painting. It may also be easily proved, that when a palette is to be complete with few colours there must be a bright yellow, a bright red, and a bright blue amongst them. This has not been so well understood by some other advocates of few colours as it was by Reynolds.

It is not necessary to say much about his disastrous vehicles, for no one pays attention to his practice in this respect except as a warning. It is inconceivable how a man who in other things was a fine example of the union of good sense with genius should have made such wild experiments, wholly unguided by science, on a subject of such importance to the durability of his works. One of the most comical entries in his notes is that about the *Nicean Nymph with Bacchus*:—'Principiato con cera sola, finito con cera e copaiva, per causa *it cracked*.' Sometimes he put balsam of copaiva and wax upon an oil ground; sometimes he used Venice turpentine and wax for a final varnish. In 1772 he painted his own portrait, and began with water and gum dragon, then varnished with egg after Venice turpentine. Beechey said, 'His egg varnish *alone* would in a short time tear any picture to pieces, painted with such materials as he made use of.' In October, 1772, Reynolds says that the portrait of *Miss Kirk* was begun with gum and whiting, then waxed, then egged, then varnished, and finally retouched upon that. The drapery in the portrait of *Mrs. Sheridan* was first painted in oil, then in wax without oil, then in oil and wax; so it 'leaves the canvas in masses,' according to Sir W. Beechey. Reynolds does not seem ever to have perceived the indisputable truth, that when vehicles which dry with different degrees of rapidity and different degrees of tension are placed one upon another they must either crack or peel, or both.

SKETCH BY CONSTABLE.

EDITED BY R. S. CHATTOCK.

MR. CHATTOCK has kindly sent us a few notes on the sketch by Constable, from which his etching is taken.

'The scene is in the neighbourhood of Dedham, and apparently within a few yards of the subject of *The Cornfield* in the National Gallery. There does not, indeed, at first sight, appear to be much similarity between the two works, but the discrepancies are such as may be accounted for by difference of standpoint, and by Constable's known habit of disregarding local facts in working out the composition of his landscapes; while the points of resemblance are such as could hardly be accidental. Setting aside the incident of the boy drinking at the roadside brook, which, although it forms a connecting link between the two pictures, proves

nothing as to identity of subject, a correspondence may be traced in several other particulars. Taking these in order from left to right of the spectator, I would indicate the position of the group of trees beyond the brook, and the arrangement of the branches springing from the trunk of the right-hand tree; the details of the brook itself; the wooden dams by which the water is pounded up; and the bank upon which the boy is lying; also the straggling group of trees to the right of the picture, with the young ash-tree in front of them.

'The picture of *The Cornfield* appears to be taken from a point nearer to the centre of the road, and shows this last-mentioned group of trees thrown together in perspective, and the peep of distance beyond them is shut out. On the other hand, for the same reason, immediately beyond the left-hand group of trees the distance opens and discloses a view of Dedham Church. The trees in the left-hand group are carried up much higher in the large picture, and are supplemented by a near-lighted tree more to the left.

'The effect is one of bright summer sunshine, and the strong contrasts of light and shade so often seen in clear sunny weather are given with great boldness.'

ETTY.

(*Continued from page* 151.)

ABOUT the age of forty-three Etty seems to have attained the perfection of his happiness. The wounds occasioned by the refusals of ladies he admired appear to have healed themselves, so that the artist could settle down to the peaceful existence of a confirmed old bachelor. Though he had not a wife and family of his own, he had near relations, and was not without the solace of affectionate intercourse, which is indispensable to natures such as his. He had the warmest affection for his brother Walter, to whom he owed much gratitude for help given when it was most necessary, and always given ungrudgingly. Etty had also a niece who kept house for him, and whom he describes as 'faithful, good, affectionate, and attentive to all my wishes.' Other elements of happiness were 'a quiet, delightful, cheerful residence,' his Academic rank, and his increasing public reputation. Some philosophers have denied altogether the possibility of happiness; but in all lives, except the most unfortunate, it comes at times like fair weather in a long sea-voyage. One of these times for Etty was the year 1830. Towards the close of the year, however, he was again mixed up in stormy controversy about the screen of York Minster. There can be no doubt about Etty's earnestness in the cause. He wished to retain the screen where it was (and, happily, is still), in opposition to a foolish scheme for removing it farther eastwards, which at that time had many influential supporters. Etty was not an architect, but he perceived at once that if this plan were carried out the screen must of necessity be mutilated, and set in a much worse light, whilst the choir would be shortened. This roused him to anger, and made him write tremendous letters, which, in fact, won the battle, since they rallied many influential people to the same cause.

The next year (Etty being now forty-four) was very productive; but his prices even then seem to have been by no means excessive. The *Venetian Window* (now in the National collection) was bought by Mr. Vernon for 120*l.*, and the *Sabina* for 100*l.* by Sir Francis Freeling. This does not indicate anything like ardent competition amongst collectors.

In 1831 Etty sent his last *Judith* to Edinburgh, and went there himself to retouch the set. He went by Leicester, Derby, and York, where, of course, he revisited the Minster with all his old enthusiasm. York Minster was a life-long passion with Etty, and he made a person of the building, as he did of his beloved tea-kettle. 'I always see new beauties in my loved Minster. Beautiful is she, and glorious: peerless amongst the temples of the Most High.'

He was well received in Edinburgh by the artists, where his completed *Judith* series were now visible together. He worked upon the pictures energetically for several days till they came

quite to his mind, and then amused himself by making excursions in Scotland, to the Falls of Clyde, Loch Lomond, &c. The return to England was from Glasgow to Carlisle, whence he turned aside to see the English lake district, in passing through which—from Keswick to Kendal —he saw little else than rain, like many another tourist before and since.

An important result of the esteem in which Etty was held by Scottish artists was the purchase of his large pictures—the *Benaiah* and the *Combat*—by the Scottish Academy. The *Benaiah* was bought directly from Etty himself for 136*l.* 10*s.*, including the frame. The *Combat* belonged to Martin the painter, from whom it was bought for its original price, 300*l.*, with interest from the time of its purchase by Martin from Etty.

The painter's conservative spirit in all that related to York antiquities was roused again by the conduct of the York Corporation about the old walls of the city with their grand gateways. Municipalities, which generally look upon things from the utilitarian point of view, are never very favourably disposed towards old city walls, but look upon them as useless impediments to circulation in a modern town. Old gateways, too, are an impediment to traffic; so that there is a strong tendency to demolish them when they stand in a modern street. Artists and antiquaries, on the other hand, and all people who have either a love for the picturesque or a sentimental interest in the historical past, are eager to preserve such great visible relics of it as walls and towers, which speak of it to all men, and, once destroyed, can never be replaced. Etty's artistic and sentimental feelings were much excited in favour of the old walls of York. He and others who felt with him fought bravely in their defence; and not too soon, for in 1826 the barbican of Micklegate had been removed, to the great grief of Sir Walter Scott, who declared that he would have walked from Edinburgh to York to save it; which no doubt he would have done. In 1831 the corporation wanted to destroy Bootham bar, but Etty and others interfered energetically to save it, and subscribed 300*l.* for its repair. He deserves much honour and gratitude as a brave defender of antiquities against stupid modern Philistinism. Nor was his spirit of noble watchfulness confined to York. In 1832 he spoke at a public meeting in favour of repairing the Abbey Church of St. Alban's, and joined the subscription, and in the same year he exerted himself to preserve a Gothic chapel in Southwark.

This was the best time of Etty's art-production. He was now forty-five years old, and really an accomplished painter. At this time he painted that delightful work which we all know, *Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm.* He also exhibited *Phædria and Cymochles on the Idle Lake.* Both these works belonged to the happiest and most perfect phase of his art, and were more truly rare and precious than the large compositions upon which he hoped to build a more substantial fame. His rich colour and poetic fancy enabled him to treat subjects of this kind with a felicity quite his own. They really belonged to him, and in painting them he fully expressed the artistic part of his nature.

Outside of art, and his very respectable passion for antiquities, Etty was certainly not distinguished by power of intellect, or even liveliness of intelligence. On many subjects his mind seems to have been in a condition of simple prejudice, and quite incapable of any endeavour to lift itself to higher points of view. No Conservatism known to us in the present day can give any adequate notion of the intensity of political prejudice in a mind like Etty's in the year 1832. The very moderate measures of Reform which were proposed in those days seemed to Etty a fearful subversion of the natural order of the universe. He classed 'Reform and the Cholera' together as the 'two great Evils of the Day.' He foretold that Reform would ruin the country. He had a great contempt and dread of the lower classes, who ought, in his opinion, to be kept in their places.

Etty had not hitherto been much honoured in York, according to the usual rule that a man's native place is one of the last to recognise his reputation. The reason for this seems to be that the celebrated name has to contend, in the native place, with a previous conception of the person as the son of an ordinary inhabitant, often without social rank. When, on the other hand, there is any social rank to begin with, it overshadows reputation in the common

estimate. Notwithstanding Etty's descent from the gentry on the maternal side, he was of humble origin, and not recognised by the Squire of Hayton. It was, therefore, by no means easy for the inhabitants of an aristocratic place like York to forget the ginger-bread shop. To this difficulty may be added the prejudice against art and artists, which existed so strongly in English society in the last generation, and an especial prejudice in Etty's case, whose works were not thought quite decent because he painted the nude. However, in 1832, York did positively recognise Etty to some extent. He was invited by the Lord Mayor, invited to the Deanery, asked to breakfast with the Sheriff, and so far lionised that he could have dined out every day if he had liked.

On New-year's Day, 1833, he was so far successful as an artist that everything painted by him had been sold, but the prices had always been very moderate. In the three preceding years he had earned, nominally, about 500*l.* a-year, but a figure-painter has considerable expenses which cannot be avoided. Etty always handed over his money to his brother Walter, who gave him little sums when required. This wonderful brother had advanced to the painter about 4000*l.*, which was now almost repaid, and was entirely cleared off a little later. The whole story is a very beautiful one, the fraternal trust and generosity on one side, and the fraternal conscientiousness in repayment on the other—one perhaps equally rare in dealings on so very large a scale, relatively to the means of both parties.

In 1834 Etty sold his *Hylas* for 168*l.*, but he fell ill this year and remained almost incapable of work for several months. The symptoms were 'severe cough, sore throat, hoarseness, low fever, and soreness all over.' He recovered, however, sufficiently to revisit York, and to make excursions in Yorkshire, where he enjoyed the beautiful remains of Gothic architecture at Howden, Selby, Rivaulx, and Byland, besides Fountains Abbey and Ripon Cathedral. All these places interested and delighted him. At York he was excited, as usual, by the constant mania for destroying what remained of the old city. The old houses about the Cathedral were now swept away; they have since been replaced by very neat middle-class tenements in brick, which the York people believe to be a great improvement. Etty had now a cottage of his own at York, to which he hoped to pay periodical visits and so keep alive the old *cultus* for the city and cathedral. On his return to London the painter worked with great energy, and painted about this time (1835) the *Bridge of Sighs*, the *Warrior Arming*, *Venus and her Satellites*, &c.

An important event in 1835 was Etty's visit to Manchester, where Mr. Grant gave him a commission for a picture, and where he was treated with consideration. In 1836 he worked steadily at a class of subject that he liked, because it afforded a good pretext for the nude. The longer he lived the less he felt inclined to abandon his especial superiority of flesh-painting, and so he chose such subjects as old mythology or history, which gave the opportunity for the kind of painting he delighted in. It has been said that the taste for the nude implies some intellectual inferiority, since it is not the arms and legs, but the face and its expression, which visibly convey to others the intellect of a man. To this it may be frankly answered that Etty was decidedly *not* intellectual, and yet was at the same time quite decidedly artistic; the two orders of mind being separable, as we often see. He therefore sought the subjects which best expressed his simply artistic nature. He was not a painter of thought, but of physical beauty, which to his feeling was most visible in the nude, and a sufficing motive for his art.

He had a scheme for painting some important public picture for York, but it came to nothing. There were only eight supporters of the scheme, and these were all private friends. York was certainly not the place in which any considerable number of persons could be found to whom art was a matter of interest, or who could understand Etty's devotion to it. So he set to work on his big picture of the *Sirens*, whose history we may briefly tell in this place. It returned unsold to the painter's hands after the exhibition of 1837, but was afterwards purchased by Mr. Daniel Grant of Manchester, along with the *Delilah*, for 250*l.*—not a large sum for such important pictures. Afterwards the purchaser's brother, Mr. William Grant, gave the *Sirens* to the Manchester Institution, where it may still be seen when the annual exhibition is not open.

Thus it happens that Manchester instead of York has an important picture by Etty. Perhaps it is quite as well for the painter's fame that it should be so, for an energetic community like that of Manchester is much more likely to appreciate the fine arts than a sleepy old cathedral city.

About this time Etty would very gladly have painted a picture for a Roman Catholic Chapel near Manchester. He liked Roman Catholicism exceedingly, and though he never joined that communion openly, he was certainly during his latter years a Roman Catholic in sentiment, if not in positive belief. The one thing which kept him attached to the Church of England was certainly her continued possession of York Minster. Whatever Church possessed the Minster possessed Etty. If Rome could have recovered the Minster, Etty would have gone over along with it; and it may be suspected from many passages in his letters, that if he could have seen the magnificent Roman ritual in his beloved Cathedral the sight would not have been displeasing to him. In earlier life, during his tours on the Continent, he had felt a strong Protestant opposition to 'Popish ceremonies,' but at fifty he had a poetical sympathy with the elaborate Roman worship not unlike that of Sir Walter Scott. In 1837 he positively declared himself '*Catholic*—not of the Daniel O'Connell school, but that of Alfred, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Bruno, and Fénélon, not forgetting Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a host of other great and good men.' To his brother he says that he is not likely ever to be a Catholic, 'unless they get their own cathedrals back again,' which confirms what I have just said about the Minster. He had a strong sympathy with the Roman Catholic Church of the time of the Reformation, which in his opinion had been abominably ill-used. He looked back to the religious unity of England in the middle ages with the deepest regret, but chiefly, it may be suspected, for the sake of the abbeys and cathedrals. He disliked the ugly Dissenting chapels of his day.

There was a great deal of public spirit in Etty. We have already seen how actively he bestirred himself for the protection of the remnants of Gothic art which he valued. In 1838 he tried to found a school of art in York, and read a paper there on 'The Importance of the Arts of Design.' He did not succeed in establishing a school of art in York of the kind he at first hoped for, but three years later, owing to his influence, a Government School of Design was established there.

About this time, at the age of fifty-one, Etty became subject to a distressing cough in the winter, which seems to have been the forerunner of declining health. This did not prevent him from using all his influence to prevent the sale of certain open common pastures near York, called the 'Strays.' He also wrote energetically against the breach in the city wall made by the railway. Painting went on very actively notwithstanding these interruptions. He painted two important works, *Pluto and Proserpine*, and *Diana and Endymion*, besides others.

A fearful day for Etty was the twenty-second of May, 1840, which he called *Fatal Friday*. This was the date of the second fire of York Minster. It broke out in one of the western towers and gutted the nave. When Etty heard of it he burst into tears, and remained in a kind of stupor for three days, unable to work or write. The first thing he did afterwards was to write to the *Yorkshire Gazette* about taking measures to preserve what remained. He went to York in the following month, and spoke in public with great energy, and even eloquence, on the subject. He also delivered a public lecture on English Cathedrals, and he subscribed liberally to the restoration of the Minster.

In September he visited, rather hurriedly, the galleries of Belgium, with the especial purpose of studying Rubens. Of this short excursion we have no details, but it is interesting to know that Rubens attracted Etty out of England. On his return he painted the *Bathers surprised by a Swan*, and other pictures of less importance. In the year 1841 he exhibited six pictures. His prices at this time had improved. The *Bathers* brought him 210*l.*, and the *Prodigal's Return* 262*l.* 10*s.* Having now entirely paid his brother, Etty began to save

money for himself. The attraction to Rubens seems to have continued, for Etty revisited Antwerp in the following July, besides Mechlin, Ghent, and other places. His love of old abbeys could gratify itself during his visits to Yorkshire; not having seen Bolton Abbey yet, he went there in 1841. Active as ever in the defence of good architecture against modern Philistinism, he protested openly, though in vain, against the sacrifice of St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster, which might have been restored had it suited Mr. Barry's plans.

Even yet Etty's prices had not reached anything remarkable. His principal picture in 1842, *The Dance*, did not sell at all; his second, *The Innocent are Gay*, sold for 210*l.*; his third, the *Magdalene*, brought 90*l.* Six times as much has been offered for it since then. In the same year he began the *Joan of Arc* on all the three canvases at once. He had a great belief in the healthy effect of work, and pursued his profession with great energy.

At this time he lost a very dear friend, Mr. Harper, the architect, of York, a man for whom Etty had the very strongest affection and esteem. It is especially worth notice that Etty highly appreciated Mr. Harper's talent as an amateur artist. There is a very common prejudice that nobody can do respectable work in art unless he lives by it, yet both Etty and Stanfield admired Mr. Harper's work. Etty even said that his sketches were 'of the first rank.' Now Mr. Harper used colour in his sketches, and if the colour had been bad, an eye so cultivated as Etty's would not have tolerated it. We have therefore, in this instance, very strong evidence that it is not impossible for an amateur to colour satisfactorily. It is well, however, to bear in mind that Mr. Harper was an architect, and that architects have a professional training which helps them towards a knowledge of objects and of object-drawing.

Before painting the Joan of Arc series Etty had tried his hand at fresco, in the well-known summer-house experiment at Buckingham Palace. It is always excessively difficult for an artist to take up an unfamiliar process, and it can never be done satisfactorily at short notice, for the change ought to be preceded by several months of experiment. It need not surprise us, then, that Etty found fresco very difficult and unsatisfactory. He disliked the process—a fatal obstacle to good work. Mr. Maclise, who saw him at work, said that he did not care to submit to the conditions which are peculiar to the practice of fresco-painting. 'In the Pavilion at Buckingham Palace, I have seen him touch upon the dry plaster—not the fresh portion on which he was to perform his day's work—but the dry part of the previous day's. Of course such work was not absorbed, and therefore useless. His habit in the practice of his art was not methodical enough to submit to the trammels of fresco.' After the tiresome experiment in the summer-house, Etty declared that neither fear nor favour would induce him to undertake another. He had painted two, not on the walls. He got 40*l.* for having tried the experiments, and neither one nor the other was put in its place, which seems to imply that they were considered failures. They remained his property, however, and he sold them for 40*l.* to Mr. Colls. Mr. Wethered afterwards gave 400*l.* for them.

The annoyance occasioned by this business of the fresco was forgotten in a pleasant journey to Edinburgh, York, and Manchester, with the artist's brother, Captain Etty, who had come back from Java. Notwithstanding the shortness of his visit to Scotland, the artists there found time to get up a public reception at a dinner, and treated him quite as a great man. Etty's connexion with Edinburgh was from first to last a source of nothing but pleasure and pride to him. We may add that the Scottish Academicians of that day showed an uncommon independence of petty jealousy in recognising so handsomely the merits of a living man. Such instances are rare in the history of Academies.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

XXIV.—Nicolas Maes. (1632–1693.)

The Cradle.

ETCHED BY L. RICHETON.

OF Nicolas Maes, *genre* and portrait painter, an account has already been given in the Portfolio (No. 60, December 1874).

He was only one of a great phalanx of Dutch *genre* painters, who spread their beautiful social pieces broadcast over the Netherlands of the Rhine delta in the seventeenth century, when the Reformation of the abuses of the Roman Church introduced such a change in society as to deprive artists generally of their most fruitful field of patronage; but it introduced us to a new world of art, which was one, and not the least, of the good things that the Reformation brought to us.

The religious revolution of course influenced the Dutch more than the Flemings in Flanders and Brabant, among whom the old Church was not so entirely overwhelmed as in Holland.

The schools of Amsterdam and Antwerp were now working in two different spheres; and it is only in the Museums of Amsterdam and the Hague that the excellence of the Dutch in their characteristic common-life pictures can be seen to full advantage. All other collections, not excepting that of Dresden, give but an inadequate idea of the wonderful skill the Dutch painters attained to in this their special province of art. The picturing of social scenes of common life, high and low, indoors and out-of-doors: such a province of course comprises landscape-painting. Philip Wouwerman is a brilliant example of the combination of all the excellences of Dutch art, applied to life out of doors.

There is something enormously refreshing in this fine Dutch art after the interminable repetition of religious, or, more properly, ecclesiastical themes, forming the great staple of Italian art; the eternal 'Virgin and Child!' as if painting were a monopoly of ecclesiastical tradition, whereas the real interest in such pictures is the truth of nature with which they are executed. The simple picture of a mother and child, if true to nature, will always command our sympathy, and this quality the Dutch painters supply to perfection, though they give no conventional or pretentious titles to their productions. *The Cradle* might be a mother and child, and a *Madonna and Infant Christ* can be no more. In the conventional, sentimental, ecclesiastical, productions of this kind, the mother's nature and the child's nature are too commonly refined away: thus the very soul of the composition is lost, for it must be a paradox to profess to exalt human nature by eliminating it.

Our own National Gallery takes a high rank as regards the Dutch School since the acquisition in 1871 of the Peel Collection. It now presents a great display of Dutch and

Flemish *genre* painting; it contains works of upwards of fifty masters of this class, of the seventeenth century only; and they are, with few exceptions, Dutch.

To enumerate merely the masterpieces of the most conspicuous names would exceed our limited space. There are notable and select examples of Rembrandt, David Teniers, Terburg, Adrian and Isaac Van Ostade, Gerard Dou, Arthur Vanderneer, Gonzales Coques, Metsu, Philip Wouwerman, Huchtenburg, Berchem, Nicolas Maes, Paul Potter, Jan Steen, Adrian Vandevelde, Peter De Hooge, Dujardin, Frans and William Van Mieris, Netscher, Vander Heyde, Jan Both, Cuyp, Jacob Ruysdael, Hobbema, William Vandevelde, Vander Capelle, Bakhuizen, Van Huysum, and others; all born in the seventeenth century. Just three generations; and though the art is still practised in the Netherlands on much the same principles, and with success, the appearance of great luminaries went out with the century.

Nicolas Maes was a native of Dort, and so the countryman of Cuyp; he was a pupil of Rembrandt, and in his school most probably acquired his characteristic force of chiaroscuro. In middle age Maes settled in Amsterdam, where he died, aged sixty, a victim to gout, and leaving a host of unfinished portraits behind him; he was a popular portrait-painter, and some of his best pictures are portraits which, as he was painting for nearly half a century, and his *genre* pictures are scarce, should be very numerous; unless his success and good living made him idle, which was very possibly the case if we may judge from the quantity of unfinished work he left.

The Cradle (No. 153) is a simple Dutch interior, in which one little child has rocked another less child to sleep. The child is seated by a table which is covered with a small but richly-coloured Turkey mat, or cloth, and on this table-cloth stands a krug of delft or some such earthenware, white spots on a dark blue ground; the tone of the picture is subdued and soft, reddish brown prevailing, the colour being concentrated in the red table-cover. The child's face is pretty, and the whole composition is very pleasing. It is signed with the monogram of the painter, formed by the letters of his name, preceded by an N.

It is painted on a panel 15½ inches high by 12⅓ inches wide. It was bequeathed to the National Gallery in 1838 by Lord Farnborough, formerly a Trustee.

R. N. WORNUM.

GUSTAVE BOULANGER.

GUSTAVE BOULANGER was born in Paris in 1824. In his early youth he was acquainted with M. Jollivet, a distinguished historical painter, very learned in everything concerning his art, somewhat cold in his execution, but who will leave a reputation in decorative art on account of his great monumental compositions. M. Jollivet received the young Boulanger in his house, and taught him the first elements of drawing.

The studio of Paul Delaroche was in fashion at that time; it was numerously attended, and Gustave Boulanger, without withdrawing himself from Jollivet's superintendence, went pretty regularly to Paul Delaroche's school, in company with Gérôme and several other artists who have since become famous.

Boulanger had then a very lively disposition, full of wit and fun; he was loved by all his comrades, and even outside the studio he had a great many friends. As he was very delicate, his parents sent him to Algeria to pass the winter of 1845, on account of his health.

The sun of the south cured him, and the brilliancy of the Arab costumes fired his young imagination. During this journey his admiration for the East was awakened, and the deep impressions which he then received exercised a strong influence over the bent of his talent.

He came back to Paris in 1846, and assiduously attended the lessons of the École des Beaux-Arts until 1849, when he gained the *grand prix de Rome*. His studies in Italy

developed his talent without modifying his taste. A classic by his education, and inclined by his artistic temperament towards picturesque expression, he has always united to severity, and in some instances even dryness of drawing, a love of detail and of minor incident to which he allows great importance in his pictures.

His last picture sent from Rome, *Julius Cæsar passing the Rubicon*, created some sensation, and since that time Gustave Boulanger has never ceased to exhibit yearly in the Salon, and to fix public attention. His works comprise two categories of subjects: those borrowed from antiquity, and the reminiscences of his Eastern impressions. Although he has painted historical scenes, such as *Julius Cæsar at the Head of the Tenth Legion*, in the Salon of 1863; and mythological pictures, like *Hercules spinning at the Feet of Omphale;* it is the familiar life of antiquity which is most particularly in harmony with his talent. The studies which he made amongst the ruins of Pompeii have furnished him with a rich harvest of subjects, and in using them he displays great skill in scenic arrangement and consummate knowledge of costume.

The Poet's House at Pompeii and *The Seller of Chaplets at Pompeii* are works happily conceived, in spite of the somewhat Parisian bearing of the figures. The painter charms us by the appearance of reality in antique life, and by the extreme care he takes in reproducing the smallest details in the furniture, in the folds of draperies, in the adjustment of a jewel or of a head-dress.

The Street of Tombs at Pompeii is a very interesting archæological reconstruction. Some Roman ladies, belonging to the class which would now be called the *demi-monde*, are taking a walk in the Street of Tombs, and ogle the passers-by. One of them, dark, with a blue costume, and another fair, and dressed in white, stop to listen to the soft words of a young man on a terrace, whilst a bronzed slave shades them with an immense parasol.

The *Via Appia*, which was for ancient Rome what the avenue of the Champs Élysées is for Paris, has furnished M. Boulanger with a subject for one of his most interesting pictures. In front of the chariots driven by patrician ladies, some Numidian riders and negroes, armed with sticks, are running to drive back the curious crowd. The Appian Way was the rendezvous of the fashionable people in the great city. It is well known that under the Empire men rivalled the coquetry of ladies. The beaux of that time were what are called *gandins* in the Paris of to-day; but our *gandins* would look rustic by the side of the beaux of Imperial Rome. The manners of that epoch have been the subject of special studies for M. Boulanger; and, in spite of the metallic aspect sometimes criticised in his pictures, they are always seen with pleasure, because one is certain to find in them some instruction.

Everybody knows the Pompeian house in the Champs Élysées, and its decorations, which, without reproducing any of the subjects discovered at Pompeii, exactly represent their spirit as interpreted by modern artists. When Prince Napoleon owned this house, theatrical performances were sometimes given there. Antique subjects were naturally selected, and the actors were all well known in the literary or dramatic world. M. Boulanger was present at the rehearsal of the 'Joueur de Flûte,' and painted from it a charming picture. The actors, in antique dress, are all likenesses, and amongst them one immediately recognises Théophile Gautier, Émile Augier, and Got of the Comédie Française.

Our engraving reproduces one of these subjects borrowed from antiquity. *Le Gynécée*, at the last Salon (1875) is one of the happiest compositions of the painter. In a Corinthian atrium, the mistress of the house, seated under a velum which protects her against the sun, watches her little children at play, whilst her husband comes in at the background. All the serenity of antique life appears in this picture, in which a refined luxury is happily united to quiet sentiment. Around their lady some young maidservants, graceful in form, drive away the flies or water the perfumed flowers. The children, bending over the marble brim of the impluvium, play with a little boat on the water; the doves flit joyously about the basin; and the dog runs to greet his master and to beg a caress.

This pretty picture is assuredly not faultless, but the defects are only an exaggeration

of the painter's qualities. By giving an equal degree of precision to each detail, M. Boulanger sometimes falls into meagreness; but then his details are so charming that we forgive him for yielding to the temptation.

We have said that M. Boulanger's predilections are divided between antiquity and the East. He has visited Africa several times, and greatly admires the native races, with their gaunt, sinewy forms, and faces bronzed by the sun, their disdain of civilised refinements, and their enjoyment of life in the open air amid the hardships of the desert.

The *Cavaliers Sahariens* and the *Kabyles* of the mountain, whom the painter likes to represent with their wild horsemanship and intrepid bearing, seem to be the heirs of those Numidians of Jugurtha who kept the Roman legions so long in check. Frequently defeated by military tactics, yet never subdued, they remain true to their wild customs and keep alive their deep hatred of the European invaders. To their native frugality they join a love of luxury, which displays itself only in the elaborate ornamentation of their weapons.

One may remember a strange and striking composition in which M. Boulanger shows three Kabyles, whose costume consists only of richly-decorated guns and a few bits of tinsel. They have just been surprised by a French column, and glide along the abrupt rocks of Mount Atlas with giddy rapidity, and an activity surpassing that of the goat or the gazelle. With prodigious bounds they jump from rock to rock, regardless of the precipices they clear. One sees that once more they are going to escape, and that to-morrow they will fight again; and the French column which has been forced to climb the mountain in pursuit of them will have to go back to its quarters without having caught them.

Although more inclined to paint small pictures than large ones, M. Boulanger has produced some decorative works, especially the ceiling of a great café in 1865 and the paintings in the *foyer de la danse* for the new Opera; these were exhibited last winter at the École des Beaux-Arts. One feels, however, that the artist is less at his ease in monumental painting than in pictures of moderate size, which are better suited to his taste and manner.

Without rivalling the wonderful variety of Gérôme, M. Boulanger has great affinities with him. He belongs to the group of refined artists who, after 1848, created the neo-Greek fashion, in which familiar scenes replaced the great tragic subjects of the academical school of David. His experiences in Africa have given another direction to his talent, but here again he may be classed with Gérôme in the series of travelled painters whose aim is to reproduce the types and customs of a race. M. Boulanger's talent is more delicate than powerful, and not without its weak points; but this artist, like all who are gifted with taste and imagination, will always find favour with the public.

RENÉ MÉNARD.

ETTY.

(*Continued from page* 176.)

THE following winter Etty's infirmity increased. He suffered much from cough and an asthmatic difficulty of breathing. This did not prevent him from continuing industriously his Academy work in the evenings. He was often interrupted by painful attacks of coughing, but worked on bravely in the intervals of respite.

Notwithstanding the state of his health the painter travelled in the old way, on a stage-coach, even when he had the opportunity of taking the railway. Thus he travelled to York on a stage-coach, which existed so late as the year 1845, and when he got there took steps for the purchase of a house in which to end his days, for he had always intended to pass his old age at York. The house he agreed to buy was one he had fallen in love with

twenty years before. It was situated very near his birthplace, and by the river-side, with a small plot of ground in front, and pleasant prospect up the river from the back. He paid 1100*l.* for the house, and was delighted with it. The situation was at the same time retired and central, between Coney Street and the river.

The *Joan of Arc* on its three large canvases, occupied Etty now, but the winter was severe and his health worse. His good-humoured account of his situation reminds us of Heinrich Heine. 'Now in my bed-room, on the stay-at-home system, the concerts I attend are the singing of my tea-kettle; the dances, those of the lid. York, they say, is very gay: parties without end! What different atmospheres different constitutions suit! Mine is at present certainly not gay: cheerful, yet grave. My engrossing subject is a grave and tragic one. My repeated attacks are anything but comic; I am thankful it is not worse.'

The series of three great pictures on Joan of Arc was finished in 1847, when Etty was sixty years old. They were the last of the nine colossal pictures which it had been his life's desire to paint, and when they were finished he returned thanks in Westminster Abbey for the measure of health and time which had enabled him to accomplish them. He also afterwards returned thanks in York Minster, and took the sacrament there with especial reference to this achievement. The selection of the two buildings is very characteristic of Etty. The effect of such august places on his mind was so powerful that he felt there the solemnity of such a thanksgiving much more strongly than he would have done in any ordinary church; indeed it may be doubted whether he would have returned thanks at all, in this solemn way, in an ordinary place of worship.

The Joan of Arc series had been a great task for him, not lightly undertaken. He had gone to Orleans to find local material in 1843, and had dreamed of the three pictures for many years before they were executed, giving them much preparatory labour of thought before that of the hand was at last begun. The mere physical labour of painting them had been very considerable, and had fallen heavily on the artist's enfeebled constitution. The three works were, however, successful in finding purchasers, being sold at once for 2500*l.* to Messrs. Colls, Wethered, and Wass.

In September, 1847, the artist is established in his house in York, and writes to a friend that it is a place after his own heart. 'This is the place,' he says, 'and the only.' But notwithstanding his passionate love for York he soon returned to London, and his artistic work there; not the least important part of which, in his eyes, was the evening attendance at the Life School of the Academy. There he laboured still in spite of steadily increasing physical distress.

He felt at length that the time had come for the retirement which he had planned for himself so many years before, and that he must go to his house in York. The removal took place in June, 1848. Etty could not accomplish this without a pang, for he loved London with great affection too. It was a peculiarity of his, and not an unpleasing feature in his character, that if he liked a place he soon had tender feelings towards it. He said that he 'loved in his heart every stick, hole, and corner' of his London dwelling. 'At the end of Buckingham Street,' he said, 'in the upper set of chambers, I have enjoyed peace and happiness for upwards of twenty-one years.' His strong tendency to love things and places is shown by his grief at the destruction of his father's old mill, and by his finding some consolation in possessing part of its old oak ladder, from which he had arm-chairs made. Even the rooms in Buckingham Street were not parted with, but retained as a town residence for occasional visits to London.

At York he soon began to suffer greatly from *ennui*, dreading local scandal if he used living models, yet unable to give up the habit of painting from nature. However, models were procured for him, and he set to work as of old in London, notwithstanding provincial feeling on the subject. It is absurd, indeed, to expect artists to paint the figure well without studying the real figure itself, and everybody knows that figure-painters can no more get their knowledge than surgeons can acquire theirs by the study of coats and trousers. But there is a curious provincial sentiment which holds it scandalous for an artist to study from nature in a provincial

town, whilst it considers the same kind of study permissible in the metropolis. The chief advantage to Etty of living in York was, that he could not injure his health by going to the Life Academy at night.

In 1849 a proposal was made, which turned out to be the crowning event of Etty's life. The Society of Arts determined to exhibit his works all together, and asked for his assistance in the project, which was very willingly given. Then came a time of great interest for Etty, but also of great anxiety. It became necessary to persuade the owners of the different pictures to lend them. The Edinburgh Academy lent their great pictures promptly and kindly, with that readiness to be agreeable which had always marked their dealings with the artist. Manchester was not so acquiescent about the *Sirens*, and it was only in consequence of the most urgent exercise of local influence that the picture was lent at last. Most of the owners answered Etty's appeal with the greatest good-will, some of them even anticipating it.

The private view of the collection, which included many, but not all, of his most important works, took place on Saturday, June 11, 1849. That day was the greatest of the artist's life. Rarely does a career lead up to so decided a consummation. He had wished to be a painter, had studied for it arduously and incessantly, and now the world unanimously acknowledged that he had succeeded. Etty's only regret was for the absent pictures. Those exhibited were 133 in number, those not exhibited would have filled another room had they been present.

The painter himself had a satisfaction in seeing his own works, which is the reward of successful labour. He was clearly aware of their merits, and was not prevented by artificial modesty from expressing his opinion of them candidly. 'I wish you could see the uplifted arm of Judith,' he wrote to Mrs. Bulmer. 'It never looked so well before, or so striking. Then there is *that finest of my fine pictures, Hero dying on Leander's Body.*' Then he wrote to his brother, 'It is truly a triumph, after a struggle of many years, to see and feel one's works duly estimated, considered, and applauded.'

The only drawback on the artist's happiness during this season of triumph was a great dread of fire. 'What a calamity it would be!' he used to say: 'my fame killed!'

He would not have the price of admission lowered, from distrust of the poorer classes, whom he always wished to keep 'in their places.' And yet he might have remembered that when one of his pictures was injured by some Philistine because there were naked figures in it, the Philistine who did the deed was one of the respectable payers of shillings who alone, at that time, had admission to the Royal Academy.

Health broke down again before the exhibition closed. The evil this time was an attack of rheumatic fever, of the most severe and painful kind. He got through this, however, by the help of the doctors, and quitted London late in September for his retreat in York. The London studio had not been abandoned without the hope and intention of returning to it, but his friends in York saw that the end was nearer than the artist himself believed. He had still enough health left, however, to enjoy very deeply the first months of his retreat. His old passionate love for York made him delight in the mere sight of the familiar places. The garden of the Museum was within five minutes' walk of his house, so he could go there easily; and he deeply enjoyed that very interesting place, with its Roman and Gothic ruins, its near neighbourhood to the river, and to the glorious Minster.

October passed in these tranquil pleasures, and Etty painted still, in spite of the painful condition of his hands, which were benumbed by chronic rheumatism. He had always been imprudent, in little things, about his health—those little things on which hang life and death. He heard a young man talk of treating himself on the too-well-known 'hardening' principle, which is health to the robust but destruction to the weak. On the night of the 2nd of November the artist was foolish enough to try to harden himself by throwing aside his flannel shirt, to which he had been accustomed for many years. He felt better in the daytime, and attended service in the Minster, but the following night came an attack of

congestion of the lungs, complicated by undeveloped rheumatic gout. Then Etty became aware that he was going to die, and watched the sunsets on the river with the feeling that the glories of this world were soon to be left behind. He died on the evening of November 13th, 1849.

'Lay me by my Bride,' he said; 'she who is so lovely to mine eyes, so dear to my heart, captivating to my imagination; whose brow is bound round with rubies, with sapphires, with amethysts, with emeralds; who lifts her head into the heavens, and seems a fitting antechamber thereto.'

This was his way of saying that he wished to be buried in York Minster. But Etty had forgotten to leave 500*l.* in his will for the exorbitant fees, so he was laid in St. Olave's churchyard. His tomb is near to St. Mary's Abbey, which stands in what is now the garden of the Museum, and which every visitor to York remembers.

The story of Etty's life has now been briefly told from the ample materials collected by Mr. Gilchrist, but we have said little hitherto of his work as an artist. He had great difficulties to contend against in consequence of his preference for the naked figure, and difficulties of two distinct classes. It is both difficult to paint and difficult to sell when painted. People who entirely misunderstood Etty supposed that he pandered to vicious tastes for money, but the truth is, that as pictures are a part of domestic life in England, being hung in rooms that are commonly inhabited, there is a dislike to nude figures amongst English purchasers generally, and therefore an artist who chooses that class of subject does not increase his chances of sale but restricts them. People who live entirely outside of art are always likely to misunderstand the feeling of such an artist as Etty. They do not see the studies of the nude which are, or ought to be, constantly made by other artists for their own instruction, and they fancy that the painter who chooses subjects like his has some peculiar depravity. The only real difference between him and them is, that he carries the habit of Academic study into his pictures themselves. Etty was essentially an enthusiastic Academy student. To his feeling the human figure was the most beautiful object in the world, and his delight was to paint it from living nature continually. All figure-painters are perfectly well aware that such practice as Etty's is the foundation of substantial knowledge. It is curious, however, that the knowledge he acquired by so much perseverance should have been limited to colour and tone, for he never drew really well, and, indeed, was capable of the most glaring faults in drawing. His one distinction is that he could paint flesh as none of his contemporaries could paint it, and this came from a naturally fine sense of colour, which he cultivated by painting more flesh from nature than any other artist. He had a good deal of poetry too in his composition—he had much of the poetic nature; we have evidence enough of this in such a picture as *Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm*, which is really a poem, like several others of his imaginative compositions. We see from his life that he had the intense affections of a poet. His love for York, for the bars, barbicans, walls, and especially for the 'glorious Minster,' was a poet's passion; and so, in minor degrees, were his feelings towards all other noble remains of the middle ages. He had, too, the high disinterestedness of the poetic nature. He was always ready to give time and money in defence of architecture and antiquities. He was a true knight of the noble order which fights against Philistinism continually, and he dealt some very effective blows, which have saved some precious things for posterity. Few men have preserved through life more soundness and tenderness of feeling. He loved his relations and friends with much more than that tepid sort of affection which dull people consider sufficient, and he was warmly loved in return. The only imperfection of feeling recognisable in him was a want of charity towards the common people, whom he greatly distrusted. Etty had a fine public spirit and a strong, though not an enlightened, patriotism. He was not an intellectual person, and had very little general culture, which accounts for his narrowness in some things and the limited range of his ideas. Two ideas seem to have been dominant through his life: one, the beauty

of flesh, with the desire to render it on canvas; the other, the beauty of Gothic architecture, with the desire for its preservation. There is no evidence, however, that he had the slightest critical acquaintance with Gothic architecture. He seems to have loved everything in York Minster equally, the only exception being an especial delight in the wonderful Chapter-house; and his letters about other places show none of the distinguishing faculty which belongs to a really cultivated student of the subject. His published letters are not the writing of an enlightened critic who wishes to enlighten others; they are simply *coups de massue* in defence of a righteous cause, intended to beat opponents to the ground. In short, Etty, like Turner, was an artist of that numerous class whose faculties are almost entirely absorbed by the practical work of painting, and its prodigious difficulties. In these cases the man is sacrificed to the art so far as his intellectual culture is concerned, but he may still have time to cultivate what is best in character. The character of Etty is one of the simplest and sweetest in the biographies of artists; and not only was it simple and sweet, but full of fortitude and persistence, with an iron strength of resolution. His tenacity during so many unsuccessful years is really a great example. He had truly the artist-nature in the best sense, with its noble industry in study, its generosity, and its disinterestedness. Money was not his object, except that he might repay his brother Walter, and leave some provision for his niece; and this he accomplished handsomely. William Etty had paid his debt some years before he died, but his sense of gratitude was not diminished, and it seemed to him that he could not too often acknowledge those services which had enabled him to persevere. So he left his niece the beloved house in York with 200*l.* a-year for life, but all the rest of his now considerable fortune was bequeathed to his brother Walter. And thus fitly ends a true and beautiful story of fraternity.

P. G. Hamerton.

WELL AT ORLEANS.

ETCHED BY A. QUEYROY.

M. QUEYROY has rendered good service to the lovers of the old bits in several French cities by seeking them and drawing them carefully, not merely on paper in a single copy, but on copper, so that the drawing is indefinitely multipliable. In this way he has preserved for the future many records of objects which unite artistic with archæological interest and which every year become rarer, for it is just the things most interesting to an artist or an archæologist which are most in danger from the modern municipal bodies. M. Queyroy has gradually strengthened his style as an etcher of late years, and now he represents objects, which interest him with a realism which is vigorous without being unpleasing, as the reader will see by the treatment of this Gothic well at Orleans. We may take this opportunity of mentioning a very important plate by the same etcher, representing the house of Jacques Cœur, at Bourges, much too large for the Portfolio, as it measures 23 in. by 15½ in. In this large etching the artist drew the architecture with a thoroughness which satisfied architects, whilst at the same time, by his knowledge of light and shade and his judicious use of material, he made the plate satisfactory to lovers of etching. The reader will perceive in the etching before him a certain matter-of-fact solidity, not ill adapted to the representation of substantial things in stone and iron, yet at the same time he will find evidence that the artist is not indifferent to pictorial effect.

WILLIAM MÜLLER.

(*Continued from page* 168.)

IN a previous paper I stated that Müller carried with him to Lycia the style he had formed in England, and there can be no doubt that his most popular sketches are sombre and naturalistic, with grey rain-clouds in the sky and broad shadows, diversified by broken lights playing across the foreground or middle distance. These, the physical and pictorial conditions of our English climate, Müller learnt to paint in Bristol and her environs, a district which has proved peculiarly fertile as well in poetry as in art. Here the 'Lake Poets' may be said to have tried their unfledged wings. The painters Lawrence and Bird were both Bristolians, and it was at this the capital of the West that such artists as Danby, Pyne, Poole, George Fripp, Alfred Fripp, Johnson, William Müller, and Charles Branwhite, formed what may fairly be called the 'Bristol School of Painting.'

Bristol was emphatically a school for sketching; indeed, the famed 'Norwich School' has scarcely more to show in the way of local studies made by local painters. And Müller being accounted the most adept of sketchers in the Bristol, or, indeed, in any other school, it may be worth while to consider his mode of working. First, a word as to materials. In the previous paper it was stated that the Lycian sketches were all but exclusively executed in transparent colours; still it is well known that, partly at the instigation of his friend Eagles, and also for the sake of making bold assaults on paper and on canvas, and for conquering the inherent difficulties which keep Art behind Nature, especially as to light and colour, Müller was a constant experimentalist in pigments and mediums. I cannot do better than introduce the subject in the general by one of Mr. Harrison's brilliant descriptions of the painter again at work after his return from Lycia:—

'Müller made a magnificent sketch, the background indicated by a wash in the old way; the nearer hues put in magically with a camel-hair; but with rather a drier, crisper touch, I thought. A large ash-tree stood upon a marly, rocky bank; the earth had crumbled away, and the roots were exposed in snake-like contortions of various lengths and colour: he outlined them all, giving every twist and turn backwards and forwards, scarcely moving his pencil from the paper. In colouring he separated them with rapid dark touches from each other; it seemed almost impossible to avoid damage in this network of angles and circles to the narrow outline: but no, in a few minutes he had compassed all. This sketch (half-imperial) on white Harding paper, large trees in the foreground, with rockwork and details of roots, &c., and the background of trees in gradations of distance indistinctly characterised, occupied him about the usual two hours. His rapid precision was wonderful; all was done upon the spot, Müller rarely touched upon his sketch after he left the ground. I thought his power of drawing was, if possible, increased. His sketch, like his other works, always beautiful in subdued tone, and in the absence of strong colour, was even more grey and silvery than before he left for Lycia.'

Take another characteristic anecdote. Mr. Harrison drove Müller in the last year of his life over to Pensford, near Bristol, and both sat down side by side. The church tower springing from the depth of the trees and the silvery river flowing through the plain below made a good subject. Mr. Harrison continued diligently at work until, as he thought, his sketch was finished, when Müller exclaimed, 'I really must paint—let me touch upon it!' Accordingly, 'he dipped the brush, a good-sized hog-tool, into the white, and painted over the edges of the clouds with broad touches, putting mine to shame; then, with brown pink and indigo, he went over the trees by the church, carried them higher, darkened them and

massed them. He worked upon the tower, and afterwards went broadly across the meadow plain with broken tones of warm colour, modifying the uncomfortable, too literal greenness I had given to the fields. Turning to me he said, "My hand is not what it was; but I can make a straight line yet." There was "a rhine," a cutting for water-drainage, "running right across the meadows to the river." He dipped his brush in dark colour, and holding it between his fingers, without resting his hand, drew a long line, perfectly straight from end to end, and afterwards, with a few touches, added the reflections on the water. He smiled rather mournfully, and returned me the sketch. "There," he said, "I have purposely left some of your own work untouched," pointing to a scrap of blue distance.'

At the time of this feat, Müller had got back again to white paper and transparent colours. For the moment, with habitual facility, he took up the materials used by Mr. Harrison, which consisted of a large sheet of brown paper on a strainer, zinc white, and colours ground in simple water, used with a starch medium. Mr. Harrison, then and afterwards, laid great store on starch—the medium had also been adopted by Mr. Eagles—and sometimes the surface employed was the reverse side of primed canvas. Mr. Charles Branwhite, who inherits these traditions, has recently used starch in the sketches exhibited by him at the Old Water-colour Society. Bristol has been long a place for artful dodgers in pigments. When I had the pleasure of friendly intercourse with Mr. Eagles, he used to talk of borax, &c.; also, he had much love for coal, which he took and ground from the coal-box at the fireside. 'Coal,' he would argue, 'makes a colour of rare quality; it is neither quite black nor quite brown, but a happy medium between the two.' In 1841 the much-debated matter of mediums assumes a prominent place in Müller's letters, as may be judged from the following abridged extracts :—

'Every candid person must own that the oils as used by the present school only tend to produce a temporary effect, and ultimately to turn the picture yellow: this is much more serious when combined with varnishes, for cracking is as certain a consequence. Now every step we can take to get rid of these vehicles, and in their place substitute others, the chemical nature of which may prevent these changes, should be the study of artists. We are indebted to my friend, the Rev. J. Eagles, for his profound researches. Calcined borax forms a considerable portion of the present mixture; it has been used from the very earliest dates, and I painted a picture in it some three years back. In skies, water, and rich painting, its effect is *truly surprising!* Mode of use: take one part medium, mix with palette-knife with about six times its quantity of water; when it is well ground place it in your can, and pour on it about six times of oil. It assumes a milky appearance; the colours should be ground in it. The ingredients are thus given in two forms, as follows :—

No. 1.

Red Litharge	24	drachms.
Vitrified glass of borax	12	„
Pure silica	4	„

No. 2.

Red Litharge	24	drachms.
Glass of borax	12	„
Pure silica	2	„

'Melt these ingredients in a crucible, and when in a fluid state stir with a tobacco-pipe stem; pour out your glass, and when cold reduce it to an impalpable powder; wet it and pass it through a filter of blotting-paper: when dry it is fit for use, the powder very white.'*

* Those who wish to pursue the subject of Mediums and Processes from a Bristol point of view are referred to 'the Sketcher,' by Rev. John Eagles, in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1836, p. 136; 1839, p. 172. Also as to 'The Ancient Practice of Painting:' see Mr. Eagles in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1846, p. 7–26; 1849, p. 436. See likewise a paper on varnish in 'The Art Union,' 1841, p. 99. Mr. Harrison described the starch process in a later year in the same journal. Mr. Eagles, Mr. Harrison, and more recently Mr. Charles Branwhite, mixed starch as a medium with water-colours, especially where effect had to be got rapidly. Mr. King's investigations as to encaustic and fresco painting are set forth by Sir Charles Eastlake in the 'Third Report to the Commissioners of the Fine Arts,' p. 49. It used to be said by partial critics that Mr. King of Bristol knew more about the processes of wall-painting than Sir Charles himself.

Müller was equally an experimentalist in water-colours as in oils. As already seen, he vacillated between white paper and tinted paper, and between transparent and opaque pigments. Speaking generally, his earliest and his latest practice favoured white paper and transparent colours: his advice, as already said, to the very last, was, 'Shun the bottle white and leave your lights to the paper.' But in a letter, written 1841, four years before his death, Müller confesses to a compromise. After laying down the broad distinction between the opaque pigments of oils and the transparent colours of the water medium, he pleads the necessity of using his water-colour sketches for his oil-pictures. Consequently, he 'attempted to introduce a few of the qualities of oil into water,' and with this end he used body-colour on a dark-toned paper, which he truly said assisted the local colour and gained depth sooner. On these points Mr. Charles Branwhite has kindly furnished me with the following confirmatory, yet modifying statement:—

'As regards the question you ask as to his mode of work in sketching, and his use of coloured papers and opaque colour, Müller used low-toned paper to a very large extent; his object was, that it enabled him to get over the ground much quicker, and the use of the opaque colour was for the same purpose. Müller cared very little for washings, but always tried to get up to the tone at once, as I think most men do who paint in oil as well as water. He always ground up his own white himself, and used simple chalk and a little gum. This is a most difficult medium to use, from the fact that when wet it is transparent and dries out opaque, so that it is a sort of guess-work as to what colour it dries. He always used the dry cake colours, he used to say the moist ones were sticky. His colour-box was just the same as the one you have seen me use kept moist by wetting. I have often seen him take a piece of rag the size of the box, dip it in water, and lay it over the colours before shutting the box. Eagles, as I have no doubt you are aware, had quite a mania for mediums, and tried very hard to find out what he thought the Old Masters painted with, and as Müller was a good deal with him at times, they worked together and tried all sorts of things, silica, borax, starch, and a whole host of other things; but I believe Müller came to the conclusion at last that the simplest mediums were the best. He made a good deal of use of plaster of Paris ground in oil; it acts as a medium to thicken the colour without destroying its transparency; and Müller was very fond of thick transparent colour, and so was James Johnson. I have seen him put his colours on blotting-paper to absorb the oil, and so he was enabled to use the transparent colours in a body. In his later sketches, the Lycian ones and others, Müller stuck pretty close to the white paper, leaving the lights and using very little opaque colour. The paper being principally Harding's—a somewhat absorbent paper, with a nice grain, but unfortunately, like most things, not to be had now half as good as it used to be.'

This instructive testimony from an eye-witness receives corroboration from Mr. E. G. Müller, who writes in response to my inquiries: 'You ask me for information in respect of mediums, &c. I can distinctly state that the one my brother preferred was a mixture of raw linseed-oil and turpentine *to the last.* He was requested by friends to try various mediums, silica, borax, &c. He still preferred oil and turpentine, his only remark being that it was the best; although, to please those who advocated the others, he may at the time have assented to such being preferable or desirable.' One important point remains to be mentioned, that while the experiments of Reynolds, Turner, and others, led them to rottenness, the tentative measures of Müller have given us, in oil and in water, works sound in texture and unchanging in colour.

Mr. Solly might, with advantage, have amplified these Memoirs. More, for example, could have been said of the drawing-club in which Müller took a conspicuous part. No mention is made of Dr. King, a clever amateur, the companion and correspondent of Southey and Coleridge, the friend of Bird, R.A., Danby, A.R.A., Poole, R.A., Rippingille, Jackson, sen., Branwhite, sen., William West, and William Müller, all connected intimately with the Bristol School. Miss Zoe King kindly furnishes me with the following:—'There had been a small fortnightly meeting at the houses of a few artists and amateurs; the Rev. John Eden and the Rev. John Eagles were of the number. It was useful and agreeable many ways. When Mr. King took to it, he much increased it by inviting many friends and amateurs, and his suppers of twenty or more grew most entertaining and agreeable. Two or three hours were

spent on the drawings, for which twenty or thirty boards were always mounted, on which the artists delighted to make original sketches, with good light and colours, and everything they wanted at hand. After supper—a substantial meal to which they did justice, comfortably arranged in a large dining-room, and followed by punch—they praised or cut up each other's drawings, which were handed round for criticism; and very useful it was for them to hear the remarks, and very late they used to stay.' Several other omissions in Mr. Solly's painstaking 'Memoirs' have been pointed out to me. For example, one correspondent writes: 'I think a great deal more information might have been obtained. I am surprised there is no mention of the influence James Johnson must have had on Müller's work. Müller sketched a good deal with him in his early days—in fact, the early sketches in oil from nature, by Müller, are so exactly like Johnson that you cannot tell one from the other.' Johnson was the son of an innkeeper on Old Down, near Bristol; he had a poetic feeling for nature, and worked with Francis Danby out-of-doors: the two, in their endeavour to express sentiment through tone, harmony in colour, and symmetry in composition, had much in common. They belonged to the ideal and classic style of landscape, and so far Müller, who was primarily naturalistic, differed from Johnson, and yet he had a sure sense for proportion; the rudest of his sketches are composed as by law. I am told, 'Poor Johnson used to make exquisite studies from Nature, all of which he burnt when he went out of his mind.' Mr. Robert Tucker, whose acquaintance with Müller goes back to his early boyhood, furnishes me with the following interesting items:—

'I have in my possession (given me by himself) one of Müller's earliest sketches, if not his very first. It is a sort of panoramic view, in Indian ink, of the Druidical stones at Stanton Drew, and to my mind gives no promise of future excellence. Mr. Tucker accompanied Müller, then only 17 or 18 years old, on his first visit to London. They lodged together in Rupert Street, Haymarket, for nearly a fortnight, and explored London and visited the exhibitions in company. Mr. Tucker writes: 'I well remember an incident which took place on our first visit to the Royal Academy, then in Somerset House. We were both short-sighted: I wore spectacles, and had besides an eye-glass; Müller was unprovided with either, and I could not help feeling somewhat disappointed, when we reached the principal room, at what appeared his lack of enthusiasm. He said not a word, and looked round the room with contracted brows and a bewildered expression, which I could not at first comprehend; however, I soon perceived the cause, and handed to him my glass. I shall not easily forget the sudden change that came over his countenance. His expressive eyes beamed with delight, and he exclaimed, "Why, I'm in a new world! I never saw so clearly in my life!" Then said I, "William, you shall wear my glass as long as we remain in London." He did so, and enjoyed with all the enthusiasm of his nature every exhibition we saw. The Diorama, then exhibiting in the Regent's Park, seemed to please him most.' Mr. Tucker proceeds to say: 'I have frequently seen Müller, when sketching from Nature, use a small opera-glass, perhaps half-a-dozen times in the course of his sketch. Some years subsequent to this, when his local fame was established, he and I became members of a small drawing-party, consisting at first of himself, myself, the elder Rowbotham, and Skinner Prout. During the winter we met at each other's houses once a-week, extemporised drawings in sepia or lamp-black, which became the property of the artist at whose residence the meeting was held, and hence it is that I am the fortunate possessor of eighteen or twenty of Müller's works, all of which I saw him paint. These *réunions* are amongst the most agreeable reminiscences of my early life. Our drawing-party, which continued in existence for some years, at last fell to pieces by its own weight; the number of members was largely increased, non-professional visitors were admitted, and the suppers, which originally were of the simplest character, became costly affairs. At these pleasant and instructive meetings Müller was at his best. In general society and with strangers he was often shy and embarrassed, but here was lively and genial, full of fun and drollery, and very much enjoying a good-humoured practical joke. On one of these gatherings a roll of mummy-cloth was produced, and in the momentary absence of the owner Müller took up his brush and painted on it four strange characters and an extraordinary-looking bird. On the owner's return Müller, with well-feigned surprise, exclaimed, "Look! here are hieroglyphics, and, by Jove! the sacred Ibis. This is valuable indeed; you truly have a treasure in that bit of cloth."' Mr. Tucker further writes: 'At these drawing-parties I had, of course, many opportunities of seeing Müller work, and have frequently admired the force and decision of his handling. He rarely needed to erase or alter what he did, there were no *pentimenti* in his practice. He had, too, that perfect mastery over his materials, however refractory, which distinguishes great artists. He was likewise an ambidexter, so that he could use the

left hand as well as the right. These qualities, united with great rapidity of execution, will account for the number of pictures he was enabled to paint during his short career.'

I am further supplied from authentic sources with circumstances as to Müller's engagement of marriage, of which Mr. Solly omits all mention. The time is past when delicacy need be felt: the lady, Miss Eliz. Frances Philpott, of Clifton, died 3rd April, 1872, at the age of sixty-two. The narrative of this engagement I am all the more induced to venture on, because I am told by those most intimately acquainted with the case that this long attachment—no less than eleven years in duration—existing from quite early life down to the painter's death—'influenced Müller a great deal.' As a youth, not twenty, he found acquaintance with the accomplished family agreeable, and it was with them 'a wonder how he could spare time to come, as he constantly did before his day's painting was over, to their tea-table.' After the early tea he and Miss Philpott usually took a walk, and sometimes made a sketch. The lady is spoken of as 'a most amiable and clever girl;' she was a pupil of Rippingille and James Johnson, an excellent amateur artist, and the constant sketching companion of Müller. It is added, that there passed 'a most voluminous correspondence, amounting to hundreds of letters, which no doubt contained a whole history of Müller's life.' All these letters, I am sorry to learn, Miss Philpott destroyed shortly after the artist's death. I have not chanced to hear what has become of the lady's letters. Her admiration seems to have been unbounded, and her sketches show an inspiration which cannot be mistaken. The family, consisting of a mother and three daughters, possessed mental endowments, which justified Müller in his choice; the girls qualified themselves as teachers, but circumstances proving easy, they were not driven to work, though one of the sisters taught the piano to the ex-Empress of the French, when she was receiving her education at Clifton. I have before me a photograph of Miss Philpott at the age of sixty-one: the type is fine, especially in the mouth and eye. Her family, it is said, were not very cordial about the engagement; they seem to have had some slight misgiving that Müller's religious views were not strictly correct: they complained, too, that he was 'too full of himself,' and 'too sure he was right,' but it is added, 'we had no idea then how great a man he was!' Yet the marriage during the eleven years of this devoted attachment might have come off more than once, if means had been well assured: the prices then obtained for the artist's pictures were ridiculously small. It is recorded that the lady never liked any reference to be made to the engagement, it was held by her sacred; she never recovered her spirits after the shock of Müller's death, but remained taciturn and tinged with melancholy to the last.

Müller proved himself, as might be expected, a generous lover; the last months of the lady's life were spent in a drawing-room hung with Müller's studies, for 'the age of Francis I.,' and sketches made in the East, and elsewhere. These works, some slight, others elaborate, presented as pledges of affection, would at present prices make a pretty dowry. But Miss Philpott preferred that they should revert to the family, and accordingly they now adorn the house of the surviving brother at Sneyd Park, Bristol. The lady also received from time to time sundry artistic scraps, which in her devotion she mounted in a handsome folio volume, lettered 'Müller's Early Drawings and Sketches.' This volume was presented to the lady's physician, Dr. Martyn, of Clifton. The following is an analysis of its contents: 87 drawings in all; of these 63 are pencil-sketches, many of them taken in Leigh Woods, Clifton, 10 are sepia and ink sketches, 11 are water-colour drawings, 2 of them subjects on the river Avon, 1 is a sketch in oils of the Fires of the Bristol Riots, and 2 are etchings. The dates range between 1837 and 1839. I recognise in these comparatively early and off-hand performances the mastery of the man—a mastery obtained, however, by the constant habit of drawing from childhood: the hand is rapid, firm, confident, just stopping short of a too bold bravura, yet impelled by what is commonly termed 'devil.'

Much has been written as to the neglect which Müller is said to have met with in his native city, and of the cruel treatment which he suffered at the hands of the hangers of

the Royal Academy. 'Who killed Müller?' is a question as often asked as 'Who killed poor Keats?' The truth is that neither the one nor the other fell a victim to the Academy or to criticism. Thackeray went so far as to say, that Müller died of a broken heart in consequence of the neglect he experienced in Bristol. Against such charges Mr. Tucker protests stoutly. 'I believe,' he writes, 'that I am perfectly correct in saying, that whilst living here in Bristol he sold at his own prices (modest enough, no doubt), and to Bristol men, most, if not all, the pictures he painted. He left this town to reside in London, simply because the metropolis is the great focus of art in England, attracting genius to itself with magnetic force.' Mr. Tucker rebuts the reiterated statement that Müller died of a broken heart: 'It might,' he cleverly adds, 'have been asserted with equal truth that he died of a broken leg.' 'Some time, perhaps a month after his death, I happened to meet the late Dr. Riley, his friend and physician, and asked whether there was not some obscurity and doubt as to the cause of his death.' 'Not the slightest,' said the doctor; 'he died of *starvation*. When in Lycia he worked hard, fasted long, lived upon bread, eggs, and coffee, and was continually smoking: this mode of living combined to produce what we call an *anæmic* state, an impoverishment of blood from which he never recovered.' Mr. Tucker continues, 'This statement from a man who knew Müller's constitution well, having been for years his medical attendant in Bristol, ought to settle at once and for ever the question as to what caused his death.'

Müller's fame is posthumous: he painted 'potboilers' at 5*l.*; 'and these five-pounders were lately sold for two or three hundred guineas a-piece.' Yet Müller was greater as a sketcher than as a painter in oils. On his death the sale at Christie's, of the major part of his works, realised little more than 4000*l.*; they would now fetch above six times that amount. High prices have naturally tempted to forgeries; one of the most egregious of which was exhibited within the last few years at the Royal Academy as an original. Certain pictures have had, in the market, an extraordinary commercial experience: thus, *The Chess Players*, for which the artist obtained the modest sum of 25*l.*, realised at its last sale upwards of 4000*l.* It is said that Rembrandt raised a false report of his death, in order that he might live to enjoy the rewards of posthumous fame. But with Müller it was the passion for his art only which remained strong in death. Two attacks of hæmorrhage brought him to death's door; but still he painted. Just before he died a friend sent him flowers; placing them in his sketching water-bottle he said: 'Let us arrange a chord of colour.' Then, making a rapid outline, he began to 'paint much as he did out-of-doors.' This small water-colour drawing was his last.

The secret of Müller's art may be worth a moment's consideration. On the threshold of his work lay firm and accurate drawing. We have seen that, as a youth, he had been trained in the making of diagrams, in illustration of scientific lectures; and the habit thus acquired of pronouncing form by articulate lines, of seizing on salient points, of modelling the whole object into a mass, served him well when, as a student of landscape, he came to draw the trunks and limbs of a tree, the shoulders of a mountain, or the swelling contours of a cloud. I should say, too, from an examination of early works, that, next to outline, Müller was accustomed to see his subject in light and shade. We are told that in his first tour on the Continent he worked much in pencil, and used other modes of 'black and white.' Thus, light and shade preceded colour; or, perhaps it were better to say that, in the presence of colour, there was always a substratum of chiaroscuro. This may be, in part at least, the reason why Müller was sombre in tone like the Old Masters, why a Rembrandtish quality pervades his readings from Nature. Assuredly shadow was with him the language of grandeur: it expressed space and suggested mystery. And then, I would further observe, that colour came, not so much as an after-thought, but as coeval with the conception of light and shade; hence, after the example of nature, light illumined colour, while in turn, by broken tertiary tones, colour infused warmth into shadow, and thus Müller made light and colour present in the dark places, where the direct rays of the sun do not penetrate. The impressiveness of the whole much depended on a key pitched in a low, intermediate, and accommodating tone, and especially

on the reciprocal relations between 'the each and the all'—in other words, between the details and the masses. It is said that Müller, before he commenced a sketch, took a survey of all that was round him, as well as before him, in order to enter into the spirit of the scene. This was Turner's practice, who walked through and round a city before he drew it, and then gave some impossible view. No artist has ever known so well how to bring a subject together: he saw by instinct what it was needful to surrender. Thus, though he insisted dogmatically on form, yet he was the first to merge it into surroundings; hence, never do we find any object so detached or isolated that the spectator can, as it were, walk round it.

And as to the principle of surrender or subordination, I would further add that Müller, not attempting incompatibilities, was content to do one thing at a time, provided it was well done. Reasonably, he made the distinction between a general sketch for effect and a study of minutiæ—the first might be a hasty and broad panorama of sunset, the last a minute drawing of a thistle or a flower in the foreground. While working from nature he kept the two distinct; but when in his studio he came to compose a deliberate picture, the sunset and the thistle were reconciled and brought together as fellow-tenants of the same canvas. Furthermore Müller exemplified the saying of Turner, that the secret of art is to know what to do and to do it—in this Müller and Mr. Millais are alike. We find plan, purpose—the unity of a governing idea. Yet it must be conceded that in the pursuit of this idea the means taken were occasionally somewhat unscrupulous. For instance, I have seen boldly substituted a red-tile roof for a grey-slate roof, when the subject required more red; and a tree, a hedge, or a gate was omitted, under the plea that the farmer or landlord might within a week take it away. The great purpose was to reveal and emphasize the latent picture in nature. Mr. Eagles would walk through woods and beside still waters, and with hushed voice and tentative step, as if fearing to disturb fairies in their haunts, I have heard him whisper, 'I see there a picture—do you not mark how the branches compose harmoniously and how the foreground rocks bring the distance and middle distance together?'—then, with raised hands, he would square out the picture by imaginary lines as within a frame. Müller shared this mental habit with Eagles: he was ever looking to see how a subject composed, how the leading lines could be brought together; he interrogated Nature in order to get at her secrets and evoke her hidden poetry. His studies are not stray leaves or loose fragments snatched from the great book of Nature, they have the symmetry of sonnets—indeed, his art has been aptly compared to sketching or noting from nature in rhythm and yet no one could throw in with more telling effect the happy accident of the place or moment. But accidents were kept subordinate—episodes were not permitted to distract from the plot on the earth or from the drama in the sky; on the contrary, the composition is preserved in symmetry—after the manner of a vignette, it gathers strength in the centre, shades away at the circumference, and dies out vaguely at the corners. In short, the purpose was from first to last to discover what and where was 'the picture;' and to this paramount end all distracting details were surrendered. Müller knew where to leave off, he would not re-touch away from the spot: though far from the faith of Fra Angelico, he worked under an enthusiasm amounting to artistic inspiration, and felt that after-touches lacked the first fire. In the short space of two hours he generally succeeded in laying his mind upon paper. Sketching thus practised becomes primarily a mental process: the hand follows the dictates of the intellect.

It has been often said of Müller that he was always in transition, and dying as he did at the early age of thirty-three, it is almost beyond the power of conjecture into what style he might ultimately have settled. Measured by the allotted span of human life, or by so lengthened a career as that of Titian, which reached to a period little short of one hundred years, it may be said that Müller's art was only at its commencement. The stages through which he had successively passed gave assurance of further progression. Seldom has so much ardour been joined with such cool calculation; every new step seemed an intermediate means to an ultimate end

Müller at one time taught himself firmness of hand, and circumstantial truth through Ruysdael and Hobbima; then he became indoctrinated with grandiose lines of composition, and the general manner of 'heroic landscape,' with ominous shadows of noble forms, and fitful flashes as of electric light from storm-clouds, by communion with the Poussins and with Tintoret. I remember one drawing in particular, exalted and inflated with the wild spirit of Tintoret, and I think it not improbable that Müller, had his life been spared, would have adapted to modern uses the principles of the old Venetians—the noblest of landscape-painters. At all events, he must have heard much in their praise from Mr. Eagles, whose eloquence knew no bounds when discoursing on Titian's *Peter Martyr*—the greatest landscape, as he said, in the whole world. Müller looked at Nature through the spectacles of the Old Masters, but then he may be said to have carried a telescope of his own by which he hoped to see further than they. I learn on the authority of Mr. Charles Branwhite, how deep was his delight in the drawings of Turner about which there can be little doubt, inasmuch as he became at times, to his prejudice, infected with Turner's hot frenzy for colour. Yet we may rest assured that Müller would in the end have cured himself of this transient fever by health-giving contact with the pure air and the cool waters of his favourite sketching-grounds. In fact, his affinity with Turner came from his endeavour to compass space, and to bring light, however transient, chromatic, or prismatic, within the scale of his colour-box. In short, his many alliances with great masters had but the one object in view of getting, through their experience and intervention, all the closer to Nature; in other words, he used all available helps, whereby an infinite nature may be conquered by a finite art—an art not finite so much on the mental side as from the shortcomings of the materials at command. Few men, save in France, have laid a foundation so firm in its basis or so wide in its circumference. Stanfield and Roberts, though, by reason partly of age, more mature, dressy, and academic, were comparatively surface and decorative painters. Müller, the flight of whose manner was scaled for European reputation, has a right to be measured by the standards of the foremost of Parisian painters—Decamps, Delacroix, Fromentin, and others—who have made the French school the greatest of our century. In common with them, he had learnt to treat the figure in a picturesque yet almost monumental fashion, so that Arabs praying in the desert, slaves standing in the market of Cairo, or Bedouins prowling among the tombs of Lycia, remind the spectator of Fuseli's eulogy on Michael Angelo—'the beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty.' In the unaccomplished career of Müller I am reminded of the prophetic vision of Humboldt, when he says that Nature contains wonders of which no artist has yet taken possession. This landscape of the future was within the grasp of Müller when he died.

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